ALLERGY IN CHILDHOOD

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ALLERGY IN CHILDHOOD

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This book is dedicated to:

My deceased father, Simon Glaser, for whom no sacrifice was too great if it would further the education of his children

To my wife, "Sis," and my sons Fred and John —as a poor token of compensation for the many hours of their companionship forever lost, sacrificed to the writing of this book

To the late Dr. Samuel Wolcott Clausen, Professor of Pediatrics at the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry, whose superior as a gentleman, a scholar and a kindly, capable physician I have never met

INTRODUCTION

IT IS NO LONGER necessary, as it was at one time, to explain why there should be specialists in internal medicine and specialists in pediatrics These fields have developed so steadily and so extensively that it is not now possible for any one individual to be thoroughly versed in both However, it is still true that many allergists who are internists, and this includes younger as well as older physicians, feel that there is no such thing, properly speaking, as pediatric allergy, and point with pride to the large number of children in their practices, particularly those who flock in all day Saturday for their injections of pollen or house dust extract or vaccine However, a close examination of the makeup of such practices, as regards pediatrics, reveals that most of these patients are afflicted with typical pollinosis or typical bronchial asthma The treatment of this is not essentially different in children, at least beyond the age of two or three years from adults In fact, the internist allergist can generally treat these patients more successfully than their counterparts in adult life because they present fewer complications Also, at this age the tendency to spontaneous recovery is greater than in any other period of life It may, therefore, be desirable to point out some of the essential differences between the nature of the allergy dealt with by the pediatrician and that by the internist

First of all we have come to realize that the great majority of allergic children can be recognized very early in life This is the time when the pediatrician who is skilled in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases in infancy and childhood, can detect the first evidences of allergic disease He should then take whatever steps may be necessary for its relief or modification We are, for example, only just beginning to realize the great variety of manifestations of allergy which result from our present day method of feeding practically all newborn infants Cow s milk is fed instead of human breast milk or other feedings Only the pediatrician is in a position to deal with this problem

Another important duty of the pediatrician is the prophylaxis of allergic disease No one in the world works harder to eliminate

the difficulties in practice which are the source of his livelihoc than does the pediatrician The pediatrician immunizes his patien routinely against all diseases in which immunization is practica The pediatric allergist does everything he can to see that the chil is raised in an environment and on a diet which inhibits the d velopment of allergic disease In marked contrast to this is the fa that most of today s adults (except those who were in the service have never been immunized against tetanus by means of toxoi Such immunization is of fundamental importance to all individua and especially those with allergy

Recent developments in the field of the prophylaxis of allergi disease in the newborn (to be discussed later in this book) ar particularly concerned with the feeding of the newborn infant Th technical difficulties involved are such that this should be manage only by a physician who has had a good training in pediatrics and i particularly interested in newborn infants This phase of pediatri allergy has no counterpart in the practice of the internist allergist

Diagnosis of bronchial asthma is much more difficult in infanc and childhood than it is in adult life because of congenital strido and other congenital anomalies which may produce wheezing simu lating asthma On the other hand the internist allergist has a specia problem with dyspnea of cardiac origin certain industrial disease such as silicosis neoplastic diseases and the degenerative disease of advancing age

The pediatric allergist is confronted not only with the problem of dosages of various medications in proportion to the weight and age of the child but also with the paradox that such a patient may when treated by the injection of allergenic extracts require a dose many times larger than many an adult who has the same disease If the allergic child becomes acutely ill the pediatrician has a special problem because of the lower bodily reserves of infancy and child hood

This material represents the amplification of a series of lectures given in part to the medical students and more particularly to the pediatric house staff of the Strong Memorial and Genesee Hospitals It originated when a course in pediatric allergy was established at the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry in 1931 For the three years previous to this writing outlines of the

lectures were mimeographed This became such a difficult and time-consuming task that it was felt advisable to assemble the material and publish it in book form No attempt has been made to write a complete textbook on allergy, but enough references are included so that the various phases of this subject may be studied in detail by consulting the original literature and standard textbooks of pediatrics, allergy, dermatology, and allied sciences This book presupposes on the part of its readers a reasonable knowledge of general pediatrics For those who wish to enter pediatric allergy, it assumes a preliminary knowledge of the subject as may be learned by working in an adult allergy clinic, or an allergy clinic dealing with both adults and children, and staffed by a competent internist allergist and pediatrician allergist For this reason, this text does not go into detail concerning phases of theory and practice of allergy which are essentially the same in adults as in children, except in certain instances where this seemed desirable for the sake of clarity or emphasis

One of the most interesting facets of pediatric allergy is that it has developed within the span of the life and practice of many men now living, i e, it is a young specialty In fact, it is so young that as a specialty it is sadly neglected in many of the medical schools of this country Some department heads look upon it as scarcely more scientific than witchcraft

The beginnings of clinical allergy go back to the observations of von Behring on reactions to antitoxin (later termed anaphylactic reactions) first used by him in the treatment of diphtheria Some years later in 1906, von Pirquet (6) devised the term "allergy" to describe altered states of reactivity, and Schick (7), in 1913, developed the cutaneous test for susceptibility to diphtheria However, clinical allergy, in the sense in which the word is now understood, really got its start when Schloss (8), in 1912, introduced the cutaneous scratch test with foods as a practical clinical procedure This was closely followed by the development of the intradermal test by Cooke in 1915, as discussed by Aaron Brown (1), and other fundamental work by Walker (9) starting in 1916 Through the work of these investigators skin testing, as a diagnostic procedure for what are now known as the allergic diseases, was firmly established on a practical basis

As in the case of the other sub specialties in pediatrics, the pediatric allergy clinic developed out of the general pediatric clinic As nearly as can be ascertained, the first pediatric allergy clinic was established under the direction of Dr Edward Scott O Keefe at the Massachussets General Hospital in January of 1918 The first publication from this clinic was by Dr O'Keefe (4) and appeared in November of 1920 Dr M Murray Peshkin established a pediatric allergy clinic as part of Dr William L Rost's general pediatric clinic at Mt Sinai Hospital in 1919 This grew so rapidly that in 1926 it became an autonomous unit under the same direction The date of its first paper (5) was 1922, and in the years which followed, publications by Dr Peshkin and the physicians trained by him covered almost all phases of allergy in children So well was this work done that these papers still stand as authoritative documents in their field

In 1920, Dr Lewis Webb Hill assumed charge of a pediatric allergy clinic at Children's Hospital in Boston for a brief period of two years, and, in 1929, started a clinic for eczema in children This led to his publishing a succession of papers which have contributed brilliantly to our knowledge, still pathetically incomplete of this very difficult subject During the same period, Edward S O'Keefe and W Ray Shannon made important contributions, and Bret Ratner began publishing a series of papers dealing with fundamental theoretical and practical problems in this field Thus, the specialty of pediatric allergy was born

With the growth of various boards of specialization, it was natural for a board to be established for the certification of allergists The first to be so certified were internists who were obliged to hold the certificate of the American Board of Internal Medicine Dr Robert A Cooke, the dean of American allergists, and a man who was more responsible than any other one individual for setting up the high standards required for such certification announced this at a meeting of the then Society for the Study of Asthma and Allied Conditions at Atlantic City, New Jersey May 2, 1942 At that time, I had the privilege of bringing up the problem of certification of pediatric allergists (3) Attention was called to the fact that it had been repeatedly pointed out in the meetings of the Society that the great majority of allergic symptoms begin at a time when the

patient is normally under the care of a pediatrician, that the pediatrician is, therefore, logically the allergist of the future, and that, as time went on and interest in pediatric allergy increased, the internists and other specialists might eventually deal mainly with the end products of neglected opportunities in pediatric allergy Dr Cooke urged that the pediatricians should bring pressure upon the American Board of Pediatrics to consider certification for the pediatrician allergist similar to that then being granted to internists by the American Board of Internal Medicine However, the American Board of Pediatrics, for a long time, had very little interest in this, but, in 1945, almost entirely as a result of the efforts of Dr Bret Ratner, this Board did announce certification in the sub specialty of pediatric allergy (2) For its Advisory Committee on Allergy it named the same committee as the American Board of Internal Medicine with the addition of Dr Oscar Schloss, a particularly fitting tribute to the pediatrician who initiated the clinical study of pediatric allergy It was not, however, until October 1, 1946, that the first group of twelve pediatricians interested in allergy were certified on their records without examination by this board In the order certified, these were Dr Oscar M Schloss, Dr Lewis Webb Hill, Dr William P Buffum, Dr Bret Ratner, Dr Jerome Glaser Dr Joseph H Fries, Dr John E Gundy, Dr Arthur J Horesh, Dr Samuel J Levin Dr W Ambrose McGee, Dr Benjamin Zohn and Dr Orlando L Ross

The next step occurred in 1948 when a section on pediatric allergy was organized at the Atlantic City meeting of the American Academy of *Pediatrics with* Dr Bert Ratner as its first chairman Here again, a fitting tribute was paid to a pediatrician who was and is one of the leaders in the development of this specialty and in the teaching of it to others Meantime pediatricians were being examined for certification in the sub specialty of allergy by a group heavily weighted with internists The incongruity as well as the impracticality of *this* was soon manifest [illegible]

[illegible] asthma of early infancy, with an unquestioned reputation for fairness and ability as an organizer In

addition, few men are so well beloved for their fine personal qualities as is Dr Buffum by his fellow pediatricians The following were appointed to assist him Dr William C Deamer, Dr Jerome Glaser, Dr James C Overall, Dr Bret Ratner, and Dr Albert V Stoesser Under this board the first examinations by pediatric allergists for pediatricians desiring certification in the sub specialty of allergy were held in various cities under the auspices of monitors just prior to the meeting of the American Academy of Pediatrics in Chicago in October, 1952 With this event, pediatric allergy as a specialty may be said to have come of age, although it still has a struggle ahead to gain the recognition it deserves in academic and other circles

In conclusion, I should like particularly to express my indebtedness to Dr Samuel W Clausen, late Professor of Pediatrics at the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry through whose cooperation I was able to start a pediatric allergy clinic there in 1931, to Dr Stearns S Bullen and Dr Louis B Baldwin (now of Phoenix, Arizona) in whose Adult Allergy Clinic I worked for a number of years before and after the Pediatric Allergy Clinic was started, to Dr Lewis Webb Hill and Dr Bret Ratner whose round tables and seminars in pediatric allergy under the auspices of American Academy of Pediatrics have done so much to make the subject of allergy interesting to pediatricians and to such internist allergists as the late Dr Aaron Brown and to Drs Robert A Cooke, M Murray Peshkin, George Piness Milton B Cohen and Matthew Walzer who, in various ways have encouraged and supported my work I should also like to acknowledge my great obligation to Drs Marion B Sulzberger and Rudolf L Bear for their kindness in helping me with numerous problems which have arisen in the course of studying the various allergic skin diseases in children Dr George L Engel was most helpful in criticizing the chapter on psychosomatics although our points of view do not necessarily coincide

My thanks are also due to Mrs Olga S Nell librarian of the Rochester Academy of Medicine for much help in tracking down references, and to Mr Louis J Moskowitz and Mr Maurice Liberman who gave advice on many pharmacological problems I would also be remiss if in these acknowledgments I failed to express my appreciation to Mr Manuel D Goldman, friend, neighbor and

attorney for many years whose kindly understanding and complete competence has saved so much time for these writings by lifting from my shoulders many non medical burdens

I am also much indebted to the Ciba Company for providing without cost all of the electrotypes except one for the colored illustrations The originals of these were made for the most part in the School of Medical Photography of the Rochester General Hospital under the direction of Dr Milton G Bohrod, M D, Chief of Laboratories, and Mr John Beiter, F B P A, Chief Photographer and some by Mr Merwyn C Orser, Chief Photographer of the Strong Memorial Hospital I also gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr Charles C Thomas and to Dr Max Samter for their invitation to write this book, and for their patience and help with the many problems which arose in the preparation of the manuscript Without the invaluable help and cooperation of my office manager, Miss Hazel Eck, and my chief technician, Miss Virginia A Croston, this work could never have been accomplished

Lastly, I should like to express my thanks to the exceedingly well trained young pediatricians who have worked with me as fellows in pediatric allergy Dr Harold I Lecks of Philadelphia, Dr Sheldon C Siegel of Los Angeles, Dr Maximilian Berkowitz of Haifa, Israel, Dr Bing C Lee of Taiwan (Formosa), Dr Joseph L Aponte of San Juan, Puerto Rico, Dr Mary S Boyden, of Lawrence, Kansas, and Drs Douglas E Johnstone and Marilyn F Smelzer, of Rochester, N Y Their skepticism and constant questioning has done much to help me keep my feet on the ground in the study of this challenging and exciting subject of allergy *in children*

With these acknowledgments and the feeling that this work could have been better done by older and wiser men in this field, with all humility I turn this book over to those interested in allergy in children

JEROME GLASER, M D

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ALLERGY IN CHILDHOOD

CHAPTER 1

THE INCIDENCE AND PROGRESSION OF ALLERGIC SYNDROMES IN CHILDREN

THE INCIDENCE of major allergic diseases (typical, marked asthma, pollinosis, chronic or recurrent urticaria, and recurrent gastrointestinal disturbances with one of the foregoing although not necessarily of severe degree) is generally accepted as about 10 per cent of the population (6). Surveys have never been made for children alone, but Cohen (2) stated that, among many children studied at Western Reserve University and pronounced normal by their physicians, about 50 per cent eventually developed some evi [illegible]

[illegible] or 6.6 per cent. It is my impression that the incidence of major allergic disease in such a practice is considerably larger, but there are no statistics other than London's whose findings are much to the contrary.*

Clein (1) on the west coast and of Ratner *et al.* (5) on the east coast examined the incidence and progression of allergic syndromes in children. MacKinney and Glaser (4), in attempting to extend and amplify this problem, studied the course of 516 successive patients from my office files. The only criterion of selection was that the record be that of an allergic child not over ten years of age at the time first seen. The records of 200 successive adults, seen in consultation, were used as a basis for comparison. For the past ten years this

* [illegible] ous study Dr. London commented that these figures are surprising because it was felt that the incidence of allergic disease was on the increase and that perhaps this impression is based on the fact that with a large backlog of patients the allergic children stand out because they are seen more often than other children without allergic manifestation.

practice, as concerns new patients other than consultations, has been limited to allergic children or newborn infants whose parents or siblings are allergic, and the files contain a disproportionate number of severe and persistent problems as compared with the pediatrician's customary practice

Tables I and II compare our figures of the incidence of various allergic syndromes with those in the earlier series of Ratner and

TABLE I

COMPARATIVE INCIDENCE OF ALLERGIES

Syndrome	*J G 516 Cases*	*Clein 100 Cases*	*Ratner 250 Cases*	*J G 200 Adults*	*Ratner 315 Adults*
Colic	21 7 %	23 0%			
Eczemas		33 0%	44 4%		11 0%
Atopic	38 6 %			1 7 %	
S D	7 37%			3 83%	
P A R	28 2 %	59 0%		35 0 %	
R U R I	30 9 %			9 6 %	
Pollinosis	33 0 %	38 0%	10 4%	41 6 %	28 0%
Asthma	53 4 %	26 0%	63 2%	41 6 %	53 0%

TABLE II

COMPARATIVE INCIDENCE OF ALLERGIES

Syndrome	*J G 516 Cases*	*Clein 100 Cases*	*Ratner 250 Cases*	*J G 200 Adults*	*Ratner 315 Adults*
Urticaria	16 3 %	12 0%	10 4%	35 0 %	8 7%
Migraine	1 16%	2 0%		10 96%	
G I	2 9 %	20 0%		2 39%	
Drug Reactions	5 24%			10 5 %	
Contact dermatitis	1 55%			12 9 %	
Conjunctivitis	0 97%			2 38%	
Sensitivity to insect bites	1 16%				

Clein The inclusion of colic in Table I does not mean that we consider it to be always or even commonly an allergic disease However, we have the impression that colicky babies, more frequently than the others, go on to develop subsequent allergies even when it cannot be proved that the colic is of allergic origin The incidence of "eczema" in the three studies is quite similar I feel that a clinical differentiation between atopic and seborrheic dermatitis is practical in many instances and that it has prognostic significance Eighty per

cent of infants with atopic dermatitis progressed to other allergic syndromes whereas this occurred in only 25 per cent of the patients with seborrhea

I also believe that perennial allergic rhinitis (hereafter referred to as PAR) and recurrent upper respiratory infections (hereafter referred to as RURIs) are distinguishable syndromes in children Taken together they match Clein's figures for PAR

The pollinosis figures in upper New York State and the Pacific Northwest are quite similar despite the absence of ragweed in the latter In Ratner's series collected about New York City the incidence of pollinosis seems lower It is interesting to note that despite similar amounts of eczema and upper respiratory allergies there is only half as much asthma in the Pacific Northwest as in the Northeast The two adult series confirm the general impression that eczema and RURI are less common in adults whereas pollinosis and PAR are more common Of less common knowledge is the fact that asthma is more common in allergic children than allergic adults Table II indicates that urticaria and minor allergic syndromes are more frequently encountered in adult allergic patients

Figures 1, 2, and 3 show the incidence of onset of five major allergic syndromes at various years in childhood The heavy line at the top indicates the actual number of patients in the series that reached any particular age before or during our observation The height of any column indicates the per cent of the number of patients

This g [illegible]

allergic syndromes than a simple charting of the number of cases Thirty per cent of our patients gave a history of, or were observed to have eczema at 3 months of age New cases of eczema continue to occur in considerable numbers through the first two years of life, then in a lesser degree through the sixth year after which no new cases occurred Forty three per cent of our total of 276 cases of asthma commenced during the first two years of life and 87 per cent before the seventh year Similarly, pollinosis begins increasing in incidence at eighteen months, 72 per cent of the cases beginning before seven years RURI and PAR are less dramatic and tend to parallel one another The peak of onset for all the major syndromes

Incidence of Onset of Major Allergies

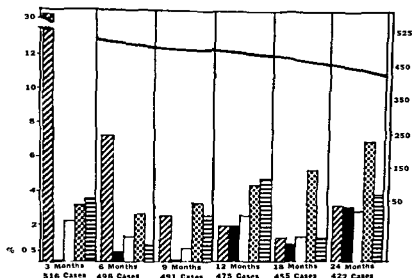


Fig 1

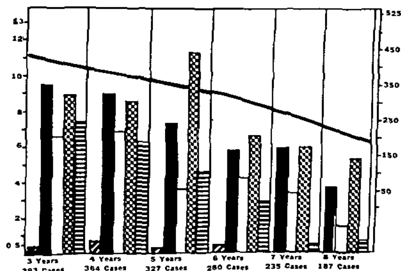


Fig 2

Eczema ▨ Poll ■ P A R □ Asthma ▩ R U R I ▤

except eczema seems to be the third, fourth and fifth years of life

Many allergists feel that once the allergic diathesis has been established, additional allergies are more likely to follow Multiple allergies occurred in 79 per cent of our 516 cases It is our impression that patients with atopic dermatitis are more prone to develop

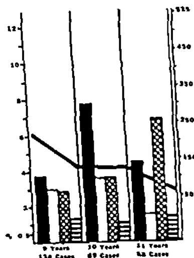


FIG 3

additional major allergic syndromes than any other Ratner found that 59 per cent of his children having eczema eventually developed upper respiratory allergies and asthma, our figure of 80 per cent for atopic dermatitis is even higher Table III shows the progression of 172 cases of atopic dermatitis to upper respiratory allergies or asthma Atopic dermatitis progressed to eventual asthma in ninety one instances (53 per cent) in thirty eight cases without any other intervening syndromes In fifty three cases other respiratory allergies (RURIs PAR or pollinosis) preceded or occurred simultaneously with the onset of asthma Eighty-one cases of atopic dermatitis did not develop asthma although the majority of them did develop upper respiratory allergies Only thirty four cases (20 per cent) remained arrested at that stage of allergy Table IV shows the progression of upper respiratory allergy to asthma when unaccompanied by the presence or history of eczema Fifty (42 per cent) out of 119 cases of single or multiple upper respiratory allergies

INCIDENCE OF ONSET OF MAJOR ALLERGIES



FIG 1

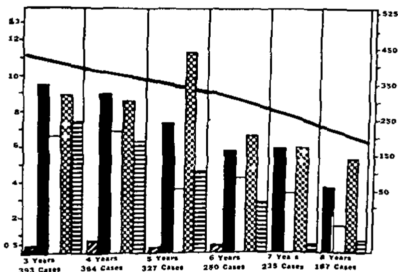


FIG 2



TABLE V

OCCURRENCE OF ASTHMA WITHOUT PRECEDING ALLERGIC DISEASE

Total case incidence of bronchial asthma	276
Onset without preceding allergic disease	93 (34%)
Mean age of onset	2 6 yr
Range	3 weeks to 14 yr
S –	

These studies may perhaps shed some light as to why the absolute incidence of allergic disease in this country has, as is generally believed, steadily increased for many years If this is actually the case, altho there is no statistical evidence to confirm or deny this impression, there is probably more than one factor involved One of the more obvious is the wide distribution of the ragweed plant and the ease with which ragweed pollinosis appears to be acquired Since ragweed is a parasite of cultivated soil, as the population grows, more and more land comes under cultivation and more ragweed grows and as a result the number who suffer from ragweed pollinosis and its complications may be expected to increase With the increased use of the automobile for long distance driving thru the summer the exposure of a large segment of our population to terrific doses of pollen as compared with the old horse and buggy days is still another reason for an absolute increase in the incidence of pollinosis

There is, however, another possible explanation for an absolute increase in the incidence of allergic disease The studies of Grulee and Sanford (2a) have shown that seven times as many bottle fed (cow s milk) babies develop eczema as breast fed (human milk) infants These findings, together with those just discussed which indicate that 80 per cent of infants with eczema (atopic dermatitis) subsequently develop respiratory allergic disease in conjunction with the fact that breast feeding in this country has been largely abandoned during the past tweny five years, serve as a very adequate explanation for the absolute increase in allergic disease, if such an increase has actually taken place If this is true the proponents of breast feeding are provided with a very potent argument

TABLE III

PROGRESSION OF ATOPIC DERMATITIS TO UPPER RESPIRATORY ALLERGIES OR ASTHMA

1 Eczema with asthma	91 cases
Eczema→asthma only	22 cases (42%)
Eczema→asthma→R A	16 cases (42%)
Eczema ↗ Asthma→resp allergies ↘ Resp allergies→asthma	53 cases
2 Eczema without asthma	81 cases
Eczema→R A →no asthma	34 cases
R A →eczema→R A	13 cases
Eczema→no sequellae	34 cases

went on to eventual asthma, sixty-nine did not Atopic dermatitis is more likely to be followed by further major allergic disease than any other major allergic syndrome In addition, asthma follows atopic dermatitis as frequently, if not more frequently, than it follows upper respiratory allergies Asthma occurred suddenly, without previous manifestations of any allergic tendency, in 93 of the 276 cases (34 per cent) indicated in Table V This happened at any pediatric age (3 wk to 14 yr), with the majority of such cases beginning before two and one-half years of age In thirty-four instances, other *syndromes occurred simultaneously, predominantly* RURI

The above observations indicate that once the allergic diathesis is established, additional allergic syndromes are very likely to fol low, *especially if eczema has occurred The great bulk of allergic* syndromes has become established by the sixth year of life There is no set pattern of this progression The paramount importance of allergic "prophylaxis" and treatment in the pediatric age group *is* obvious

TABLE IV

UPPER RESPIRATORY ALLERGIES WITHOUT ANTECEDENT OR PRESENT ECZEMA

(Perennial allergic rhinitis or recurrent upper respiratory infections)

Progressing into asthma	50
No sequellae	69
Single upper respiratory allergies	44
Multiple upper respiratory allergies	25

Chapter 2

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ALLERGIC CHILD

KUGELMASS (9) stated that a rather constant concomitant of latent allergy in infants is retro auricular intertrigo The typical lesion is an erythematous linear area with a glazed appearance This is most pronounced beneath the lobes of the ears and if the ear is pulled forward a fine, striated area exuding thin serum appears There is no scaling as a rule, but it does occur Kugelmass states that Sabaroud has shown that this condition is due to a non hemolytic streptococcus

I have observed this sign in infancy, but believe that it is more commonly associated with seborrheic dermatitis, which is certainly not an allergic disease, than with atopic dermatitis However, since seborrheic dermatitis in infancy may pass by almost imperceptible degrees into atopic dermatitis, this sign is perhaps worthy of some consideration Kugelmass also states that a hairless scaly scalp or [illegible]

tion needs further study Campbell (3) stated that a history of excessive perspiration is frequently obtained in allergic children While this might be expected in view of the greater vasomotor instability of allergic children, I have not been particularly impressed by it Even in normal children excessive perspiration is not unusual, probably being related to immaturity of the vasomotor system

GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE ALLERGIC CHILD

Cohen and Abram (6) studied the growth pattern of allergic children by means of the Wetzel grid which they felt afforded a simple inexpensive and reliable method of following growth and detecting early growth failure Five hundred and three observations were made on 150 allergic children seen in private practice and

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pends a great deal upon what one has been accustomed to and the associations which arise in conjunction with the taste, color, odor, and consistency of any particular food In the case of allergic individuals, it is often thought that food dislikes represent distinctive defense reactions against harmful foods Vaughn and Pipes (17), in an effort to decide this question, studied a group of 500 individuals (ages not stated) They found that approximately 80 per cent allergic or non allergic, have one or several food dislikes Of approximately 20 per cent of allergic individuals expressing food dislikes, at least one food so mentioned was found to be allergenic Among 80 per cent of allergic individuals there was found no correspondence between dislikes and foods causing allergy While food dislikes may be responsible for food allergy, this, according to Vaughn and Pipes, is not the rule and foods disliked cannot be relied upon as indicative of allergic sensitization

Dr B Z Rappaport, in discussing this presentation stated that, if one could obtain a careful history of food likes and dislikes in children under three or four years, different conclusions might be drawn from those expressed by Vaughn and Pipes I am inclined to agree with Dr Rappaport

Vaughn and Pipes stated that the one outstanding exception to food dislikes causing allergic reactions occurs in those cases in which gastrointestinal symptoms follow the ingestion of the allergic food after such a short interval that the patient has himself recognized the cause and effect relationship They found that the most common food to do this, in both children and adults, is egg Williams (20) studied a group of 150 school children who refused or showed a disinclination to take milk in school Fifty-eight and seven tenths per cent refused because its ingestion was always followed by allergic manifestations of some sort Almost without exception symptoms were gastrointestinal Of the eighty-eight children, nausea was the complaint among forty seven vomiting in thirty seven, and severe abdominal pain in one The only two who did not have gastrointestinal symptoms had asthma and eczema Among those who reacted with vomiting fourteen had migraine Twenty four per cent of the total number disliked milk but had no symptoms from it Williams found a personal or family allergic history in all except four of this group and concluded from this that aversion to milk may be subconsciously protective However, so many families have

compared with 622 observations on 102 non allergic controls The conclusions were drawn that allergy occurs more frequently in children, especially boys, who are constitutionally slender They found active allergy to be a common cause of growth failure When the allergy was controlled, there was a corresponding growth repair provided the diet was adequate

Welsh (18), also using the Wetzel grid as an index, followed the growth records of thirty four allergic children for periods of twelve to one hundred months Apparently most or all of these children had respiratory symptoms All were under attempted allergic control during the time studied and only two of the thirty four children showed signs of growth failure

INTELLIGENCE OF THE ALLERGIC CHILD

Balyeat (1), in 1929, studied the general health and mental activity of eighty allergic and eighty non allergic children As a result of this study he concluded that most allergic children are above normal in general health and that their mental activity is far above normal

Piness *et al* (11), in 1936, made a much more detailed survey They studied 145 children attending the allergy clinic of the Los Angeles Children's Hospital The children ranged in age from five and one half to fifteen and one half years, the average age being nine years This group was compared with a similar group of unselected children in Los Angeles schools They found that the allergic children were very similar in intellectual level to a normal group, with the variations of a normal group They included children of superior, average normal, and inferior intelligence As far as school success, the allergy group was similar in grade placement to the normal group However the illness and the discomfort from the allergic diseases did not seem to hamper the children in school in as great a degree that might be expected from other forms of illness Chobot *et al* (4) in their studies of the mental activity of allergic children also found that they gave no evidence of special proficiency or deficiency in any field covered by standard mental tests

FOOD DISLIKES IN ALLERGIC CHILDREN

The problem of food dislikes is very complicated and involves many psychological factors Whether one likes or dislikes a food de

appear to be similarly benefited Fries and Borne felt that improvement with acute infection when it occurs may lie in a mobilization of the endocrine defense mechanisms during fever or possibly in increased histaminolytic activity There is however unfortunately no constant beneficial effect of fever or intercurrent infection on the allergic state Further reference to this subject is made in Chapters 14 and 17

THE THYROID GLAND AND ALLERGY IN CHILDREN

Topper and Muller (15) and Lesne *et al* (10) were among the first to report on the basal metabolic rate of allergic children Topper in twenty four cases of asthma found the B M R within normal limits between attacks but on the lower side Lesne *et al* reported the same findings and also observed that this occurred in urticaria and angioneurotic edema in children Chobot and Dundy (5) stated that elevation of the blood cholesterol is an unreliable guide for the administration of thyroid in allergic children and found thyroid therapy to be of no particular value Quarles van Ufford (12) in studying the basal metabolism of allergic individuals noted that an increased rate occurred more commonly than a decreased rate and that decreased rates occurred predominantly in children He noted that thyroid therapy improved the general condition of these patients but had little effect upon the asthma

More recently the whole subject of hypothyroidism in pediatric allergy has been discussed by Reilly (14) He pointed out that response of the end-organ (target tissues) is significant Hypothyroidism can affect all parts of the body but at a given time not all tissues seem to be deficient or react equally to a given lack Some tissues which seem to be doing normally on a reduced ration of thyroid substance will show deficiency later This may well be due to a decreased sensitivity of the end-organs resulting from a variety of factors particularly infection growth stresses and possibly allergic states In general hypothyroidism does not occur any more frequently in the allergic state than in the whole childhood population The indication for thyroid substance would therefore be the same i e the presence of hypothyroidism However thyroid substance has some non specific systemic effects it is calorogenic sympathicotonic dehydrating and appetite stimulating All these actions appear at times in the allergic patient receiving thyroid sub

a history of allergy that such conclusions, according to Vaughn and Black (16), are questionable The remainder of the children gave reasons not connected with possible allergy

INTERCURRENT INFECTION AND ALLERGIC DISEASE

The temporary clearing of intractable allergic symptoms which occasionally occurs following an acute intercurrent infection, particularly when accompanied by fever, is a well known phenomenon This does not, however, always occur and Feingold (7) found that in general an acute infection in an allergic child produced one of two patterns The first was observed in association with pertussis and the viral infections, including measles, chicken pox, mumps, generalized vaccinia, and epidemic virus infections This group of diseases usually confers an active immunity after a single attack and their blood picture is a leucopenia with the exception of pertussis which evokes a lymphocytosis In this group there is generally clearing, at least temporarily, of the allergic manifestation

The second pattern is observed in association with upper respiratory infections accompanied by a polymorphonuclear leucocytosis and these conditions confer little or no immunity and the clinical allergic manifestations, particularly bronchial asthma, may be aggravated

The extension of observations of this nature may help clarify the interrelationship between infection and allergy and reveal data explaining the underlying mechanisms

Fries and Borne (8), in 1953, reviewed the literature of this subject and studied sixteen children, eleven with measles, two pneumonia, one scarlet fever, and two upper respiratory symptoms with sore throat, and a series of sixteen children suffering from generalized vaccinia whose course was followed only during the hospital stay for the acute illness All of these patients had suffered severely with asthma, perennial allergic rhinitis and chronic atopic dermatitis Relief of the allergic symptoms usually occured at the height of the fever and continued for a period of five days to one year, the majority for a few weeks All but one eventually relapsed The exception was a one year-old child with the celiac syndrome believed to be of allergic origin and followed for a period of five years after the febrile episode It is the fever associated with the infection which appears to be the beneficial agent If two allergic states coexist, both

of fifty nine pairs Twinning occurs in about one out of every ninety normal births and only one set of twins out of every four or five is monozygotic Contrary to other observers, Bowen found coexisting allergy *in twins to be the exception rather than the rule* Only seven sets out of the fifty-nine presented allergies in both twins and in this the sex distribution was about equal The seven pairs represented three pairs with juvenile eczema who later developed bronchial asthma and two other sets had bronchial asthma with nasal allergy The remaining fifty-two pairs had bronchial asthma with coexisting nasal obstruction in some patients In this group only one was affected in each set of twins to such a degree that medical help was sought * Usually when one twin developed an upper respiratory infection, the same condition occurred in the other twin but the non allergic twin would not have an attack of asthma as did *the allergic twin Bowen remarked that the non allergic twin* was usually the more dominant, assuming a certain leadership In over 85 per cent of Bowen's twins there was a familial incidence of allergy

Bowen pointed out that many of these children first experienced their symptoms as early as two months, which poses an interesting question for the proponents of maternal rejection Bowen feels that his study also challenges the concept that certain maternal dietary [illegible]

[illegible] result of placental transference, for if this were true he feels that he should have had fifty nine cases of bilateral allergy and not seven, as actually occurred The impression gained from my personal experience confirms Bowen's findings However, these are so important and so at *variance with* generally accepted beliefs that further exploration of this field by other investigators is much to be desired

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* This statement is rather confusing because it implies that both of the twins had allergic disease and that the difference between their allergies was quantitative rather than qualitative *However, Bowen* in a personal communication with specific reference to this stated as follows "Clinical allergy was found in only one of the twins in 52 sets out of 59"

stance Many chronic diseases, especially if severe enough, in childhood are accompanied by failure to grow well in height, weight and other usual measurements of physical development Allergic states of long duration and great degree can cause such a failure of proper growth and development Examination of some such children reveals a low basal metabolic rate, definite retardation of epiphyseal development and other evidences pointing to endocrine and particularly thyroid deficiency Some of these malnourished and physically retarded children have been known to respond to thyroid substance This may be particularly true of the chronic malnourished asthmatic or eczematous child This is not prima facie evidence that the child has hypothyroidism The chronic degree of the allergic condition, and accompanying malnutrition, might well suppress activities in the endocrine glands and in the thyroid particularly Very likely in such states the thyroid substance may exert a sympathicotonic effect The dehydrating action that can occasionally be induced with thyroid substance when treating overweight, eczematous infants may also be helpful These effects should, however, be called symptomatic therapy

Ratner (13) has recommended studies of the nail fold capillaries and also the centers of ossification of the wrists such as may be made in the routine fluoroscopy of the allergic child during the course of the physical examination as aids for the rapid and direct appraisal of hypothyroidism He pointed out, however, that retardation in epiphyseal development and a typical capillary picture may not be due to lack of thyroid hormone alone While I have had no experience with capillary microscopy, I have found that evaluating the bone age by means of fluoroscopy of the wrists is rather difficult because of the wide normal variations However, where the bone age is greatly below normal (say over two years) the administration of thyroid as well as the correction of anemia and dietary and vitamin deficiencies, while having no specific effect upon the allergic condition, may, nevertheless, contribute to the improved health of the child

ALLERGY IN IDENTICAL TWINS

Bowen (2) has briefly reviewed the literature concerning allergy in identical (monozygotic) twins and reported his own observations

Chapter 3

HISTORY TAKING AND THE PHYSICAL EXAMINATION

THE EXAMINATION made by a specialist consists of three principal parts 1) the history, 2) the physical examination, and 3) the special tests pertinent to the specialty In allergy, and this is true both for children and adults, the most important of these is the history Details of history taking with particular reference to adults, have been thoroughly discussed by Rackemann (3) and by Swineford and Weaver (8) For children it is my custom to take a detailed history and make a complete physical examination at the time of the first visit This must be done with great care, and if the child presents a difficult problem such as chronic asthma or atopic dermatitis, may require an hour to an hour and a half It is always requested that someone accompany the parent and child to the office so that the parent may be interrogated alone while the child, supervised by the parent s companion is amusing himself in the waiting room which is particularly designed for that purpose In many instances it is practically impossible to take an accurate history with the child in the same room, as the presence of the child distracts both the parents and the physician The parent, for purposes of this discussion refers to the mother since the father, as in most history taking in pediatric practice, usually is unfamiliar with the pertinent facts

While a blank piece of paper, a pen and plenty of time are said by some to be the ideal prerequisites for history taking I prefer to use history forms Unless this is done, many pertinent questions may not be asked and much valuable information thereby lost

After the customary pediatric history is taken, I employ the form shown in Tables VI and VII for the purpose of taking the allergic history This is a very simple outline which has been found highly practical Most of it is self-explanatory The physician using such a form can very easily add various items depending upon his per-

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TABLE VII

FAMILY HISTORY

Seasonal variation — Diurnal variation — Change of Weather

EFFECT OF — Heat — Cold

Dampness — Fatigue
Exercise — Dusting
Nervousness — Contact disagreements
Known food disagreements
Food dislikes — Hobbies
Food likes
Pillow — Mattress
Animals — Rug pads Ozite — Others
Plants — Oriental rugs
Furs
Cosmetics
TEETH — B M R
New clothing
New Furniture
Has been living in same dwelling
Bowel movements
Menses

DRUG DISAGREEMENTS — Aspirin

Previous skin tests by Dr — Date
Indicated sensitivity to

Previous treatment

pediatric history Then, one may proceed to specific questioning The discussion of the chief complaints is in no way different from that employed for adults It is very important to try to associate significant events in the history with exact dates When the mother's memory is vague, she is asked, respectively, concerning the season of the year and then the month and then, if possible the day of the month and the circumstances associated with any specific occurrence In time as the progress notes on the patient s record are made, the recurrence of certain events at particular times of the year, or under the same set of circumstances, may develop significant meaning The colds recurring yearly the first week in September about the time school opens may be the first sign of ragweed pollinosis, asthmatic attacks occurring only or most frequently when visiting the grandparents may result from exposure to environmental factors, such as pets Special articles of clothing, bedding or furniture may be associated with attacks A child sufficiently sensitive to goat dander may have an attack of asthma after playing or sleeping on a

sonal preferences For example, in early infancy, I commonly insert a note under the line starting with "PAST HISTORY" as to whether or not the mother had any particular food cravings resulting in overindulgence in *those foods during pregnancy This is indicated* simply by inserting the one word, "Pica" If she had no pica the symbol O is inserted after this word, if she had, the foods are noted here The significance of this will be noted shortly Many other similar variations are possible in a form of this type

For the purpose of recording the progress of the child, Schwartz (6) employs a simple ten-year chart blocked in squares, the abscissa

TABLE VI

	Allergy Record	Hist No	
Address		Ref	
		Tel	
Date / / Age	Occupation	M S W D	
CLINICAL DIAGNOSIS		Parent	
(1)		(4)	
(2)		(5)	
(3)		(6)	
CHIEF COMPLAINTS	Onset	Month	Place
PAST HISTORY Colic as infant		Vomiting as infant	
Group	*Eczema*		
Pollinosis	Skin rash		
Migraine	Asthma		
Cough or colds	A E or Urticaria		
P A R	Other manifest		
OPERATIONS T & A	*TETANUS TOXOID*		
	Booster tetanus		

of which indicates the month and the ordinate the year The squares are filled in with various symbols which indicate the type of allergic manifestation Such a record will show at a glance in what month the child's symptoms *appear, the frequency of attacks, what systems* are involved, and any change of the shock organ bearing the brunt of the allergic attack Such a record facilitates also, the evaluation of therapy *I have not personally used it but other pediatric allergists* have found it very helpful

It is a good plan to allow the mother to talk for a few minutes regarding the things which are uppermost in her mind before questioning her specifically This allows one to get a general idea of the problem if this was not sufficiently obtained while taking the routine

est that practically every child who has to have this operation before the age of three years, and any individual who has to have this operation more than once, is commonly allergic The time of the year at which the operation is done is also important Asthma will very frequently follow adentonsillectomy in children with pollinosis if the operation is done during the pollen season

Because allergic children are more likely than others to develop sensitivity to horse serum or, if sensitive, to react unpredictably to injection of horse serum, one should always inquire as to whether or not the patient has had tetanus toxoid If not, it should be most strongly recommended Bovine tetanus antitoxin (manufactured by Sharpe and Dohme) is again on the market and one should remember this for patients not immunized against tetanus and sensitive to horse serum (1) It should not be used, however, in milk or beef sensitive individuals

The family history is of little importance except as contributing evidence when the d [illegible] families where such allergy does not exist In pediatrics one is somewhat handicapped because occasionally allergic manifestations in the parent may not develop until years after allergy has occurred in one of their children

Seasonal and diurnal variations of allergies are of some importance Allergies which occur in summer may be related to pollen Occasionally one may see very bizarre manifestations of pollinosis, as, for example vaginitis in young girls This subject will be discussed more thoroughly in subsequent chapters Individuals with allergic rhinitis due to house dust feathers or bedding are likely to have an increase of symptoms on arising in the morning when the change in air currents through the nose upon awakening may stimulate a reaction Many respiratory allergies are made worse by change of temperature and by dampness It is quite possible that these factors produce important reflex reactions in the nervous system but this subject is almost completely unexplored

Clinical sensitivity to house dust is common It is always best, in asking about this and similar suspected sensitivities to say 'Mother, suppose you had never in your life seen a doctor, could you say that house dust in any way, causes your child to have trouble?' Other

mohair couch One of my most difficult problems was solved after I discovered that a most severe attack of asthma occurred when this girl put on a silk bathrobe after she had been confined to bed for a minor illness In another instance, a girl's scalp began to itch when she put on a hat with a silk lining

In the discussion of the past history there are some essential points of difference between the adult and the infant or child The allergist should know, for example, whether the mother had any particular food cravings during pregnancy, as occasionally overindulgence in any one particular article of food may possibly sensitize the infant to that food Such incidents, described by Ratner (4, 5), though rare, are interesting and illuminate the problem of allergy in child hood It should be a routine measure to warn the mother of a potenti ally allergic child (i e, a child one or more of whose parents or siblings is allergic) to eat a wide variety of food during pregnancy and not concentrate, as pregnant women occasionally do, on any particular single item

Whether or not sensitivity to human breast milk actually occurs is problematical Whether or not the child is breast fed, however, is a matter of importance because almost any food or drug may pass through with the breast milk in sufficient concentration to cause allergic manifestations in the infant These factors are considered under the discussion of breast milk A leading question is, 'Did you have any trouble finding a formula suitable for the child?' Any infant who has had repeated changes in formulae because of gastro intestinal discomfort, vomiting, diarrhea, or failure to gain properly is commonly an allergic infant

To continue with the discussion of the form history with reference to Table VI, little help is obtained from a history of croup No thorough studies of the relationship of simple, spasmodic croup to allergy have yet been published, and I feel that croup is of little importance with respect to allergic disease The number of "colds' a child has is important because the child who has "one cold after another" commonly has nasal allergy PAR refers to perennial aller gic rhinitis, and here the complaint is that the child "won t blow his nose," or breathes with his mouth open or has a nasal voice AE refers to angioedema The age at which the tonsils and adenoids were removed is important Our preliminary studies sug

floor pads, or other felt pads which are made of hog and cattle hair, one can interject the remark that, if there are such pads, no more should be purchased, but that they should be replaced with rubber pads Hobbies, such as stamp collecting or making model trains or airplanes, may involve the use of glue or other substances to which a child may be sensitive

Reactions to drugs must be carefully recorded Fortunately for the pediatrician, these are much less common in children than in adults Sensitivity to aspirin is rarely encountered, and I have never seen it in the severe, fulminating form in which it may occur in adults It is essential to keep this portion of the child's history up to date and to note on the allergy history sheet new drug disagreements as they are discovered The subject of drug allergy in children will be discussed in detail later on

Other subjects in the history form, not discussed above, are self-explanatory

PHYSICAL EXAMINATION

After completion of the history taking, the highlights of which have been indicated, the next step is a complete physical examination This is done in the routine manner with special attention being given to the allergic manifestations These will be discussed hereafter as the individual diseases are considered

In the case of skin disease, it is particularly important to ascertain that the condition is of allergic origin If there is any [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] be [illegible] subjecting to an allergic study patients with such conditions as scabies, pediculosis, psoriasis, lichen and perhaps other diseases

While the diagnosis of allergic cutaneous conditions can usually be made without difficulty, errors may occur In this connection the following case report is of interest

CASE 5093 This boy was five years old when first seen because of eczema " The lesion had been present on the penis and surrounding area almost since birth The pediatrician had stated that because the child would outgrow the eczema by the time he was five years

wise, the mother is likely to reply that house dust does bother the child, and when you ask how this is known she will state that at one time he was tested with house dust and reacted to it This, of course, does not mean clinical sensitivity One endeavors to determine from the history whether or not there is *clinical sensitivity* to specific aller gens such as house dust, foods, animal pets, etc , because this is more important than the results obtained by skin testing If a mother knows that house dust or dog dander causes her child to wheeze it doesn't matter what the results of skin tests with those allergens are Even if negative these allergens must be given every consideration

In questioning regarding contacts, the question is best phrased, "Mother, is there anything, such as soap, silk, wool, poison ivy, or anything else, which irritates your child's skin unduly on contact? A suspected food sensitivity requires a review of the child's dietary regimen Useful questions are "What foods does your child dislike that most children like?", "What does he like especially well?," and sometimes leading questions, such as, "What happened the first time he ate egg?" and ' How much milk does he drink a day? ' In the case of multiple food sensitivities, it is my custom to give the mother a list of foods to check (see Table VIII) She is to circle the foods which she knows, by experience, disagree with the child, place an ' X" before any foods she suspects, underline all foods eaten as often as once a week, and put a check before foods eaten less often If the mother takes the list home, studies it carefully and returns it, the physician will have some valuable information for guidance on necessary skin tests and subsequent dietary instructions

One can often inject a little propaganda into the history taking For example, when one asks whether the child sleeps on a pillow, the parent can be advised, if the child does not yet have one, that the best pillow she can buy for him is one of sponge rubber or a suitable plastic Also, if a mattress is needed, one of similar material is preferable In the same way, when asking about animal pets, if the family has none, one may say that since the child is allergic he will be much better off if no animal pets with fur or feathers are ever acquired If such pets are present, the parents should be instructed (regardless of the results of subsequent skin tests) that in event the animals die they should not be replaced When asking about ozite

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old, the mother should do nothing about it However, at four and one-half years of age, the condition appeared worse, if anything and the mother was concerned about the child's not living up to her pediatrician's time table There was, in this particular case, nothing in the child's personal history or in the family history to suggest allergic disease, and on inspection the condition proved to be psoriasis

For the purpose of recording the nature and extent of the cutaneous lesions, rubber stamps applied to the physical examination sheet are helpful Two sets of stamps are used, one conforming to the configuration of the infant and the other to that of the older child These were first described (2) a number of years ago Stoesser (7) also employed somewhat similar figures on his record sheets

PROGRESS NOTES

Progress notes are, essentially, a continuation of the history The parent should be carefully queried between visits for skin testing and other purposes as to how the child has done in the interval, what has been the effect of the medications prescribed, etc In the case of older children who come to the office periodically by themselves, one must remember that such children, no matter how poorly they are getting along, will often when queried in the routine manner, say that they have done well It is always best to check periodically with the parents under such circumstances One's own patients, if doing well, should come in with their parents at least twice a year for questioning and examination In the case of out of town patients, such visits are desirable every three or four months, at least during the first year of treatment One of the most important things which the allergic study should accomplish is to educate the parent to look at the child through the eyes of the allergist The mother will eventually find the answers to the questions which were previously asked in the formal history taking and in the follow up notes "What foods do you know actually bother the child?" "What contacts?' "What drugs?" "What meteorologic factors?' This constant search for relevant factors should be encouraged Carefully taken progress notes should be considered part of a continuing diagnostic survey, and not merely a record of the effectiveness of therapy

sixty presumably normal adults and found that above half gave positive reactions Grow and Herman (10), in a group of 150 adults more carefully selected to rule out allergic individuals, found that 55 per cent reacted positively to one or more allergens Hill (13) as a result of his review of the scanty literature on this subject states. "It seems fair to conclude that positive scratch tests are not common in normal children or infants, but that positive intracutaneous tests are common in unselected adults who have no atopic symptoms What their significance is, is another question" This indicates, that skin tests require expert integration with the other studies of the patient

As a general rule, the reactions of infants and children are *not* as numerous or large as those of older children and adults The younger the individual, the more likely a "flare" or area of erythema will occur instead of a wheal This has, however, the same clinical significance As early as 1920 Schloss (22) observed that a negative cutaneous test was not conclusive and reported five cases of undoubted sensitivity to cow s milk with persistently negative cutaneous tests This is particularly likely to occur in pollinosis in infants *and children* as first noted by Kahn and Grothaus (14) A positive or negative skin test has significance, as a rule, only in association with the complete clinical picture of the patient I do feel, however, that a very strongly positive reaction by a scratch test to animal hair or dander is always of clinical significance

A positive skin test may indicate

1 Present clinical sensitivity to the allergen

2 Past sensitivity *to* the allergen which may or may not have been of clinical significance

3 Potential sensitivity The patient may be in the process of becoming sensitive to the allergen

4 Skin sensitivity due to biogenetic relationship (see Chapter 60) with an allergen *in* the category of 1 2, and 3 above

The question is often asked, 'What is the lowest age limit for skin testing?' While it is often possible to conduct a case properly without cutaneous testing until the child is one year or more of age, there is no objection to *testing* at any age In the case of breast fed infants six or eight weeks of age, and even younger, the skin will

CHAPTER 4

SKIN TESTING

THE PARENT often has the idea that cutaneous testing is a scientific procedure of great accuracy by means of which it is possible to determine exactly what causes the child's trouble. It is important to explain in advance that such is not the case. It should be explained that skin testing is merely a laboratory procedure, which, in spite of the drama attached to it, is of considerably less value than a carefully taken history. Testing is necessary because it often gives aids which are time saving and of great help in the conduct of the case. Like the physical examination, fluoroscopy, and other tests, it is just another aid in the diagnostic study.

It is unnecessary to do tests with substances known to disagree with the patient except for the purpose of checking the reactivity of the patient's skin. For example, if an infant is known to be clinically sensitive to eggwhite and fails to react on scratch testing with eggwhite, it is unlikely that the skin will react to any other foods whether or not the patient is clinically sensitive. The absence of positive skin reactions to food to which the patient is clinically sensitive, is not yet understood. One might suspect, however, that patients might react not to the food itself, but to some immediate metabolic product not reflected in skin reactions. If this occurs the reason should be explained to the parent who may otherwise assume that skin testing is completely unreliable and not worth doing.

No recent work has been done on the incidence of positive skin tests in nonallergic children. Baker (1) found positive skin reactions in normal children tested by the scratch test practically negligible. Peshkin and Rost (19) in a similar study found that 10 per cent of presumably nonallergic children gave doubtful or positive reactions, the incidence of which decreased as their age advanced. This indicated progressive desensitization to the authors. There have been

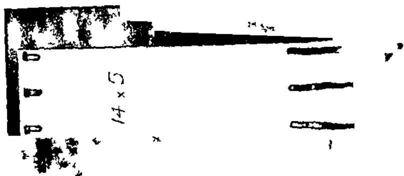


Fig 5

properly by the wrist, although practically every mother will attempt to do it, and will often persist in attempting despite repeated explanations A child held in the proper position will still be able to move more or less, but the movements are greatly restricted and tests can be done accurately if the technician is skillful The tests should be carefully observed and commonly reach their maximum intensity within twenty minutes *Both positive and negative scratch tests are illustrated in Fig 7*



Fig 6

often react to foods in the mother's diet, and the condition of the infant will generally be improved when positively reacting foods are omitted from her diet In some infants the skin will often be observed to react to foods which the child has not yet ingested This is important in that these foods may be avoided in the child s diet as he develops, as will be mentioned subsequently

The technic of cutaneous testing in infancy and childhood is not particularly difficult The main problem, of course, is to have the child held as still as possible The next most important prerequisite is that the tests be done by one skilled in the technic For cutaneous testing in children up to the age at which they will hold still enough for accurate testing to be done without restraint, about five or six

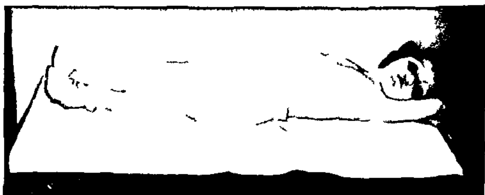


FIG 4

years, I use a specially devised table This is a small examining table which has an extensible head rest All the clothes except the diaper or shorts are removed from the child, who is tightly wrapped in a cotton sheet from just above the hips down to the ankles (Fig 4) A canvas belt five feet long (152 4 cm) and fourteen inches (35 6 cm) wide is now passed over the child's legs (Fig 5) There are three straps for fastening down this belt The middle strap is lined up to pass over the child s knees and this must be pulled rather tightly The other straps may be pulled less tightly, but the lower strap must be pulled tightly enough so that the child cannot work his feet up underneath the belt (Fig 6)

The mother sits at the head of the table and her task is particularly important She must hold the child by the elbows which should be held tightly against the child s ears The child cannot be held

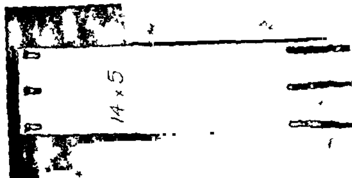


Fig 5

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Fig 6



Fig 7

It is my practice in any age group to do scratch tests first The advantages of this are so apparent that it is difficult to understand why many allergists do only intrademal testing, even in children The first and most important reason for doing scratch tests is that these are much safer than intradermal tests There are two deaths from scratch tests mentioned in the literature (26a), but I have never been able to authenticate them I believe, however, that this can happen One of my patients, a girl six years old with asthma, who gave a history of exquisite sensitivity to fish, went into severe anaphylactic shock which for a time appeared as though it might terminate fatally, when she was by error scratch tested with the extracts of three different fish at the same time On the other hand, several deaths in children as well as adults resulting from intradermal testing are mentioned in the literature (11), and many more deaths have occurred which have never been reported

The second reason for doing scratch tests first is that they may eliminate the necessity for doing many intradermal tests If the reaction to the scratch test is positive, then it is evident that an intradermal test with that particular substance is not necessary On the other hand, if the reaction to a properly performed scratch test is negative, an intradermal test may be safely performed with the strongest available material which will not give a nonspecific, irritative false positive reaction This will eliminate testing with serial dilutions of potent allergens, such as cottonseed, *for example*

With scratch tests as with intradermal tests, false positive reactions are much more likely to occur than false negative reactions It is exceedingly important to check positive reactions, whether from scratch or intradermal tests, repeatedly to make sure that the reaction is actually positive and is not a false positive

A third reason for doing scratch tests first is the greater irritability *of the* skin of children While intradermal tests to inhalants are more reliable than scratch tests intradermal tests to foods (with the exception of eggs, fish nuts and seeds) will give many more false positive *reactions than* scratch tests This is particularly important in children, *although* the same experience applies to adults *Not infrequently* children are studied who have previously passed through *the hands* of an allergist who uses only *intradermal tests* When *one asks the* mother about the results she states that she was *told that the* child gave positive reactions to *everything* " *Of course*, reporting that *everything causes* positive reactions is practically the same as saying *that* everything causes *negative reactions*, for all the value such tests have However, *not infrequently*, these children may be satisfactorily *tested* by means of the scratch method.

The instrument preferred *for* making the scratches is a leather punch adapted for this purpose by *Hill* (12) This is a metallic instrument about the size *and shape* of a *small pencil* with the lead replaced by a circular opening a *little more* than 2 mm in diameter (Fig 8) The edges *are fairly* sharp so that with one quick rotary motion a small *circular scratch is made* in the skin The advantages of this instrument are several *In the* first place, it does not look like a knife or cutting *instrument* so that a child is not frightened by its appearance Second *the* scratches are always the same size and shape Third, it is *difficult* to traumatize the infant with this

instrument unduly so that, if the child makes a quick movement while the scratch is being made, little damage can be done With experience it is possible to make these scratches rapidly and accurately, even in a small infant who is struggling more or less in spite of the restraint Hill* himself no longer uses this device, preferring instead a three cornered needle This emphasizes the fact that it is

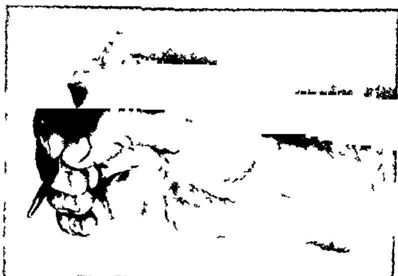


FIG 8

of little importance what type of scratching device one employs as long as one is expert in its use

A buffered isotonic sodium chloride solution (6) is used for dissolving the powdered allergens applied to the scratches The procedure is first to drop this liquid on the scratch Then the powder is applied and rubbed in with a toothpick, a fresh end being used for each test By putting the liquid on before the powder, there is less chance of shaking the powder away from the scratch by the struggling of the child Unbuffered isotonic sodium chloride solution may be used as well as the buffered solution I do not use the tenth normal sodium hydroxide solution recommended by many because I feel that this solvent often acts as a non specific irritant When glycerinated extracts are used evaporation is minimized and because of its viscosity this material stays in place better than the aqueous

* Hill L W *Personal communication to the author*

solution However, many false positive reactions are given by glycerinated extracts, positive tests should be repeated several times and always well controlled

The most common errors in the technique of scratch testing are

1 *Scratches too close together* The optimum distance between scratches is about 2 5 cm (1 inch)

2 *Scratches too long* If the ordinary scarifier, such as a needle or knife blade, is used the optimum length is about 5 mm (3/16 inch) With the Hill scarifier this error does not occur

3 *Scratches too deep* They should not draw blood because this clots in the depths of the scratch and prevents absorption of the allergen by the lymphatics

4 *Scratches of irregular length* This is the mark of an amateur It will not occur with the Hill instrument

5 *Too much material used* Only enough should be employed to cover the actual scratch itself

6 *Too much 'smearing* The only part of the skin to which it is necessary to apply the material is to the scratch itself, *not the* surrounding area of the skin

7 *Testing material allowed to dry out before the test is read* This prevents absorption of the material into the lymphatics

INTRADERMAL TESTING

The relative merits of scratch and intradermal testing will not be considered here This discussion may be found in any of standard textbooks on allergy Intradermal tests are useful, and *in general* reliable, for obtaining additional information regarding skin sensitivity only when scratch tests to certain substances are *negative* These are principally the following pollen, cottonseed, dust, flaxseed, fungi, India gum, kapok, orris, pyrethrum, seeds, silk, sera, and epidermoids Intradermal tests with foods are so unreliable that I test only with fish and egg, except when doing passive transfer tests If the history suggests clinical sensitivity to any allergen, intradermal testing must be carried out with great care to avoid generalized reactions, double checking the scratch test to make sure that it is negative before doing the intradermal test Skin tests to bacterial vaccines may be performed, but, as indicated by Swineford (24), have little or no significance Intradermal tests should not be done to allergens to which the patient is positively clinically sensitive even if

the scratch test is negative To carry out such tests is an invitation to a generalized reaction

Intradermal tests, like scratch tests, if positive, should be double checked unless corroborated by the history They should be done on an extremity so that if a generalized reaction occurs a tourniquet may be placed proximal to the test site to slow down the absorption of the antigen The treatment is the same as for a generalized reaction on pollen injection (see Table XV) As a rule, generalized reactions will almost never follow intradermal tests to allergens to which an individual is exposed daily, such as house dust, wool, etc, or foods ingested daily, like wheat, milk, etc Nevertheless, it is a safe principle never to do such intradermal tests unless the scratch test has been negative

It was formerly stated that material for a properly performed intradermal test should be introduced in the epidermis just above the stratum papillare of the corium Taylor (25) has shown that it is impossible to do this except on certain areas where the skin is very thick, for example, parts of the soles of the feet All intradermal injections for skin testing are, therefore, really injections into the corium

The most common errors in the technique of intradermal testing are

1 *Testing with allergens which gave definitely positive reactions to the scratch test* This may precipitate a generalized reaction, as stated above

2 *Tests too close together* The optimum distance between scratches is 2 5 cm (1 inch)

3 *Too much material injected* The optimum amount is about 0 02 cc This cannot be accurately measured but is the quantity required to produce a barely visible wheal

4 *Injection of air with the test material* This produces a "splash" reaction which is sometimes falsely diagnosed as a positive test

5 *Injections too deep* This may result in a false negative test

6 *Too many tests done at one time* If there are many positives this may result in a summation effect causing a generalized reaction The maximum number of tests done at any one time is eighteen for an adult and children according to size If the tests are nega-

tive or even if positive and the patient experiences no disagreeable reactions, further testing may be continued at the same visit

7 *Injection into a lymphatic vessel* This is quite uncommon The distended lymphatic vessels may give the impression of the pseudopodia of a strongly positive test

The question arises as to how many tests one should do There is no truly sound objection to the practice of many of making tests with everything conceivable for which test material may be prepared because, on rare occasions, a positive reaction will be elicited by some allergen which appears to have no connection at all with the case On closer investigation it may be found that this is one of the substances which is really causing trouble However, this hapens so rarely, and the diet and environment of the infant and child are so limited as compared with those of the adult patient that I feel it is an injustice to subject these children to so-called complete testing One should test for those substances indicated by the history as possible causative factors, as well as for those substances indicated by experience as often causing trouble in this age group These substances would include all the foods which the child ingests and also those foods which it is planned to feed him next As an aid for avoiding omission of any allergens with which it might be important to test the child, I commonly give the parent a check list, indicated by Table VIII The directions on this list are self explanatory

It will occasionally be observed, as has been mentioned, that a child will react to some food which he has not yet eaten In most instances this reaction is probably due to a biogenetic relationship between some food which the child has ingested and the reacting food which be has not yet had This subject will be further discussed in Chapter 60 In such circumstances it does not make much sense to try this food in the child s diet, even though he may not be clinically sensitive to the food at the time it is tried To do this is an invitation to trouble The child should also be tested with house dust, wool, silk, feathers, cottonseed, kapok, flaxseed and those other allergens which are particularly indicated, as mentioned previously, by the history of the case In this age group flaring occurs oftener than whealing but is of equal diagnostic significance There is no such thing as a standard sized flare or wheal applicable to every patient

TABLE VIII

ALLERGEN CHECK LIST

Ragweed	Cashew	Herring	Quince seed	*Fungi*
Plantain	Cat dander	Hog dander	Rabbit dander	Alternaria
Timothy	Cattle dander	Hops	Radish	Aspergillus
Goldenrod	Cauliflower	Horse dander	Raisin	Dermantium
Art vulgaris	Celery	Horse radish	Raspberry	Hormodendrum
Pyrethrum	Cherry		Rhubarb	Manilia
Horse serum	Chicken	India Gum	Rice	Mucor
	Cinnamon	Jute	Rye	Penicillium
Cocklebur	Clam	Kapok		Yeast, baker
Corn, cult			Sago	Yeast brewer
Lambs' Quart	Cocoa (choc)	Lamb	Salmon	
Pigweed	Cocoanut	Lemon	Scallop	
Sheep sorrel	Codfish	Lettuce	Sheep dander	
	Coffee	Lobster	Shrimp	*Vaccines*
	Corn			Autogenous
June grass	Cottonseed	Mackeral	Silk	
Orchard grass	Cranberry	Milk, cow	Spinach	Stock
Red top	Cucumber	Casein	Squash	#1
Rice, wild		Lactalbumin	Strawberry	#2
	Date	Milk, goat	Sugar, cane	#3
	Derris	Milk, human		#4
Birch	Dill	Moss, Spanish	Tapioca	
Elm	Dog dander	Mushroom	Taro (Poi)	
Oak		Mustard	Tea	
Maple	*Dust*		Tobacco	
Poplar	Efron	Oat	Tobacco smoke	
Willow	Efron control	Olive	Tragacanth, gum	
	Flour mill	Onion	Tomato	
Acacia gum	Patient	Orange	Trout lake	
Alfalfa	Stock	Orris root	Turnip	
Allspice	Barn	Oyster		
Almond	Egg white		Vanilla	*Insects*
Apple	Eggplant	Parsley	Veal	Caddis fly
Apricot		Pea	Walnut	House fly
Artichoke	*Feathers*	Peach	Watermelon	May fly
Arrowroot	Canary	Peanut	Wheat	Mosquito
Asparagus	Chicken	Pear	Whitefish, lake	
	Duck	Pecan		
Banana	Goose	Pepper, black		
Barley	Mixed	Pepper, green		
Bean, lima		Pepper red		
Bean, navy	Flounder	Peppermint		
Bean, soy	Fig			
Bean string	Flaxseed	Pimento		
Beef		Pineapple		
Beet	Ginger	Pistachio		
Broccoli	Glue	Plum		
Buckwheat	Goat dander	Poppy seed		
	Grape	Pork (bacon ham)		
Cabbage	Grapefruit	Potato sweet		
Camel dander		Potato white		
Cantaloupe	Halibut	Pumpkin		
Carrot	Hemp			

Directions

1 Circle anything on this list known to disagree from your own experience
2 Underline all foods eaten as often as once a week
3 Check (√) all foods eaten at any other time
4 Put X before all foods disliked or suspected of disagreeing

which is one plus when it measures so much and two plus when it measures so much more and so on. Every child has his own standard of reaction, and one must discover what this is by comparison with reactions which are the least prominent and have no clinical significance.

Occasionally the patient's skin will exhibit a certain degree of irritability on testing and antihistaminic drugs have been reported of value in reducing the irritability of the skin under such circumstances. This subject has been reviewed by Fond (7) who felt that the best results were obtained by the use of chlorcyclizine hydrochloride (Perazil, Burroughs Wellcome Company) or Di Paralene (Abbott),

... the night preceding

they

occurred, had disappeared but the skin reactivity was found to be sufficiently depressed to give more accurate readings. To be helpful under such circumstances the tests should be repeated several times. I have but rarely found this procedure of value.

PASSIVE TRANSFER TESTS

When for various reasons which have been enumerated by Walzer (27) it is not advisable to test the skin of the patient directly, recourse may be h...

first reported b...

and developed by Walzer. Briefly stated, it consists of drawing blood from the patient with sterile precautions and pipetting off the serum which is then subjected to complement fixation and sterility tests. One tenth of a cubic centimeter of serum is then injected into various sites, usually on the lateral aspect of the upper arm, in a suitable recipient. I commonly employ two recipients as there is considerable variation in the way in which individuals react to passive transfer testing, some being unable to accept a transfer at all and some only very poorly. There is no objection to using the father and mother of the patient or any other members of the family who are not allergic or if allergic, not clinically or skin test sensitive to the allergens with which they are to be tested.

After injection of the serum, the acute reaction is allowed to subside for a period of twenty four to forty eight hours. The skin of the recipient at these sites is temporarily sensitized by this procedure

to the same antigen as the skin of the patient. If foods are to be tested, the recipient avoids these for seventy-two hours previous to the tests. These sites may then be tested with the strongest available allergens for intradermal testing. The great advantage of passive transfer testing is that one has a perfect control on a corresponding anatomical site of the recipient's skin which has not been treated with the serum. (For further details regarding the technique of passive transfer testing, consult Vaughn and Black (26b).)

Passive transfer tests are, however, not infallible and have certain definite limitations. Chobot and Hurwitz (3) showed that in a series of children giving positive intradermal skin tests to foods, only 20 per cent of the tests were shown to have clinical significance; 18 per cent of those with skin reactions to foods to which they were clinically sensitive did not transfer, and only 22 per cent of the tests that did transfer were clinically significant.

In infants and children with generalized eczema, which is the principal reason in pediatric practice for doing passive transfer tests, I now prefer, when practical, to first clear the child's skin with ACTH or cortisone and then test the child directly. These drugs do not significantly influence the results of direct skin testing (9) and I find direct testing much more informative than passive transfer testing.

SKIN TESTING IN THE NEWBORN INFANT

Balyeat (2) stated that he tested the skin of 119 newborn infants with wheat, egg and milk and found two specifically sensitive on the second day of birth. In a series of tests performed by Weber, Kornfield, and Walzer (4) by both the scratch and intradermal methods in over 100 newborn infants, non-specific reactions which were far in excess of those usually found in adults were noted. This and subsequent literature has been reviewed by Matheson *et al.* (17) who concluded that the skin of the full-term, normal newborn infant reacts to various dilutions of histamine phosphate with erythema but no wheal formation, as contrasted to the skin of older children where, with the same technic (scratch), whealing was frequent. The skin of both the full-term and premature infant is capable of fixing reagin locally. This is shown by the fact that the skin of these infants may be passively sensitized by the passive transfer method, and the sites so sensitized will react both by the injection and ingestion of antigen.

The newborn period is considered to be the first thirty days of life * Skin testing at this age is almost always never necessary or of practical value although conceivably it might have some purpose in a case of a breast fed infant developing allergy as the result of some antigenic food or other substance passing through with the breast milk In such cases the skin of the infant sometimes reacts on direct testing with this food

If the patient does not do well the skin tests should be repeated from time to time in the hope of discovering additional allergens which may be significant A positive skin test may persist long after a patient has clinically recovered or disappear before recovery takes place

For a very comprehensive discussion of skin testing reference is made to the recent review by Matheson (16)

OPHTHALMIC TESTING

It is occasionally desirable to demonstrate a positive reaction to pollen when the skin test is negative For this purpose Peshkin (18) devised the dry pollen eye test This is done by requesting the patient to look upward, pulling down the lower lid to expose the conjunctival sac, and dropping a small amount of pollen (the same amount as would ordinarily be used for a scratch test) from the end of a tooth pick into the conjunctival sac towards the lateral canthus Pine pollen is similarly dropped into the other eye as a control The pollen, if tolerated is allowed to remain in the eye at least five minutes during which time the patient holds the lids shut with a pledget of cotton At the end of five minutes a positive reaction is indicated by varying degrees of redness and edema of the conjunctivae as compared to the control eye The pollen, which by then has matted together and drifted towards the inner canthus is easily removed by gentle manipulation with a cotton tipped applicator A drop of epinephrine 1/1000 is instilled into the eye to counteract the reaction if one has occurred

Shulman (23) has reported ophthalmic testing with dried food allergens especially prepared in a non irritating ophthalmic ointment in a concentration of 1 10 by weight He felt that in all groups suf-

* According to definition by the Committee on Fetus and Newborn of the American Academy of Pediatrics *J Pediat* 28 244 1946

ficiently large to permit a valid statistical conclusion the eye test showed itself superior both in detecting an allergic condition and in not reporting a "false alarm" in a clinically negative patient This procedure awaits further clinical evaluation in children

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CHAPTER 5

RECAPITULATION

NOW, HAVING examined and tested the child completely, what is the next step? I believe it is then time for the allergist to sit down and evaluate the patient's record carefully The first thing is to put down the final diagnoses, as well as these can be established These should be noted on the first sheet of the record so that the cases may be carefully indexed and cross indexed

The next procedure should be to write out specific directions for the patient I do not believe that an allergist who simply examines and makes tests on a patient and then gives the parent a list of the reactions and a brief discussion of their significance is doing his full duty I am a firm believer in giving the patient highly detailed directions as to the conduct of his own particular case The objection to the former procedure is that the parent will forget what she has been told, the objection to the procedure here advocated is that the parent often will not read the directions which have been given

A lesson was learned regarding this and how to combat it, in an interesting manner At the completion of a study of a child with chronic atopic dermatitis the parents had been given detailed typewritten and printed directions as to the conduct of the child's case at home In the course of many months the fee for this study was not paid The reason for this, the mother stated, was that, after leaving my office, the child had not improved and so had been taken to a dermatologist who had advised that all wool be removed from the child's immediate environment The parents did this and, to their gratification, the child's skin rapidly cleared On a check of the child's office record, which contained a complete carbon copy of all instructions given the parents, it was found that the first paragraph gave specific directions for the avoidance of wool It was obvious that the parents had not read the detailed instructions which they had been given

From that time on the office procedure was somewhat different Specific directions for the patient were still supplied the parent with

forms as far as possible for the avoidance of specific allergens such as house dust cottonseed, flaxseed, orris root, and the various epidermoids However, when the parent was presented with this information she was first told that the instructions given always looked like considerably more work and trouble than they actually were in practice If the directions were carefully followed, she would soon learn which particular instructions were most important to her own child and the habit of following these would soon become easy She was further told that even though the directions were extremely difficult to follow, which they occasionally are, it would be well worth the effort as this may be the only means for relieving the child s difficulty

The parent was then asked to sit down in the waiting room and read the directions over carefully and was then returned to the consulting room and asked if there were any questions If the parent had no questions I began quizzing her to see how much she understood of the directions In the case of a particularly dull parent or in cases in which there was a great deal of this to be done a capable secretary is often able to take over much of the burden

It is my firm belief that one cannot be too explicit in giving complete directions One never knows just how a patient may be exposed to any one particular allergen For example in the directions for *avoiding* rabbit fur I mention that some persons occasionally carry a rabbit s foot in their pocket for good luck One woman whose child had asthma and allergic rhinitis and gave a strong reaction to rabbit dander called up the office in great excitement to state that she had discovered at least one factor in her infant s difficulty When the child was a few months old a well meaning relative had given him a rabbit s foot which had become a fetish The child would not go to sleep without rubbing it back and forth over his upper lip While removing the rabbit s foot from this child s environment did not answer all the questions in this particular case at least it went far in solving many of them

The allergist is very often unfavorably criticized for giving detailed instructions for the patient Not infrequently I have been asked after the parent has read over these [illegible] Doctor do [illegible]

[illegible] don t be

[illegible] this question is Suppose

your child had leukemia and you believed that by following these *directions you would have a reasonable chance of saving your* child's life, you would follow these directions scrupulously, wouldn't you?" The answer to that is always, "Yes, of course" The fact that the parent is less inclined to do this in the case of the allergic disease simply signifies that in the parent's mind the cure may cause more discomfort than the disease This, however, is a problem for the *parent to decide, not the doctor All the allergist can do is to give* all the information he has, the degree of application of this information must be entrusted to the parents

The appendix of this volume as well as the text contains copies of some of the specific directions for environmental control of the more important allergens which I give to my patients Instructions concerning diet will be discussed in Chapters 60 through 63

In many instances the referring pediatrician or general practitioner expects the patient to be sent back to him with treatment material and, if injections are required, specific directions for their administration When the patient comes from out of town and facilities are not available for treatment by an allergist, this is proper as well as necessary When, however, it is just as convenient for the patient to be treated by the allergist who has made the study, it is often a grave injustice to the patient to be compelled to return to the referring physician for treatment There is considerably more to the treatment of allergic disease than the blind following of a printed instruction sheet, however explicit the directions may be

A patient being treated by a pediatrician or other physician under the direction of the pediatric allergist should return routinely to the consultant every three or four months at first more often if necessary At such times the patient or parent should bring a record of all injections and other treatments given by the referring physician, together with notes giving his comments All this can be written on the treatment records sent the physician (see appendix) In spite of specific requests, however, it is often difficult to obtain adequate progress reports from the referring physician, particularly his impression about the patient's *clinical* condition at each visit Without such notes it is impossible to establish the patient's response and to treat the patient to his best advantage The physician will commonly note whether or not the patient gets a severe local or general reaction, but

only the exceptional physician will make a note as to the patient's clinical condition The willingness of the referring physician to record the immediate effects of injections on one hand his reluctance to record the patient's clinical progress or lack of it on the other occur so constantly that it probably is a reflection in some way on the training of our physicians in the medical schools or hospitals

It is my opinion and this should be explained to the patient that in the case of most allergies the patient should be under treatment until symptom free for one year Treatments should not be stopped no matter how well such patients appear to be doing without consultation with the allergist

One common reason for stopping treatments which may be the patient's decision alone or the decision of the physician who is not an allergist is the occurrence of disagreeable reactions to the injections This is almost never an indication to stop the treatments but is an absolute indication that the dosage should be reduced to one which the patient can tolerate If the patient then does not do well the record should be reviewed and some other procedure introduced in addition to or as a substitute for the present treatments One of the inherent difficulties in treating patients by repeated injections is the fact that the patient (and often the physician who is not an allergist) is inclined to blame everything that happens from falling hair to falling arches on the injections Generally when a disagreeable reaction occurs following an injection it is usually accompanied by a marked local reaction However this is not always true An injection reaction should be suspected when any unusual manifestation no matter how bizarre *always occurs at the same time interval* following the injection The interval may vary from a few minutes to several days When this occurs the dose should be reduced or a placebo (normal saline without any additive such as phenol) administered and the reaction observed It is not generally known that phenol on rare occasions may cause very disagreeable local and sometimes general reactions in the form of severe discomfort If phenol is used in the fluid containing the allergen even as little as 0 5 per cent this should be suspected particularly if the patient continues to get the same kind of bizarre reaction despite repeated reduction of the dose Over a period of twenty years I have seen this happen in two adults and in one child

ALLERGY IN EARLY LIFE

PATHOLOGICAL PHYSIOLOGY OF ALLERGIC DISEASE

ALL ALLERGIC manifestations, in whatever tissues they may occur, are dependent upon abnormal physiological mechanisms, i e, edema or spasm of smooth muscle, or edema and spasm of smooth muscle occurring together It is quite likely that the basic abnormality of physiology in allergic disease is edema and that spasm of smooth muscle occurs secondary to edema in the muscle It is easier, however, because of the manner in which allergic reactions express themselves clinically, to think of them in terms of both edema and spasm of smooth muscle It is, therefore, evident that allergic reactions can occur wherever it is possible for these phenomena to take place The major manifestations of allergic disease, however, take place in three principal groups of tissues the gastrointestinal tract, the respiratory tract, and the skin It is extremely interesting, as pointed out by Glaser and Edwards (6) that there is an important relationship between these structures in that they are all covered by epithelial tissues, the tissues which separate the person from his environment It is brought to the attention of every medical student that the epithelium of the deepest alveolus of the lung or of the most hidden niche of the gastrointestinal tract is a direct continuation of the surface of the body and is in fact a body surface This circumstance, which is demonstrated to the medical student for the purpose of pointing out an anatomic curiosity, may, perhaps, have a deeper meaning The epitheliums of these three groups of tissue are the buffer tissues by means of which the complex human organism contacts, draws nourishment from and reacts to the environment Perhaps, since all three epithelial groups with their underlying tissues of mesodermal origin have developed in the process of evolution into buffer tissues, they are, in a way, subject to some of the same peculiarities, and what may cause the allergic reaction of edema in one tissue, may have a tendency to cause edema in the others because of

similarity in evolution and function This is perhaps why respiratory infections and diarrhea, as observed by Koch and Schwartz (11) are the most common complications of atopic dermatitis It may also explain why cutaneous tests elicit positive reactions to allergens affecting the respiratory and gastrointestinal tracts as well as the skin It is also significant in this connection that the major allergic diseases in the human being in the process of development after birth commonly involve these tissues in the order of their complexity of function The gastrointestinal tract, the most complex, is involved first with colic or other gastrointestinal disorders, then the skin with atopic dermatitis, and, finally, the lungs with asthma

INTRAUTERINE SENSITIZATION

It is generally conceded that the tendency to allergic disease is inherited The inherited defect is probably associated in some way with the complex relationships of the hypothalamus-pituitary-adrenal axis However, just what factors precipitate the appearance of allergic disease in the human being, especially in early infancy, are not understood It is well known that antitoxins, antibodies, some medications and many other substances pass through the placenta into the fetal circulation This passage is physiological and not pathological, as noted by Ratner *et al* (14, 15, 16) as a result of their review of the literature and their own investigations They further pointed out that this occurs in man, as in the rodentia, probably because there is but a single cell membrane separating the maternal from the fetal circulations In other animals, as ruminants, where this does not take place, there is a three-cell layer separating these circulations They were able to sensitize guinea pigs in utero, both actively and passively, depending upon the stage of pregnancy in which the mother was sensitized On the basis of these experimental observations, Ratner (17) felt justified in explaining allergic phenomena due to specific foods occurring in certain children early in life as caused by the mother's overindulgence in those particular foods during pregnancy He felt that this sensitized the infant in utero and reported a series of cases in this category In a discussion of another presentation on this subject by Ratner and Greenburgh (18) Huber mentioned the striking instance of an infant whose mother ate peanuts in large quantities during her pregnancy The

CHAPTER 6

ALLERGY IN EARLY LIFE

PATHOLOGICAL PHYSIOLOGY OF ALLERGIC DISEASE

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child was never breast fed and within a short time after birth gave marked skin reactions when touched with peanuts

Zohn (23) pointed out that *Tuft (20), Smythe (19), Walzer (21, 22)* and others have taken exception to Ratner's point of view Bell and Eriksson (3) were unable, by means of passive transfer tests *using cord blood taken from the infants of allergic mothers*, to demonstrate skin sensitizing antibodies Such antibodies could be demonstrated in the blood serum of the mothers Walzer (21) and Caulfield (4) have confirmed these findings Zohn (23) performed an experiment of a similar nature after sensitizing twelve pregnant women by injection with ascaris extract, a substance which has the property of easily sensitizing normal individuals Reagins for ascaris extract could be demonstrated in nine of eleven specimens of maternal blood but in none of the eleven specimens of fetal blood Zohn (24) later performed deliberate feeding experiments, giving excessive amounts of single foods daily to pregnant women, about equally divided between those giving positive and negative histories of allergy Zohn could not demonstrate any effect upon the offspring from the point of view of sensitization

However, despite all evidence to the contrary, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion of Ratner and others that the human infant may be born sensitized to specific allergens It seems likely that this is due to *active* sensitization of the fetus in utero rather than an inherited specific defect of the germ plasm with respect to a particular allergen In other words, it is probable that what is actually inherited is the *capacity* to become sensitized, not specific sensitivity to a particular allergen Hill and Sulzberger (10) have shown that 85 per cent of all infants under one year who give positive skin tests react to eggwhite It is possible in many instances to explain such sensitivity on the basis of egg in the diet of the mother passing through to the infant in her breast milk, or by early feeding of egg to the infant On the contrary, enough infants react to eggwhite clinically and by skin test who have never been breast fed or given egg in the diet to make congenital (intrauterine) sensitization the only possible mechanism in such cases in the present state of our knowledge Sensitization by means of food odors (osmyls) is such a remote theoretical possibility in this age group that I feel it need not be considered Congenital sensitization occurs to egg more commonly than to any

other food but also occurs to cow's milk, as was demonstrated by Glaser and Johnstone (7), and doubtless occurs to some other foods This is active rather than passive sensitization

FETAL HICCOUGHS

It is quite possible that the first clinical manifestation of allergic disease in the human being occurs before birth in the form of fetal "hiccoughs," as suggested by McGee (13) These were first described by Ahlfeld (1), and McGee pointed out the interesting fact that De-Lee (9) had written on this subject Whenever this question is discussed someone always asks how the mother can tell that the baby is hiccoughing in utero I have been informed by a number of very able women physicians, one of professorial rank in a medical school, who have themselves experienced this during pregnancy, that there is simply no other way to adequately describe these movements of the fetus Although little has been written on this subject, fetal hiccoughs, while not frequent, are not of rare occurrence McGee reported a series of twenty-one such infants, most of whose mothers were allergic, and in approximately 25 per cent it was possible to produce hiccoughs in the fetus by feeding the mother certain foods The infants generally developed allergies during the newborn period or very early in life These interesting and important observations, which tie in very nicely with Ratner's theory of active sensitization in utero, await confirmation by other investigators

URTICARIA

The first clinical manifestation of allergy in the newborn human being is urticaria This may occur during the first days of life and is manifested by transient rashes, usually with only small wheals and larger flares It is often unnoticed and rarely commented upon except by the student nurse on the outlook for impetigo I have never known urticaria during the newborn period to be a troublesome problem and no mother has ever mentioned this in giving a history The urticarious rash usually disappears within a few days In many instances the urticaria may be due merely to vasomotor instability secondary to mechanical or thermal stimuli In other instances it may be an allergic urticaria representing in some way a reaction to the immunological processes going on as the child adapts himself to

the extrauterine environment It may also be a reaction in breast fed babies to foods passing through in the breast milk, as will be discussed subsequently (Chap 44)

A papular type of urticaria of unknown origin may also occur in the newborn Finlay and Bound (5), because these papules so closely resemble the papules of staphylococcal pyoderma, prefer to term this condition "pustular urticaria" The differential diagnosis from staphylococcus pyoderma may be made by staining the contents of a papule The cells will consist principally of eosinophils in the case of papular urticaria and neutrophilic leucocytes in the case of staphylococcus infections If the urticarial papule has become secondarily infected, a mixed picture will be seen Papular urticaria subsides spontaneously and requires no treatment Its relationship to the development of future allergic conditions has not been determined

ERYTHEMA NEONATORUM

There appear to be two main types of erythematous rashes in the newborn, both of which are termed erythema neonatorum One consists of a diffuse, generalized redness, the cause of which is unknown which is transient and disappears twenty four to forty eight hours after birth The second type of rash is usually called erythema neonatorum toxicum The literature on this subject has been reviewed by Levy and Bagner (12) who state that the condition is seen in otherwise healthy, newborn infants and is characterized by edema of the eyelids, erythema of the cheeks, and patchy erythematous macules or a morbiliform eruption on the thorax, abdomen and extremities There are no systemic manifestations The authors quoted an incidence of 46 per cent in a group of 1500 infants studied by Mayerhofer and an incidence of 5 per cent in their own series of 1700 newborn infants They were unable to explain the difference in incidence in the two series

Levy and Bagner accept the theory of Mayerhofer that the disease is of allergic origin If true this would be important as one of the first manifestations of allergy in the human being Anderson (2), however, states that the etiology of this condition is obscure, and while it might be due to some type of hypersensitivity, it has also been attributed to irritation by contact with clothing and oil or soap used for cleansing It is also my opinion that the condition is prob-

ably due to the latter factors Formerly the newborn were treated rather vigorously from a dermatological standpoint, being washed free of the vernix shortly after birth and the skin treated with various preparations for the purpose of preventing infection In my own nursery at Genesee Hospital where practically nothing other than a minimum amount of cleansing is done immediately after birth and only a mild baby oil with a proven non irritating antiseptic is used (8) such rashes are almost completely unknown I do not believe that they should be seriously considered as allergic conditions

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CHAPTER 7

GASTROINTESTINAL ALLERGY

BY GASTROINTESTINAL allergy is meant an allergic reaction in an organ of the gastrointestinal tract While such reactions most commonly occur from foods, they may also be produced by allergens of other origin for example, ulcerative colitis due to pollen as described by Rowe (8) By food allergy is meant an allergic reaction caused by food, regardless of the tissue in which it occurs, as atopic dermatitis in infancy due to the ingestion of egg

Conditions which may be classified under the heading of gastrointestinal allergy in pediatric practice are indicated in Table IX

TABLE IX

CLASSIFICATION OF ALLERGIC GASTROINTESTINAL CONDITIONS IN PEDIATRIC PRACTICE

I *Lips*
 (a) Circumoral contact type dermatitis
 (b) Cheilitis
II *Gingiva*
 (a) Contact type gingivitis
 (b) Dilantin sodium hyperplasia
III *Tongue*
 (a) Geographical tongue
 (b) Contact type glossitis.
IV *Buccal Mucous Membrane*
 Contact type stomatitis
V *Stomach*
 Pylorospasm
VI *Intestines*
 (a) Gastroenterospasm (colic)
 (b) Celiac syndrome
 (c) Appendicitis
 (d) Ulcerative colitis
 (e) Intussusception
VII *Circumoral Contact Type Dermatitis*
VIII *Miscellaneous*

16 *Idem* V Passive sensitization in utero *J Immunol 14* 303, 1927
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2 *Abdominal Pain of a Subacute, Recurrent Nature.* In such cases it is highly essential to make a differential diagnosis, and this is attended with the same difficulties and made in the same manner as (1) The most common diseases to be ruled out are chronic appendicitis, disorders of the genitourinary tract, and various nonallergic intestinal conditions, such as congenital anomalies

Fries and Merrill (4) have described the location and nature of the abdominal pain of allergic origin as fairly characteristic The child usually points to the region of the umbilicus, occasionally other areas are designated The pain is cramp-like in character and its duration may be from a few minutes to several hours and may recur at intervals of weeks, months, or longer periods There may be associated gastrointestinal disturbances such as nausea and constipation, and other symptoms more suggestive of allergy such as diarrhea, especially if accompanied by excessive mucus, and urticaria Typically, there is no fever

3 *Severe Abdominal Pain Simulating a Surgical Condition* Fries and Merrill (4) reported forty instances of children hospitalized as surgical emergencies because of abdominal pain and who were discharged without surgical intervention One fourth of these children appeared to be of the allergic constitution and their records included most or all of the following characteristics (1) a family history of allergy, (2) a past personal history of allergy, (3) a previous history of gastrointestinal symptoms or previous food sensitivities, (4) eosinophilia, and (5) atypical or negative findings on physical examination of the abdomen Heyl (6) reported an eleven year old girl operated upon for suspected appendicitis At operation the appendix appeared normal Later allergic gastroenteritis was diagnosed Ratner (7) pointed out that whereas the allergic reaction *per se* is reversible, the edema produced may result in bacterial invasion and infection resulting in irreversible changes indicating surgery As far as appendicitis is concerned, Dutton (2) has presented considerable evidence in support of this point of view

ROENTGENOGRAPHICAL EVIDENCE OF GASTROINTESTINAL ALLERGY

Fries and Mogil (5) studied thirty children follo-
of he- -

Except for a relatively small number of disorders, which will be discussed subsequently, the principal symptom in a child (or adult) is abdominal pain According to Ratner (7), allergic abdominal pain may be initiated by spasm of gastrointestinal smooth muscle, spasm of the small vessels of the intestinal wall, wheal formation in the gastrointestinal wall, or a combination of all these factors As an infrequent diagnostic feature, the pain produced by such mechanisms sometimes may be relieved by an injection of epinephrine The various types of abdominal pain due to allergy differ clinically only in degree and have been classified by Fries and Merrill (4) and by Ratner (7) as follows:

1 *Abdominal Pain as a Minor Symptom* Children may occasionally complain vaguely of abdominal pain which may or may not be severe enough to interfere with their usual activities, but which is nevertheless disturbing to the parents Tension (not allergy) is one of the most common causes of pain of this type in young children and is often overlooked It must be considered most seriously in the differential diagnosis This occurs when the child is faced with a situation which he fears or dislikes The young school child may have puzzling abdominal pain every morning before school starts, if the problem lies in a school situation This pain miraculously disappears on Sundays unless he has a problem in Sunday school The child who is forced to eat may have such pain before meals There are many other similar situations and this is usually easily diagnosed if it is suspected by the physician

The differential diagnosis of abdominal pain as a minor symptom of allergy may often be exceedingly difficult Allergy may be suspected if there is a positive family or personal history of allergy The presence of an eosinophilia in mucus of the stool is very strong suggestive evidence Skin tests are almost never helpful Complete roentgenological studies may be strongly suggestive of allergy, as will be described below Offending foods may be found by the use of elimination diets A number of such cases in my own practice have been due to egg, milk and chocolate, but usually only one of these At times such pain may accompany an acute attack of urticaria or asthma and represent intestinal manifestations of the allergens causing the attack Very often the abdominal pain is overlooked as one's attention is distracted by the urgency of the major allergic disease

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ROENTGENOGRAPHICAL EVIDENCE OF GASTROINTESTINAL ALLERGY

Fries and Mogil (5) studied thirty children following the ingestion of barium meals containing foods to which they were sensitive The most frequent gastric finding was hypotonicity with delayed empty-

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ing Alterations in the small intestine pattern were infrequent and, when present, consisted of increased segmentation or, in rare instances, accelerated motility Hypertonicity of the traverse and descending colon was an infrequent finding Rectal instillations of allergen barium mixtures produced constriction of the colon or, occasionally, dilatation Proprietary barium mixtures containing small amounts of flavoring foodstuffs, produced changes in the roentgenograms of children sensitive to those foods

Fries (3) also used the same technique to study allergic reactions in the stomach with special reference to the pylorus He pointed out that the pylorus is a thick, contractile muscular organ with a narrow lumen and large mucosal folds Embryologically the pylorus is a separate organ and it is therefore logical to find it acting independently of or at variance with the stomach In response to an offending allergen, Fries observed that the mucosal folds of the pylorus enlarge (edema) This is doubtless accompanied, in some instances, by pylorospasm (which cannot be demonstrated roentgenographically) resulting in narrowing and obliteration of the pyloric canal Allergic reactions occurring in the stomach following intentional feeding of antigenic substances are most pronounced in the pyloric area The transient abnormalities thus produced may sometimes resemble fixed organic lesions, and in the interpretation of abnormalities of the pylorus, as revealed by the roentgenogram, the possibility of allergic involvement must be considered

Adams (1) has presented evidence that mixtures of allergens with barium may produce nonspecific abnormal patterns of morphology and motility in the small intestines which may be incorrectly interpreted as allergic reactions These are dependent upon physical reactions between the allergens and the barium She concludes that a gastrointestinal series with a mixture of an allergen and barium can at the best be only circumstantial evidence of gastrointestinal allergy, just as are other tests for allergy Extreme care should be taken in interpreting radiological evidence and very critical appraisal is indicated

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logical cause can be demonstrated The chief symptom is crying and this may be almost a constant feature so that the family life is disrupted, the parents and the doctor are driven to distraction, and what should be a very happy experience is transformed into a disagreeable nightmare Some allergic colic may be accompanied by melena (16) Fortunately such cases are not common but they do occur and are the type usually referred to the pediatric allergist for study because all other measures of treatment have failed

It is necessary to make a differential diagnosis of colic from distress caused by improper feeding, or pain caused by *otitis media* or pyelitis, or surgical conditions, such as appendicitis Meckel's diverticulitis, intussusception, etc The etiology of colic is not at all well understood The very fine study of Levine and Bell (10) indicates that, in many instances the crying of infants may be due to an unsatisfied need for adequate oral gratification, or from abdominal pain caused by spasm of intestinal muscles resulting from the general hypertonicity of the infant They reported remarkable relief by the use of the pacifier Brackett (3) suggests that colic may be caused by an excessive volume of contents in the terminal ilum due to hypertonicity of the ileo-colic sphincter, which in some cases may be congenital in origin, and suggests treatment by reducing the volume of food He draws an analogy between spasm of the ileo colic sphincter and pylorospasm Unexpectedly, colic occurs more commonly in the breast fed than in the bottle fed baby, according to Brenneman (4) to whom reference is made for a very vivid description of the clinical picture of colic Colic is probably related in some way to normal developmental processes in the gastrointestinal tract, the nature of which is not clearly understood The best evidence to this effect is the work of Pierce (13) He observed that the onset of colic, which in full term infants usually starts at the age of two or three weeks, in premature infants starts at an age commensurate with the degree of prematurity That is to say, an infant born one month prematurely will not develop colic at the chronological age of two or three weeks but, rather at the age of two or three weeks plus one month This is very strong evidence of a developmental factor, an opinion which Brenneman (4) had previously advanced as his idea of the most l

of allergy in the human

CHAPTER 8

COLIC

OUR FUNDAMENTAL knowledge of what is termed "colic" is so uncertain that it is appropriate in discussing this subject to quote a remark by Tenney (20), "And so it is with colic, may be there is no such thing, but there is certainly something that makes some perfectly healthy babies cry almost unbelievably loud and long without interfering with their perfect health" The importance of colic to the pediatric allergist is emphasized by the work of Martin (11) who noted that the incidence of this disorder in allergic families is about twice that in non-allergic families, and that where both the mother and father have allergic disease he found that 72 8 per cent of the offspring suffered from colic The overall incidence of colic in his pediatric practice, which is of a general nature, was 36 1 per cent

This condition, so important in the private practice of pediatrics, has received almost no attention in clinics or institutions caring for young infants where, although apparently infrequent, as pointed out by Levin (9), colic does occur It is commonly overlooked because of failure of the nurse to call the attention of the attending physician to the crying babies and failure of the physician to diagnose the condition correctly Colic, in varying degrees of severity, occurs so commonly that it may be considered in most instances as a physiological phenomenon It generally starts during the first weeks of life and terminates, regardless of therapy, by the time the infant is three months of age, hence the lay term "three months' colic" Usually the cases coming to the allergist have persisted for a much longer period, the longest in my experience was nine months in one instance and a year in another In neither of these could an allergic etiology be demonstrated

Colic may be simply defined as a symptom complex of early infancy characterized by evidence of intermittent abdominal pain of varying degrees of severity for which no organic or obvious physio

child is on pasteurized milk, he may do better if fed an evaporated milk formula, if he is on evaporated milk, he may do better when given some other type of formula For substitute therapy, soybean milk is most commonly employed and is highly satisfactory In those infants who do not respond to soybean milk, an equally good or even superior substitute is an artificial milk whose protein basis is a finely strained meat These meats are now commercially available, so that this formula which was first devised by Rowe (16), can be easily put to practical use (7, 8) These formulae will be discussed in Chapter 62

Before leaving this subject, a few words more about the "incubation period" of colic are in order If an animal is given an injection of a foreign protein, in the classic case he becomes sensitive to that protein and will react with anaphylactic shock from its reinjection at the end of a given period, usually seven to ten days Something analogous occurs in the child when the foreign protein is absorbed by the gastrointestinal tract This is particularly true of cow's milk, the foreign protein most commonly encountered by the newborn infant Cow's milk is so generally used in the feeding of infants that one often forgets that it is not a natural food for a newborn infant The only natural food for the newborn infant or the infant during the first few months of life is human breast milk After thousands of years of domestication, the cow, who rightly deserves the title of foster mother of the human race, still makes milk which is designed primarily for calves and not for human beings The process of absorption of cow's milk in the gastrointestinal tract leads to a longer latent period than occurs in experimental animals when a foreign protein is injected so that the incubation period of colic is ten days to three weeks This leads to a curious phenomenon which is often not appreciated by the pediatrician The child leaves the hospital with his mother for home just prior to this period At home, the mother calls her pediatrician and he usually feels that he can improve on the formula on which the child left the hospital The formula is changed, and the colic may develop shortly thereafter Because the [illegible]
blames h[illegible]
sician for [illegible] pediatrician who is familiar with this phenomenon will if the child is doing reasonably well, not change the ob

being which rises to a clinical level, i e , the first allergic disease of which the parents may complain It occurs at an age when the gastrointestinal tract is first introduced to foreign proteins, either cow's milk or a variety of others which reach the infant in the mother's breast milk It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose, when one is cognizant of the permeability of the intestinal tract at all ages to unaltered protein (see Chap 67), that some colic might well be due to sensitization to certain foods While not all colic is of allergic origin, in some instances it very definitely is Without going into any great detail, it may be said that the evidence of the allergic origin of colic may be divided into two classes (1) presumptive, and (2) specific The presumptive evidence is as follows

1 There is a definite incubation period of ten days to three weeks after birth before colic develops

2 During the first weeks of life transient positive reactions to cutaneous tests occur which disappear as the child becomes accustomed to the new foods (5)

3 Transient precipitins to these allergens also occur in the blood stream during the same period (18)

4 Transient blood eosinophilia appears as new foods are introduced and disappears as the child becomes accustomed to these foods (1)

5 Infants who have had colic develop eczema more frequently than infants who did not have colic (19)

6 Eosinophils may be demonstrated in the mucus of the stools of infants with colic Nance (12) has reported this finding as useful in establishing the allergic origin of colic and a variety of other intestinal disorders Rosenblum and Rosenblum (15) have confirmed and extended Nance's observations In my experience this procedure has only occasionally been helpful as it has not been easy to obtain clear mucus from the stools of most infants with colic However, when an eosinophilia can be demonstrated in the mucus of the stools its significance may be regarded as the same as that of eosinophilia in the nasal smear, the burden of proof is on whoever claims that the condition under consideration is not allergic in origin

The specific evidence that colic may in some instances be due to allergy is its occasional response to changes in diet For example, the worst colics will often clear up when the formula is modified If the

discontinued If relief occurs, which happens in about 70 per cent of cases, the medication is continued as necessary

Dr Joseph H Fries* in his studies of gastrointestinal allergy in children reference to which has been made previously, observed that roentgenologists occasionally employ dexedrine to relax the pyloric sphincter On the basis of this, he prescribed a mixture of equal parts of elixir of phenobarbital (U S P) which contains 15 mg (¼ grain) per teaspoon and elixir dexedrine sulfate (S K F), an N F preparation which contains 4 mg (1/16 grain) per teaspoon The drug is best administered by a medicine dropper directly on the tongue before feedings The dose, which is governed by the effect, is one-quarter up to one teaspoon every four hours as necessary In two infants the use of this preparation caused great excitement but in general dexedrine is well tolerated without excitement in infants and also in older children as indicated by the report of Roberts (14)

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* Personal communication to the author (unpublished work)

stetrician's formula but allow the colic to develop, if it is going to, on that formula, and then make the desired changes

If colic of allergic origin is suspected, skin tests are of no value *Elimination diets with the substitution of cow's milk* by soy bean milk or meat milk commonly gives the best results Such substitute feedings are discussed in Chapter 62 It is, however, well for the pediatric allergist to be thoroughly familiar with the medical treatment of colic, as the patient must be given relief while the allergic *studies are being completed In general, the medical treatment* with the usual drugs is unsatisfactory and in severe cases it may be necessary to prescribe narcotics for relief The only narcotic which I now use when necessary and which has given highly satisfactory relief without complications is meperidine (isonipocaine) hydrochloride (Demerol, Winthrop *Stearns) This may be administered* in the form of the elixir which contains 50 mg per teaspoon (5 cc) It is often effective in doses of 5 drops and it is very rarely that more than a quarter teaspoon is required The dose may be repeated every four hours as necessary *

Before resorting to narcotics, however, other less potentially dangerous drugs may be tried Atropin, an old time favorite, is almost never helpful, and atropin intoxication has occasionally resulted from its use Phenobarbital may help occasionally in doses of 15 to 30 mg (¼ to ½ grain) Elixir of Benadryl (5 cc contains 10 mg) in doses of 2 to 6 mg per pound of body weight per 24 hours is sometimes of value Dr William L Bradford suggested the use of progestin in infantile colic He felt that the hormone which has a sedative effect on the smooth muscle of the uterus in pregnant animals (and presumably in man), might have a similar effect on the gastro intestinal tract (A discussion of this concept may be found in Burrows (6)) *His prescription is as follows*

Tablets Pranone (Schering) 5 mg No 10
Sig ½ tablet twice a day

Pranone is anhydrohydroxy progesterone U S P XIII If no relief is obtained after ten tablets have been administered, the medication is

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* Dr Frederick J Martin (personal communication) who has made a study of the dosage of Demerol in colic recommends a dose of 1 0 to 1 5 mg per Kg body weight

CHAPTER 9

PYLOROSPASM AND HYPERTROPHIC PYLORIC STENOSIS

According to Laroche *et al* (6), what is now called allergy was advanced as a possible cause of pylorospasm by Halberstadt (5) in 1911 and by Lesne and Dreyfus (7) in 1913 However, it was not until 1929 that Cohen and Brietbart (4) suggested that the pathologic condition in infantile pyloric obstruction (including both pylorospasm and hypertrophic pyloric stenosis) is probably identical with that in allergy Also, that evidences of allergy are present in the majority of cases of infantile pylotic obstruction, and that, depending upon the period of life at which sensitization occurs and the frequency and severity of the shock reactions, there may be pylorospasm with or without organic obstruction McCarthy and Wiseman (8) in 1929 found an incidence of pylorospasm of 0 8 per cent in a series of 500 *infants* They concluded that projectile vomiting, a cardinal sign of *infantile pyloric* obstruction, when unassociated with disease or malformation, should be considered as an allergic manifestation, and that infants with pylorospasm or pyloric stenosis should be observed later for eczema and asthma They believed that allergy to cow's milk is a major factor A most striking example of pylorospasm on an allergic basis was reported by Balyeat and Pounders (1) in 1933 Their case was that of a boy operated upon at the age of four weeks with the typical symptomatology of hypertrophic pyloric stenosis At operation no pyloric *tumor* was found The symptoms recurred and he was again explored with the same preoperative diagnosis at the age of three years and again no pyloric tumor was found About three weeks after the operation, because of intermittent eczema since the age of three weeks and a strong family history of allergy, he was studied from that viewpoint He reacted to various foods of which egg and milk were clinically the most important On removal of these from his diet the abdominal symptoms disappeared in twenty four hours and the eczema in one

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stances, meconium, has been studied by Rubovitz *et al* (10) who confirmed previous observations regarding its irritating effects when it accidentally contacts peritoneum, as on cesarian section and further showed its irritating properties when injected parenterally On the basis of these observations Bendix and Nechels (3) suggest that possibly the swallowed meconium or some of the other substances may so reflexly irritate the pyloric sphincter that edema and spasm with subsequent hypertrophy may occur This process might render the pyloric musculature, through some physiological change, susceptible to being sensitized to certain allergens, as cow's milk, mentioned above An analogy might exist between sensitization of this origin and sensitization of the lungs to various allergens following infection resulting in bronchial asthma It must be admitted, however, that such theories cannot be taken too seriously in the present state of our knowledge

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week It was interesting that, in the discussion of this paper when it was presented to the Southern Medical Society, two physicians reported one case each of an infant with pylorospasm, mistakenly diagnosed and subjected to operation as hypertrophic pyloric stenosis, but later shown to be due to allergy to cow's milk

Rosenblum (9) described an infant who had a pyloroplasty at the age of one month because of hypertrophic pyloric stenosis The infant was highly allergic to a variety of foods The symptoms of pyloric obstruction recurred at the age of three months, and the child was again explored and a pyloric tumor again found He was again subjected to a Ramstedt operation with good relief No trace was found of evidence of the first operation This case strongly suggests that hypertrophic pyloric stenosis may occur secondary to spasm of the pyloric sphincter due to allergy The evidence to this effect is not entirely limited to infants Barrie and Anderson (2) reported the case of a twenty-seven-year old woman who was operated upon for pyloric obstruction, for which a partial gastrectomy was performed The surgical specimen showed concentric hypertrophy of the muscular coat of the stomach, pylorus and duodenum, with massive eosinophil infiltration of the pylorus and peculiar peri arterial giant cell follicles The evidence suggests that this is an example of a true organic intestinal allergic reaction The woman did not tolerate certain foods well, she had constant blood eosinophilia, and a localized tissue eosinophilia of the pylorus There were giant cell follicles in the pylorus which closely resembled follicles found in the heart muscle of patients who have become sensitive to neoarsphenamine

Clinical hypertrophic pyloric stenosis requiring surgical intervention may occur very shortly after birth One of my own patients was operated upon at the age of two days and a typical pyloric tumor found If the condition were due to allergy it would mean that the sensitivity of the pyloric musculature developed during intra uterine life If we accept the theory of active sensitization in utero, we can accept the fact that substances from the mother's blood, and this could theoretically include a food such as cow's milk, could pass the placental barrier and sensitize the pylorus, the largest mass of functioning smooth muscle in the newborn infant

It is known, however, that the embryo swallows meconium, cell detritus and hair with the amniotic fluid At least one of these sub-

congestion The appearance in most cases is not unlike that seen in vasomotor rhinitis"

In proportion to the difficult problem which the disease presents, very little has been written on ulcerative colitis in pediatrics Helmholtz (16), in 1923, first reported on this disease as regards children He studied five patients between the ages of eight and fifteen years Bargen, Jackman and Kerr (3) noted that of 871 consecutive cases of ulcerative colitis at the Mayo Clinic, ninety five patients (10 9 per cent) were afflicted before the age of sixteen years and that one out of every 569 patients registered by the Section on Pediatrics suffered from ulcerative colitis They suggested that chronic ulcerative colitis is not as uncommon a disease in childhood as is generally believed However, it might reasonably be expected that the Mayo Clinic would attract a disproportionate number of patients with chronic intractable disease Elitzak and Widerman (7), over a period of fourteen years at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, reported a series of twenty three patients on the pediatric service In the twenty-six year period of 1926 to 1952 at the Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester New York, 31,555 children were admitted to the pediatric service and of these sixteen suffered from chronic idiopathic ulcerative colitis, an incidence of about one in every 2,000 hospital pediatric admissions This is an average of about one case every eighteen months which indicates that actually this is a rather uncommon disease in pediatric practice

The disease may occur at any age Hart (15) reported a case in a newborn with evidence of perforation which was later shown by post mortem examination to be due to chronic ulcerative colitis Beranbaum and Waldron (4) described a male infant first seen at the age of twenty-one days whose symptoms dated from the age of three days At the age of twenty four days roentgenographic studies were made [illegible]

tive colitis

roentgenog [illegible] The child had a transverse colostomy, did well thereafter and died at the age of eight months following operation for closure of the colostomy The youngest patient of Elitzak and Widerman (7) was two weeks of age Smith (22) reported a case which started at three and one half months of age and did well following an ileostomy at the age of seven months This was closed un

Chapter 10

CHRONIC ULCERATIVE COLITIS

ALTHOUGH it has been known for centuries that gastrointestinal disturbances of many types may occur as an idiosyncrasy to specific foods, it was not until 1925 that Andresen (1) first reported food allergy as a cause of ulcerative colitis The literature with respect to this was later reviewed both by Andresen (2) and by Rowe (20) at about the same time Both emphasized the importance of the fact that the early pathological changes in ulcerative colitis are practically identical with those produced in animal experiments in allergy by Gray *et al* (12, 13, 14) Rowe's report is particularly important because it describes two cases of ulcerative colitis in adults due to an inhalant allergen pollen Felsen (9) had previously reported upon a patient in whom the sigmoidoscopic picture of allergic colitis could be reproduced at will by local application of high dilutions of the pollen used for the skin sensitivity test to the intestinal mucosa That this can occur is not quite as surprising as might at first appear since gastrointestinal disturbances, including diarrhea, may not infrequently result from injecting an overdose of pollen extract in the routine treatment of pollinosis

Lapin and Weissberg (17), as a result of observations based upon sigmoidoscopic studies by Felsen (8) have pointed out the value of this procedure in the differential diagnosis of allergic colitis and chronic ulcerative colitis (non specific) which may be the result of allergic colitis By means of this procedure, it is relatively simple to differentiate between these diseases and diarrhea due to fibrocystic disease of the pancreas and celiac disease According to Lapin and Weissberg (17), Felsen described the findings in allergic colitis as follows

> The mucosa appears reddened edematous and is covered with considerable mucous Bleeding is rare and no visible lymphoid hyperplasia is noted In some instances actual localized areas of edema resembling wheals may be noted with a surrounding zone of marked

which exists between the skin and the lungs, i e , eczema and bronchial asthma This has been termed by Ratner *et al* (19) as the dermal respiratory syndrome This particular patient suffered, in addition very severely from erythema multiforme bullosum, an occasional complication of ulcerative colitis

Ulcerative colitis is a non typical disease which shows considerable and unpredictable variations in its course this makes it exceedingly difficult to evaluate possible etiologic factors on the one hand, the effectiveness of therapeutic measures on the other While we suspect that ulcerative colitis is caused by multiple etiologic agents our major therapeutic approach should be directed against the most likely major etiologic factor If the disease is of allergic origin then the proper elimination of the causative agent will produce improvement and anti allergic drugs are bound to be effective In cases of different—e g , infectious—etiology, allergic management is bound to be disappointing Every allergist who has *treated* ulcerative colitis will be able to report cases where a drug which seemed to be ineffective in the treatment of one case proved to be worthwhile in the management of the next In several instances we have been able to control chronic ulcerative colitis with a *medication* designed to prevent the effects of histamine We have been able to relieve several of our more severe cases by using a combination of *diethylaminoethyl* pentothiazine (Phenergan) and d-catechin The latter is a chemical derived from flavonoids *an enzyme inhibitor* which prevents the liberation of histamine from its precursor probably histidine (18) * Our own experience in children with this combination seemed to confirm the favorable results obtained by others like Chunn (6) and Schultz (21) yet Segal† was unable to duplicate our results in adults

The *same reason* which accounts for the lack of consistent results with anti allergic therapy applies of course to the other thera[illegible]

[illegible] appears to be effective in a fair number of cases

* The combination—catekon A—was made available to us by Dr William Swain Director of Research National Drug Company Philadelphia Pennsylvania

† Personal communication to the author

eventfully at the age of three years While the disease doubtless carries a significant degree of mortality, figures for this in children with modern methods of treatment have not yet been reported

Andresen (2) in a series of fifty consecutive cases of ulcerative colitis in an older age group (ten to fifteen years) demonstrated food allergy as the cause in thirty-three (sixty six per cent) and these patients were successfully treated by eliminating the offending foods Of these thirty-three patients, eighty-four per cent were sensitive to milk, 18 per cent to wheat, 15 per cent to tomato, 12 per cent to orange and potato, and only 9 per cent to egg Rowe (20) also states that milk heads the list of allergenic foods in this disease, but that all foods are suspect Glaser and Johnstone (11) have reported instances of severe diarrhea in early infancy in infants intolerant both of cow s milk and soy bean milk relieved by the use of substitute milks made with meat as the protein base It is easy to believe that such infants, if not treated in this manner, might, if they survived, be very good candidates for ulcerative colitis

The frequent occurrence of other allergic manifestations in patients who suffer from chronic ulcerative colitis has led to the belief that allergy might be a fairly common factor in the etiology of the disease The more severe cases which have been under our care include a girl who developed bronchial asthma at the age of seven years and ulcerative colitis of moderate severity five months later One is often startled by the fact that allergy as a possible etiologic factor had never been considered in the past history of patients of this type In recent years we treated a boy ten and a half years of age who had been suffering severely from so called idiopathologic ulcerative colitis which had started following an upper respiratory infection one year previously He had been thoroughly studied at several institutions without improvement except that on occasion his symptoms had been relieved temporarily by cortisone In taking the child s history, we were surprised to learn that the boy had suffered from a fairly severe perennial allergic rhinitis, which began three years before the onset of his gastrointestinal symptoms With the onset of his colitis nasal symptoms disappeared While alternation of shock organs does occur, such a complete change over from nasal to gastrointestinal symptoms is not common The phenomenon resembles, of course, the better known alternation of shock tissue

increased Citrus fruits could be tolerated in small amounts but any attempt to increase to ordinary portions caused diarrhea When last seen at the age of nine and one half years, she was nine pounds above the middle weight for her age and height She was able to tolerate wheat small amounts of milk in food, and an egg three times a week The only times she had significant exacerbations of her colitis were if these limits were exceeded, or if she ate any chocolate, or if she were subject to undue emotional tension

We also had a very interesting experience with a sibling of this child He was started on soy bean milk at birth for the prophylaxis of allergy to cow's milk (10) However, at the age of one month this was discontinued because of diarrhea and vomiting At five months he appeared to tolerate an evaporated milk formula well but only four vegetables, carrots peas, spinach and squash All other vegetables caused loose bowel movements At the age of nine months he gradually developed diarrhea which by the age of one year, was severe and intractable He was hospitalized, subjected to starvation and administration of parenteral fluids on which the diarrhea ceased Laboratory studies failed to indicate an infectious origin for the diarrhea Smears of the mucous stool for eosinophils were negative

Because of his history of intolerance to soy bean milk as an infant and the fact that the diarrhea developed while he was on cow's milk he was put on a pork meat base milk (11) and did remarkably well until the age of sixteen months when transient diarrhea again appeared following herpangina At this time a geographical tongue was noted which we believe indicates that one is dealing with an *allergic infant* When he was two years old he developed an occasional loose stool and a check of his diet indicated that he was getting egg in some of his foods These foods were discontinued and when last seen at the age of two and one half years he was doing well on an egg and milk free diet and weighed twenty nine pounds which is the middle weight for his age and height It seems reasonable to believe that this boy if not properly managed, might develop what we consider chronic idiopathic ulcerative colitis

As in any chronic disease which is highly resistant to all forms of treatment the psychosomatic aspects assume great importance This subject has been reviewed by Engel (8) Ulcerative colitis can

which were refractory to allergic management, is likely to be of little value in episodes of allergic etiology

The advent of ACTH and cortisone has changed the management of the disease We are afraid that the liberal use of these important therapeutic agents which control at least temporarily inflammatory reactions of any origin, has retarded the search for the actual etiology of the disease The allergic component of chronic idiopathic ulcerative colitis, however, is too impressive to be overlooked This I believe, is particularly true in cases which have been under my care before ACTH and cortisone became available I remember, for *instance a three year old girl who was referred to us near death* Her illness had started at the age of two and one half years of age with the gradual onset of bloody diarrhea The diagnosis of ulcerative colitis had been made after prolonged observation which included repeated proctoscopy She was referred to us for an allergic survey and admitted to Strong Memorial Hospital Here she was thoroughly restudied and proctoscopic examinations together with the clinical history and the results of the laboratory tests confirmed the diagnosis of chronic idiopathic ulcerative colitis A stained smear of the mucus of her stool showed many eosinophils which disappeared as the patient improved There was also a *strong family* history of allergy in both the father and mother Prior to allergic management, the child was given another course of antiamoebic therapy without relief Skin tests with the common allergens were negative and she was placed on an elimination diet omitting egg milk, wheat, citrus fruits and tomatoes She then did very well, having an occasional exacerbation accompanying acute infections but *in general improving Because of the persistence of blood* in her stools and occasional attacks of inexplicable diarrhea a psychiatric study was undertaken No significant recommendations were made, although it was quite evident that occasional emotional upsets caused her to have diarrhea With these excerbations, eosinophils were commonly found in the mucus of her stools

Her apparent clinical sensitivity to foods was lost very gradually At about the age of five years egg was carefully introduced into the diet The introduction of wheat at first caused an increase of diarrhea but at the age of six and one half years she was able to tolerate wheat once a week and her tolerance has since gradually

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undoubtedly be precipitated by the stress of psychic trauma. However, this does not rule out the fact that the disease may be caused by other etiologic factors, such as food allergy. In the treatment of this disease, it is necessary to give all possible factors due consideration. In my experience with children, the allergic factor has been sadly neglected, while overemphasis has been placed on the psychosomatic approach It is not my purpose to suggest that all cases of intractable diarrhea in infancy and childhood are due to allergy. A differential diagnosis must be made with other diseases of similar symptomatology. It is, however, extremely important to remember that allergy can be a cause of intractable diarrhea and should be seriously considered as a possibility when suggested by the history and/or eosinophilia in the mucus of the stools or when all other methods of approach have failed.

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milk may play an important part In 1953 Kunstadter and Schultz (8) reviewed thirty six cases of infantile diarrhea presenting the celiac syndrome and found that eleven or almost a third were of allergic origin with cow s milk the principal offender In most instances the infants were able to tolerate the reintroduction of cow s milk into the diet without resulting diarrhea after an abstinence of periods of from three to forty two months (average 18 3 months), usually at the age of two and one half to three years

The evidence that foods allergy may cause the celiac syndrome is steadily mounting Collins Williams and Ebbs (3) found that the gluten of wheat starch was a relatively frequent offender Grette and Imerslund (4) have reported wheat rye and oats as allergenic foods Ruffin and associates (16) reviewed the literature of this subject and commented upon the well known similarities between sprue and celiac disease They reported an adult with sprue relieved by a wheat free diet

Collins Williams and Ebbs (3) found no significant correlation between the positive skin tests in the celiac syndrome and clinical sensitivities They concluded that skin testing is of very little value in the etiological diagnosis of the celiac syndrome due to gastrointestinal allergy

Diarrhea of allergic origin has been particularly discussed by Rothman (15) but in the differential diagnosis of celiac disease all other causes of chronic diarrhea in children must be given due regard Probably the most important disease to be considered is fibrocystic disease of the pancreas According to Johnstone (6) this disease may be ruled in or out by one or all of the following measures (a) an analysis of a fresh duodenal juice specimen for pancreatic enzymatic activity (2) which is absent in fibrocystic disease of the pancreas (b) an analysis of a fresh fecal specimen for trypsin activity (5) which is always absent in fibrocystic disease of the pancreas and (c) a study of vitamin A absorption (10) In fibrocystic disease of the pancreas the vitamin A ester is very poorl [illegible]

[illegible] istone (6) however has observed that in the allergic celiac syndrome vitamin A alcohol is normally absorbed whereas in idiopathic celiac disease it is not absorbed This

CHAPTER 11

THE CELIAC SYNDROME

ANDERSEN and di Sant'Agnese (1) described the celiac syndrome as a clinical picture characterized by chronic indigestion and failure to gain weight normally during infancy or childhood The indigestion results in the excretion of bulky, foul stools containing undigested starch, fat and visible food fragments at some time during the course of the disease There is chronic or intermittent diarrhea with intervening periods of constipation The patient develops a "celiac" habitus with a protuberant abdomen, weak flabby muscles and some degree of wasting Evidence of a deficiency of one or more vitamins or minerals is commonly found

The term, "celiac syndrome" is used in preference to "celiac disease" because the clinical picture may have a varied etiology Andersen and di Sant'Agnese have classified the various forms of the syndrome as follows (1) true or idiopathic celiac disease based on a metabolic defect, familial in character, the nature of which is as yet unknown, (2) congenital pancreatic insufficiency or fibrocystic disease of the pancreas (mucoviscidosis), (3) chronic dietary insufficiency of severe degree, (4) chronic mechanical obstruction of the pathways of digestion and absorption, (5) chronic enteric infection and parasitic infection of various etiology, and (6) occasional cases of gastrointestinal allergy There are also other variants as reviewed by Johnstone (6)

Riley (13) noted the association of the celiac syndrome with eczema in one case and stated that this had been previously observed by others It is however to Kunstadter (7) and to McKhann and associates (11) that credit must be given for really initiating the study of the celiac syndrome as a manifestation of gastrointestinal allergy They demonstrated the allergic nature of certain cases by successful treatment from the standpoint of allergy, the most important single therapeutic measure being the elimination of cow's milk from the diet although occasionally foods other than cow's

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16 RUFFIN, M G CARTER D D, JOHNSTONE, D H, AND BAYLIE, J G · "Wheat free" diet in the treatment of sprue *New England J Med*, 250 281, 1954



observation, if confirmed, will prove a valuable aid in screening out those patients suspected of suffering from the allergic celiac syndrome

Lapin and Weisberg (9) have pointed out the value of sigmoidoscopy in differentiating this disease from idiopathic ulcerative colitis an occasionally helpful procedure, although blood in the stool does not occur as a characteristic feature of the celiac syndrome

The mechanism by which the celiac syndrome is produced as an allergic reaction is not completely clear It is probably due to edema of the intestinal mucosa which interferes with intestinal secretions, absorption and motility The possibility that allergy is the cause of the celiac syndrome in any particular case must be considered if other causes can be ruled out It should be particularly considered if there is a family history or a past personal history of allergy The finding of eosinophils in the stools as described by Nance (12) and by Rosenblum and Rosenblum (14) is strong confirmative evidence The diagnosis is established if the condition is relieved by elimination diets and if the diarrhea can be reproduced by feeding the suspected offending food or foods as discovered by means of the diet

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ber of patients referred for allergic study were shown to have cyclic vomiting as a result of faulty ocular muscle imbalance (6) Fries and Jennings (5) have reviewed the literature of cyclic vomiting with respect to allergy and reported six patients of their own wherein this syndrome was precipitated by the ingestion of specific foods The disease should be suspected of being of allergic origin if it occurs in members of allergic families and if other causes of vomiting can be ruled out The diagnosis is best made by means of elimination diets

GEOGRAPHICAL TONGUE

Little attention was paid to the geographical tongue until the middle of the last century when Czerny (4), in developing his concept of the exudative diathesis emphasized its presence as one of the characteristics of this condition Weigert (12) stated that, when associated with the exudative diathesis, geographical tongue occurs as a first symptom in about 25 per cent of cases He further observed that it does not appear during the first two months of life but occurs for the first time mostly in the second and third quarters of the first year and thereafter more infrequently until the 13th month The youngest patient that I have ever seen with this lesion, however, was six weeks of age

It is now generally accepted that the modern concept of the allergic constitution' has replaced the older concept of the "exudative diathesis" This certainly offers a more hopeful approach to a study of the basic factors which are responsible for the clinical manifestations So far as I can determine McLendon and Jaeger (9), in 1933 were the first to note that geographical tongue can occur as a symptom of food allergy and found this lesion in about 10 per cent of their cases of milk intolerance. They reported that in some instances it could be produced by feeding specific foods In a series of 100 allergic children studied over a ten year period, the "allergic tongue," as Clein (1) termed it was the first noted symptom in three cases This type of lesion consists of a circinate, 'hive like," bald area with slightly raised reddish borders usually on the edges or tip of the tongue He regards this to be due to food allergy and states that in later years the lesions assume the appearance of geographical tongue

CHAPTER 12

GASTROINTESTINAL ALLERGY (Continued)

CYCLIC VOMITING

THE TERM "cyclic vomiting" is synonymous with the terms periodic vomiting, recurrent vomiting and acetonemic vomiting, the last designation being preferred by the French pediatricians. The disease begins in early childhood and usually terminates with puberty or earlier. It is characterized by repeated attacks of vomiting which occur at regular or irregular intervals of a few weeks or a few months and may be accompanied by fever, headache, and abdominal pain. The attacks are commonly resistant to any form of treatment and usually disappear spontaneously in the course of several days. A few cases in which the outcome was fatal have been reported with negative findings at necropsy.

The consensus among pediatricians is that cyclic vomiting is not a specific disease entity but is a symptom complex which may result from a variety of causes. Among these may be infections, especially acute infections of the upper part of the respiratory tract, tonsillitis, chronic appendicitis, and syphilis, metabolic conditions such as allergy, faulty fat metabolism, spontaneous hypoglycemia, adrenal insufficiency, ketosis and fatigue, gastrointestinal disorders, especially intermittent high obstruction, gastro enteroptosis and constipation, and orthopedic conditions such as faulty posture which results in gastro enteroptosis. At times it appears to represent an abdominal form of migraine. Cyclic vomiting also occurs in over half of the children who suffer from familial autonomic dysfunction as noted by Riley (11).

Cyclic vomiting appears to be very definitely on the decrease and is now rarely encountered. This is perhaps due to the fact that many of the above conditions which may cause the disease are diagnosed and treated earlier and more effectively than was the case many years ago. I have never seen this disease due to allergy, and a num-

with pear juice and on eliminating these from the diet the rash cleared and did not recur Four years later the boy developed ragweed pollinosis

Chilitis of allergic origin in young children is quite uncommon and may be due to contact with food When this is suspected an attempt may be made to have all liquids taken through a straw and to avoid licking the lips afterwards While this is difficult to accomplish one can occasionally obtain help in discovering the offending



FIG 9 (RGH) Boy seven and one half years Circumoral contact type dermatitis due to fruit juices (pear orange)

food in this manner The application of a protective ointment such as one of the silicote preparations may occasionally serve as a therapeutic test In older children the application of cosmetics to the lips may occasionally result in chilitis

A contact type of gingivitis may occur in very young infants from irritation by rubber nipples This however is very uncommon In older children gingivitis may rarely be due to foods or from chewing gum Dilantin sodium hyperplasia of the gums is commonly regarded as an allergic drug reaction but curiously the histological sections show no characteristic eosinophilia (3) Contact type stomatitis and glossitis are very rare in children and so far as I know glossodynia of allergic origin has never been described in a child

I have seen somewhat more than fifty children with geographical tongues and, while no detailed studies have been yet made, have the impression that its presence indicates that one is dealing with an allergic child In all but a few instances the tongue was called to the attention of the parents, rather than the parents calling its attention to the physician, as is usually the case with easily overlooked physical abnormalities in pediatric practice In an occasional instance the child would complain of a burning or smarting sensation when the bare areas of the tongue came into contact with tart fruit juices, but otherwise the children appear to have no subjective symptoms In no instance has a child been studied from the standpoint of allergy because of a presenting complaint of geographical tongue

OTHER GASTROINTESTINAL ALLERGIC DISORDERS

Occasionally circumoral contact type dermatitis occurs resulting from allergic irritation of the skin of the lips by a food or other contactant In early infancy this is quite common and is particularly due to spinach and less frequently to carrot, orange and other foods This type of dermatitis invariably disappears spontaneously in the course of a few weeks The children do not commonly appear to be harmed in any way by the ingestion of the foods producing this form of dermatitis at this age Such a type of contact dermatitis in an older child is illustrated in Figure 9

This seven and one half year old boy was seen in April The rash was of about four months duration A fungus infection had been suspected and he had been under the care of a dermatologist without relief The boy had developed the annoying habit of sticking out his tongue and rotating it about his lips It was noted that the rash was worse when the weather was cold It was suspected that the rash was caused by the mechanical action of the friction of the rough epithelium of the tongue on the skin of the lips aggravated by moisture and cold and that the boy had developed the habit of doing this because of the somewhat pleasurable sensation it provoked All attempts to break the habit failed and the boy and his parents were rapidly becoming psychiatric problems Although there was nothing in the history to suggest allergy, the boy was in desperation, placed upon an elimination diet The response was rapid and gratifying It was soon found that the rash was due to contact with orange and

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REGIONAL ENTERITIS

This condition has been thoroughly studied by Van Patter (5) and associates to whom reference is made for a complete discussion According to these authors, regional enteritis affects mainly young adults and is characterized clinically by abdominal cramps, diarrhea, fever, loss of weight, anemia and perianal abscesses and fistulae Its lesions are usually limited to the terminal portions of the small bowel but may be found elsewhere in the small intestine and also in the colon The lesions are characterized by granulomatous, necrotizing, ulcerating and cicatrizing process Histological findings can be divided into a primary process consisting mainly of lymphatic obstruction and edema suggesting that the disease has a definite pathological picture and a secondary, nonspecific, inflammatory component

Van Patter and associates (5) state that bacterial, protozoal and viral agents as well as sarcoid allergy and trauma [illegible]

[illegible] 600 patients with this disease they were impressed by the number who claimed that certain foods caused ex-

Aphthous lesions (canker sores) may be due to food allergy but *the mechanism by which this may occur is completely unknown* Chocolate and nuts are the most common offenders However, I have never seen aphthous stomatitis of the mouth successfully treated as a result of study from the standpoint of allergy Practically always the discovery that this is due to a food is made by the patient or his parent Lesions of erythema multiforme may involve the mucus membranes of the mouth and anal orifice When this occurs the condition is sometimes called the Stevens Johnson syndrome Costen s syndrome (2), a term used to denote a variety of bizzare symptoms some of which may be suspected of being of allergic origin, and which involve the mouth and adjacent structures, has not been described in children This syndrome results from reflex disturbances caused by various disorders of the temperomandibular articulation

Angioedema and urticaria may occur anywhere in the gastro intestinal tract and the symptoms will naturally depend upon the localization Ladd and Gross (7) have suggested that this may at times cause disturbed peristalsis resulting in intussusception, and such a case has been reported by Marenilli (8) Symptoms produced by anaphylactoid purpura of the gastrointestinal tract will be discussed in Chapter 49

Perianal dermatitis of the newborn, described by Pratt (10) is probably caused by alkalinity of the stools in susceptible infants (see also Chapter 25) I have never encountered pruritis ani of allergic origin in pediatric practice, but Clein (1) mentioned two cases in his series of 100 allergic children observed over a ten year period

In addition to the above discussed disorders there are many subjective and objective symptoms of the gastrointestinal tract which may be due particularly to food allergy and are not associated with organic disease These are nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, constipation, singultus (hiccup), cardiospasm, pyrosis (heartburn), belching and probably others Detailed study of these from the standpoint of allergy has not yet been made

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Van Patter and associates (5) state that bacterial, protozoal and viral agents as well as sarcoid allergy and trauma have all been advanced without conclusive evidence as etiological factors and the current opinion is that none has etiologic relationship to this disease They state, however, that intestinal allergy cannot be excluded as a possible cause In studying 600 patients with this disease they were impressed by the number who claimed that certain foods caused ex-

reactions may occur following prophylactic injections, in comparison with the millions of injections given the reactions are exceedingly infrequent except in the case of antirabies vaccination Very rarely a patient who has heard of such an incident will inquire of the physician as to the danger to his particular child of the usual prophylactic injections My reply commonly is "You drove to the office with the child in an automobile, didn't you? The chances of injury to your child from taking such a risk are infinitely greater than the chances of harm from the injection I am about to give him " The good to be done in the prevention of disease so far outweighs the possibility of harm from a practical standpoint that the risk need not even be considered However, the proof of any pudding lies in the eating thereof In over twenty years of practicing pediatric allergy as a specialty, giving the routine injections to the new babies as they came along and insisting on adequate prophylaxis for the older children, I have never had a reaction which I felt in any way seriously endangered a child or was followed by any persistent disability (see also Chap 66)

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CHAPTER 47

THE ANTIHISTAMINES

THE PLACE of the antihistamines in allergic practice is now well established and it is the purpose of this chapter to point out only a few features of these drugs of particular importance to allergy in pediatrics For a complete and concise discussion of the antihistaminics as a whole, reference is made to the book by Feinberg and associates (3)

Early in the use of these drugs it was believed that the antihistaminics of different chemical groups might prove more valuable in some forms of allergic disease than in others However, as time went on it became obvious that these drugs are highly selective in their action in individual cases and that while one drug might give great relief from the symptoms of pollinosis, for example, in one patient, in another with the same condition the same drug would be useless or even deleterious Therefore, each trial of an antihistaminic drug in an allergic patient is always an experiment If it does not help the patient, it is justifiable to try successive preparations until an antihistaminic is found which will accomplish its purpose if the patient can be relieved by any antihistaminic whatsoever The question that is so frequently asked, 'Doctor, what is the very best antihistaminic?" may be answered The best antihistaminic in your case is the one that works best for you" There is no other accurate answer

DOSAGE OF THE ANTIHISTAMINIC DRUGS

One of the first reports on the treatment of allergic diseases in children was that of Logan (7) who employed Benadryl and suggested a 4 mg per kg (2 mg per lb) of body weight as a single dose It soon became recognized, however, that the dose of an antihistaminic drug necessary for an adequate therapeutic effect depended to a great degree on the severity of the allergic reaction Such a quantitative reaction might reasonably be expected *since in*

the more severe reactions more histamine is liberated For example, in the treatment of serum sickness in children varying in age from two months to eight years Peterson and Bishop (8) administered single doses as high as 8 mg per lb to small infants and these authors felt that it might take two or three times as much per unit weight to control symptoms in infants as in adults However, there is an upper limit to a dose which will produce a therapeutic effect and in no case was it necessary to give more than 100 mg a day for the relief of serum sickness in these children

TOXIC REACTIONS TO THE ANTIHISTAMINES

This subject has been thoroughly reviewed by Wyngaarden and Seevers (10) and more recently by Judge and Dumars, Jr (5) The former report that different agents may possess side effects of varying degrees, the incidence of such reactions ranging from 10 to 63 per cent In general, antihistamine intoxication resembles that of atropine. *Usually the more severe reactions occur with higher doses* but even a small dose may produce a reaction in a susceptible individual Wyngaarden and Seevers also pointed out that the usual side reaction of these drugs in children is stimulation though depression may occur and that the susceptibility of children to the convulsant action of these drugs is striking and impressive The ability to withstand overdoses appears to increase with age, and the older the patient the more does the toxic manifestation change from that of central nervous system stimulation to that of depression Convulsions can, however, occur in the adult

Wyngaarden and Seevers (10) tabulated eight fatal cases in infants two years of age or less Included in their series is the case of Davis and Hunt (2) who reported death in a two-year old child following the accidental ingestion of 474 mg of Benadryl The principal symptoms were cyanosis, convulsions, cardiorespiratory depression and hypothermia Necropsy showed findings similar to those of heat stroke, with thymic and epicardial petechial hemorrhages and cerebral edema, pulmonary congestion and edema, and passive congestion of the liver and kidneys

An important untoward reaction to the antihistaminic drugs in childhood which cannot be classified as particularly toxic or dangerous occurs much more frequently than is generally suspected and

often remains undiagnosed This is a change in the personality of the child which has been briefly discussed by Schaffer (9) This change may also occur in adults but with not nearly the frequency that it does in children Schaffer tabulated the cases of twenty three children who were being treated by the antihistaminic drugs for various manifestations of allergy The children varied in age from two to ten years and at least three different kinds of antihistaminic drugs were employed, four if Benadryl plus aminophyllin (Hydryllin) is considered as a different drug than Benadryl alone The most common symptom was irritability, crying or weepiness, perverseness or disobedience, loss of appetite and indifference also occurred With cessation of the offending antihistaminic there was a complete reversal to the normal state in two or three days

Another interesting and less frequently observed unusual reaction to the antihistaminics is the quieting of fetal movements in utero which has been noted both by Davison (1) and Glaser (4) The subsequent newborn infants in my experience have, however, not been harmed because of this

TREATMENT OF ANTIHISTAMINE INTOXICATION IN CHILDHOOD

Unfortunately there is no known specific antidote at the present time for antihistamine intoxication The best treatment is prophylaxis and, as Lecks (6) pointed out, these preparations, many of them attractively colored, should be kept out of the reach of children While [illegible]

tisone [illegible]

forms of poisoning, the use of these drugs for this purpose has not yet been reported

Lecks has recommended the following procedures

1 Evacuation of the stomach contents If the child is unconscious particular care must be exercised to avoid aspiration pneumonia If the child is not too somnolent an emetic could be tried

2 If the child is convulsing, ether anesthesia may be used This may either be [illegible]

oil (½ t [illegible]

of olive [illegible] as an initial dose) may be used instead If these measures fail, short acting barbiturates in repeated small doses

seem reasonable that the steroids should be given prior to the administration of any drug where the consequences of a severe allergic reaction might be serious I have often recommended giving 50 to 75 mg of cortisone orally or by injection or 20 units of ACTH gel eight hours before operation and repeating the dose an hour before the operation, planning to continue with this medication should a drug reaction ensue Despite this regime some immediate mild drug reactions have occurred However, further studies in this field are highly necessary before a final decision can be made

LOCAL ANESTHETICS

The problem not infrequently arises, especially in dental practice, as to whether or not it is safe to give an allergic child a local anesthetic Fortunately reactions to these preparations are very infrequent in pediatric practice and unfortunately there is no satisfactory skin test for such anesthetics My procedure, which has not been used in enough cases as yet to determine its definitive value, does not depend upon skin tests but upon a modified clinical test with the drugs

The dentist is requested to forward to the office with the patient a vial of the drug which he would like to use in that particular case Serial dilutions are then made in normal saline If there is no reason for the testing other than the presence of a known allergic disorder three dilutions of the drug are commonly made, viz 1/10 1/100 and 1/1000 If the patient has experienced disagreeable reactions to local anesthetics in the past, still further dilutions may be made, up to 1/1,000,000 or even greater

The patient is then allowed to rest comfortably in a chair and his pulse and blood pressure are recorded He is given a subcutaneous injection of 0 10 cc of the local anesthetic in the solution of maximum dilution into one arm An equal amount of normal saline is injected into the other arm The patient s clinical reactions are carefully observed and at the end of ten minutes his pulse and blood pressure are again noted If he appears to have experienced no disagreeable effects he is then given an injection of 0 25 cc of the same dilution into the opposite arm from the first injection of the anesthetic and an equal volume of normal saline into the other arm The patient is again carefully observed for ten minutes and his blood

pressure and pulse again taken If there has been no disagreeable

actions ensue, the same procedure is repeated with the 1/10 dilution and then the 1/10 dilution and finally the undiluted anesthetic just as the dentist wishes to use it In event no immediate disagreeable effects are noted one should wait twenty four hours for the appearance of delayed reactions before pronouncing the anesthetic safe for use

It is important to remember that the local anesthetics often contain epinephrine which may not infrequently cause disagreeable reactions (palpitation, nervousness, pallor, tremor, etc) which may be mistaken for reactions to the anesthetic If this is suspected then the patient must be tested with the epinephrine alone

If it can be shown that the particular anesthetic which the dentist had planned to use is not suitable for the patient, then he can often choose one of another chemical group to which the patient may not be sensitive There may be, in some instances, an overlapping allergy in the different groups, but very often this is not sufficient to prevent the use of one or the other of these drugs According to *Adler et al* (1), the local anesthetics, other than procaine, are chiefly derived from these chemical groups (1) benzoic and oxy benzoic acid as Metacaine (piperocaine), (2) phenol, as phenocaine hydrochloride (Holocaine), (3) cinnaminic acid, as apothesine hydrochloride, (4) isoquinoline, as Nupercaine hydrochloride (Dibucaine), and (5) derivatives of xylidine, as xylocaine (Lidocaine)

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6 The

was closely associated with rheumatic arthritis However, involvement of the heart does not appear to be frequent in the SH syndrome

TREATMENT OF THE SCHÖNLEIN HENOCH SYNDROME

Until the advent of cortisone and corticotropin (ACTH) there was no satisfactory treatment for this disease Philpott and Briggs (21) used these drugs in nine cases with no dramatic results They did not prevent relapses in the condition nor onset of nephritis in three of seven cases, neither did they have any effect upon the course of the nephritis They were not convinced that the drugs are of value in this disease Stefanini and associates (27) were perhaps the first to use ACTH successfully in the SH syndrome Their patient was a three year old boy with severe purpuric manifestations However, ACTH did not prevent the development of a mild glomerulonephritis Kugelmass (16) noted good results in four children, two of whom had hematuria Hork (12) found cortisone satisfactory in a twenty one month old boy with the skin and oral mucous membrane manifestations of the disease My own personal experience with three older children, two of whom had abdominal manifestations besides those involving the skin and none of whom had nephritis were highly satisfactory Further study, however, is indicated with special reference to the prevention and treatment of the nephritis occurring with the SH syndrome

ACTH and cortisone also appear to be helpful in the treatment of idiopathic thrombocytopenic purpura (13, 24), but this does not indicate an allergic origin for this disease

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sensitivity to food might be an important factor in some cases However, as to whether or not this actually occurs has been looked upon with skepticism by such prominent allergists as Vaughn (17), who felt that the evidence precluded any great degree of enthusiasm for allergy as a cause of epilepsy, and by Feinberg (9), who stated his belief that epilepsy occurring along with atopic manifestations is probably pure coincidence Bridge (2), in his book on convulsive disorders in children, stated that in 742 cases of epilepsy seen by him he had encountered no incidence of food as a cause of convulsions, although he noted that this had been reported, giving only two references Cooke (5) wrote that, although a certain number of cases with convulsive seizures undoubtedly represent an allergic cerebral reaction, this does not mean that idiopathic epilepsy in general is to be regarded as one of the diseases of allergy

However, in 1952, Davison (6) published the first really complete review of the literature of this subject He collected the reports of 110 patients with allergic epilepsy and in addition noted sixty-seven personal cases There can be no doubt whatsoever from Davison's impressive documentation that epilepsy of allergic origin (including petit mal) does occur more frequently than is generally appreciated Some of the more interesting of the many references [illegible]

[illegible] was relieved by omitting milk from the diet Spangler (15) mentioned a fifteen year old boy who had convulsions after eating veal and a nine year-old girl who had gastrointestinal symptoms and epilepsy after eating eggs, Bowen (1), a boy thirteen years of age with attacks of epilepsy due to milk and wheat, Clarke (4), three patients whose epileptic attacks were caused respectively by wheat in the first patient, by milk in the second, and by wheat and milk in the third, and Pleasants (13), an epileptic child whose attacks were caused by milk

Dees (7) has found helpful the following modification of Forman's (10) criteria for suspecting allergic epilepsy

1 Family or personal history of allergy
2 Eosinophilia preceding and during attacks
3 Positive skin tests
4 Absence of demonstrable organic brain disease
5 Characteristic EEG pattern of occipital dysrhythmia

changes than normal children but there is no satisfactory explanation as to why

Sternbergh and Baldridge (6), in a very limited series of twelve patients, presumably adults, with generalized neurodermatitis (*chronic atopic dermatitis*) of four to fifty years duration who were chosen to exclude patients who had other conditions which might influence the EEG, found only three who showed normal EEGs

Dees and Lowenbach state that the occurrence of abnormal cerebral potential may offer an explanation for the clinical observation that allergic children so frequently present personality problems It is possible that a great deal of such behavior might be explained by a central nervous system that does not function smoothly and efficiently It is highly probable that their somewhat higher incidence of EEG changes was due to the fact that there were so many children with convulsive disorders in their series

It is possible that as knowledge of encephalography progresses the EEG may eventually be of assistance in differentiating allergic epilepsy from idiopathic epilepsy Jasper (5) showed one tracing of allergic encephalopathy with epilepsy showing diffuse slow and sharp waves with some bilaterally synchronous sharp slow sequences at about 2 to 2 5/sec which he stated are common in diffuse encephalopathies of various etiology and should be clearly distinguished from the EEG of idiopathic epilepsy

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EPILEPSY

Credit for the suggestion that allergy might be a cause of epilepsy is generally given to Spratling (16) who in 1904 suggested that

sensitivity to food might be an important factor in some cases However, as to whether or not this actually occurs has been looked upon with skepticism by such prominent allergists as Vaughn (17), who felt that the evidence precluded any great degree of enthusiasm for allergy as a cause of epilepsy, and by Feinberg (9), who stated his belief that epilepsy occurring along with atopic manifestations is probably pure coincidence Bridge (2), in his book on convulsive disorders in children, stated that in 742 cases of epilepsy seen by him he had encountered no incidence of food as a cause of convulsions, although he noted that this had been reported, giving only two references Cooke (5) wrote that, although a certain number of cases with convulsive seizures undoubtedly represent an allergic cerebral reaction, this does not mean that idiopathic epilepsy in general is to be regarded as one of the diseases of allergy

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Kennedy (11) reported one case of epilepsy in a child with urticaria which was relieved by omitting milk from the diet Spangler (15) mentioned a fifteen year old boy who had convulsions after eating veal and a nine-year old girl who had gastrointestinal symptoms and epilepsy after eating eggs, Bowen (1), a boy thirteen years of age with attacks of epilepsy due to milk and wheat, Clarke (4), three patients whose epileptic attacks were caused respectively by wheat in the first patient, by milk in the second, and by wheat and milk in the third, and Pleasants (13), an epileptic child whose attacks were caused by milk

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CHAPTER 51

MIGRAINE*

BY THE TERM "migraine" is meant the periodic occurrence of headache, commonly unilateral, which may be associated with visual disturbances and/or a variety of other symptoms and is usually accompanied or followed by nausea and vomiting The mechanism of migraine is doubtless vascular in origin, as indicated by the original observations of Goltman (8) and Wolff (31)

The incidence of migraine in allergic children now appears to be reasonably well documented In a series of 516 successive allergic children seen in my practice at the age of ten years or less, migraine occurred in 1 16 per cent of cases, which was, curiously, exactly the same percentage of children who had severe reactions to insect bites Stoesser and Nelson (25) in 750 allergic children up to the age of eighteen years, found migraine in 1 7 per cent of cases London (16) in a study of the composition of the first 1500 cases seen in an average pediatric practice, reported headache in eleven patients, (migraine was not specified) an incidence of this symptom of about 1 4 per cent From these and other sources (6), it is concluded that the incidence of migraine in the general pediatric population is probably somewhat less than 1 per cent and in allergic children not over 2 per cent As age advances migraine occurs more frequently, menstrual migraine probably adding significantly to this figure, so that the incidence of migraine in the adult population is probably close to 7 per cent (1, 28) Studies as to the incidence of migraine in allergic adults have not as yet been published

A review of the evidence indicates that there is a strong hereditary factor in migraine (6) Balyeat and Brittain (1) in a study of fifty-five patients with migraine reported that a hereditary factor was present in 85 per cent Vahlquist and Hackzell (29) also found hered

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* Most of the material for this chapter has been taken from another publication by the author (6) and is in part reproduced here by permission of the copyright owners

ity an important factor but noted that in twenty-six families with severe migraine in one or another of the parents, only three out of forty three children (7 per cent) of an average age of seven years manifested signs of this disease They therefore stated that it would seem that migraine in one of the parents does not necessarily bring about early onset of the disease in the offspring About the only conclusions one can draw from the study of heredity is that migraine may occur whether or not there is a past personal or family history of allergy About the only importance one can attach to a family history of allergy is that when present it suggests that allergy is more likely to be a factor in the disease than when not present, but a negative history by no means rules out an allergic etiology There appears to be no significant difference in the sex incidence in children (6)

The age of onset of migraine in infancy and childhood is of considerable interest The question, therefore, naturally arises as to how one can diagnose headache in infancy and early childhood According to Plant (20) in young infants, headache may be suggested by wrinkling of the forehead, rubbing of the head, restlessness, and crying The diagnosis appears to be established by observing the pattern of behavior which the infant or very young child exhibits during the attack If, when the child grows older and can describe his symptoms, he complains of headache when exhibiting this same behavior pattern, it seems quite reasonable to suppose that headache was also present before he became old enough to complain about it

Russell (23) reported a boy, first studied at the age of thirteen years, who suffered from migraine and ophthalmoplegia where the evidence indicated that the attacks had started when the patient was only two weeks of age, probably the earliest onset on record

Vahlquist and Hackzell (29) noted the case of a boy whose mother had menstrual migraine This child s first attack occurred at the age of one year when he suddenly turned pale and had an attack of vomiting During the next two years he had several attacks a week, always of the same type When he was about three years of age he began to complain of pain in his head during the attacks Another was a boy whose first attack started at the age of two and one half years This consisted of a left sided hemicrania usually ...

not been given sufficient consideration in this age group In my experience with children the most common foods producing migraine have been chocolate, egg wheat, and milk Although my own series is too small to be definitive, Unger and Unger (26) working mostly with adults reported somewhat similar findings, with chocolate as the most common offender, followed by milk, wheat, and pork Skin tests have been of no value in my experience, the offending foods, when not already known by experience, have been commonly found by means of [illegible] therefore, that the [illegible] metabolic products of these foods, the nature of which is unknown and for which, therefore, no skin testing materials are available

SYMPTOMATIC TREATMENT OF MIGRAINE

The medications employed for the symptomatic relief of migraine are the same as those used in adults with modification of the dosage according to the age and weight of the child Also, as in the case of adults, the sooner the medication is given after the onset of the attack the more satisfactory it commonly is The most effective drug for the relief of migraine is ergotamine tartrate and a child about six years of age, who commonly has severe attacks, should be given a 1 mg tablet with half a glass of water immediately at the onset of an attack and this dose repeated in another half hour if not relieved For the mechanism of action of ergotamine tartrate, reference is made to the report of Graham and Wolff (11) Occasionally Caffergot a combination of 1 mg of ergotamine tartrate with 100 mg of caffein administered in the same manner may be more effective In the adolescent group, if the smaller doses do not help, two tablets may be taken at the onset and one at half hour intervals until relief or until a total of six tablets has been taken for each attack Caffergot suppositories, which contain 2 mg of ergotamine tartrate and 200 mg caffein have proven of significant help in adults and would probably be of help in children Graham (10) has pointed out that if for any reason the rectal preparations are not available, the tablets may be used effectively rectally Parenteral preparations of the same medications are also available

Aspirin occasionally gives good relief but it is sometimes necessary to use codeine or demerol Phenobarbital, epinephrine, ephe

drine, the antihistaminics and dilantin sodium have been of no help in my experience A sedative mixture* has been very effective in some cases It would seem that ACTH or cortisone, if given at the very first aura of an attack, might be helpful in migraine of allergic origin, but acceptable studies concerning this have not yet been published

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* Sedative Elixir (Fellows)—each 5 cc (teaspoon) [illegible] gm (7½ grains) [illegible]
of atrop[illegible] 480 grain)
peated e[illegible] water re
weight, [illegible] age and

trait In this particular patient all the laboratory tests including passive transfer and cold agglutinations were negative

Of particular interest with respect to these problems are the observations of Kelly and Wise (11) who reviewed the several instances in the literature of inherited allergy due to cold and made the interesting discovery that these patients differ from the majority of instances of urticaria due to cold as follows Symptoms begin in infancy, cold air results in generalized urticaria, joint pain and fever, pruritis is not associated with the wheals, and local application of ice water does not result in a reaction

Zum Busch (4) has described his own case He stated that he had been sensitive to cold since childhood, that his nose ran when exposed to a draft, on putting his foot out of the warm bed he would suffer nasal discharge and sneezing, immersion of the hands *in cold water would cause redness, swelling and itching* Several times while swimming he experienced sudden weakness so that he could reach the shore only by a supreme effort, and this was followed by collapse and an eruption of giant urticaria about the joints A similar reaction developed once in a cold air bath He made the interesting remark that this hypersensitiveness might be present only at times

Kaufman (10) studied the problem of a boy first seen at the age of twelve years because of various allergic symptoms, among others the appearance of urticaria where his skin was exposed to cold Sucking on a piece of ice would cause enormous swellings of his tongue and lips All the allergic symptoms, including those due to cold disappeared when egg was omitted from his diet

Aside from allergies to cold such as asthmatic attacks as well as various nasal manifestations, I have seen but one child with severe cold allergy This was a boy who at the age of two years suffered from recurrent attacks of fever, nasal discharge and behavior disorders These attacks occurred intermittently in the cold weather and the mother, a very keen and intelligent observer, began to realize that they were associated with exposure to cold Removal of the tonsils and adenoids at the age of three years did nothing to relieve his difficulties I saw him at the age of seven and one half years in consultation with Dr Donald D Posson at the Strong Memorial Hospital where allergy to cold was diagnosed An attempt

was made to hyposensitize him by means of cold hand baths (see Table XXI) This appeared to give some relief but had to be done very carefully

An attempt was made to hyposensitize him by injections of histamine with an initial dose of 0 10 cc of a 1/50,000 dilution

TABLE XXI

COLD HYPOSENSITIZATION

[illegible] water at 10° C [illegible] Use a [illegible]

con[illegible]
exp[illegible]
1[illegible]
inc[illegible]
rel[illegible]
met[illegible] Dr Glaser

(histamine base) following the schedule indicated in Table XXII Immediately following the injection he developed fever, stupor and collapse, but revived rapidly following the injection of epinephrine He was then started on injections of histamine in a dilution of 1/5,000,000 He was finally worked up to a dose of 1 00 cc which appeared to be the maximum he could tolerate Tablets of Catakon A (National Drug Company—Phenergan 5 mg d Catechin 250 mg), one four times a day, also helped about as much as the histamine injections As might be expected, when the histamine injections and the Catakon A were given together they appeared to neutralize each other Pyribenzamine gave no significant relief

After a time it was established that Catakon A gave him about three hours relief, regardless of the weather, and the histamine would protect him for about four hours unless the temperature was above 32°F (0°C) when it would protect him all day

ACTH appeared to help for a time but he began to suffer from local reactions, depression and a sense of fatigue following this, which latter symptoms were also experienced with cortisone He also reacted [illegible] acid in doses [illegible]

Between t[illegible] Catakon A and the histamine treatments the boy

in the American literature However, since then there have been numerous case reports but few in infants and children

Ham and Zimdahl (6) listed five principal diagnostic points in this disease (1) pulmonary infiltrations which may be unilateral or bilateral and vary greatly in size, number and location, (2) fleeting and changing character of the infiltrations, (3) blood eosinophilia This may be only slightly elevated (10 to 15 per cent) or may be as high as 60 per cent with or without an associated leukocytosis There is no relationship between the degree of the eosinophilia and the intensity or size of the infiltration, (4) the patients may have only very mild symptoms or none at all and the disease be suspected only after taking a routine chest film or making a blood count Symptoms, if present, usually consist of a slight elevation of temperature, mild cough, usually without sputum and general malaise Upon physical examination occasional moist rales may be heard over the lung fields, and (5) short duration of signs and symptoms The duration of the disease is quite variable The incidence in males is greater than in females and more cases occur in July and August than any other time of the year

In the differential diagnosis of Loffler s syndrome all other causes of blood eosinophilia must be ruled out and it is also important to rule out tuberculosis The syndrome is commonly believed to be of allergic origin, the interstitial tissue of the lungs being the shock tissue involved The factors favoring the allergic hypothesis as summarized by Clark and Rosenberg (3) are The transient character of the pulmonary lesions, minimal disturbance of health with extensive pulmonary lesions blood and sputal eosinophilia and absence or minimal signs of infection as fever increased sedimentation rate, commonly no leucocytosis and no signs of systemic intoxication There is a past history of allergy or associated allergies in over half of the cases

One relatively common cause of this disease appears to be an allergic reaction to parasitic infection Scheer (12) reviewed all the cases of children admitted to the pediatric ward at the Metropolitan Hospital, New York City with such infections for a two year period from May 1949, to May 1951 They ranged in age from two and one half to eleven years Of the thirty five cases reviewed

at least three could be considered in retrospect to have had Loffler's syndrome and an additional three cases were questionable

O'Byrne (11) described a case of Loffler's syndrome in a five months old girl who was first seen because of gastrointestinal allergy Both parents were allergic The child was sensitive to various foods particularly cow's milk, and orange juice At the age of seven months she was hospitalized because of fever of 38 3°C (101°F), mild diarrhea, and fairly severe anemia Roentgenograms showed what appeared to be a rather widespread bilateral bronchial pneumonia This changed in position and intensity over a period of ten weeks and at no time were physical signs present in the lungs She had a severe anemia on admission with a red blood cell count of 1 9 The white blood cell count varied between 1,700 and 7,600, neutrophils 10 per cent to 76 per cent, and eosinophils 8 per cent to 50 per cent

Clinically the patient was apathetic, moderately dyspneic and at times slightly cyanotic Response to sulfonamides was unsatisfactory and antibiotic drugs were not then available It was three weeks before her temperature became normal Laboratory studies except as indicated above, were completely negative including examination of the stools for parasites Sternal puncture showed normal marrow The child did well on soy bean milk and gradually overcame her allergy and the pulmonary signs disappeared

Shecter and Graub (13) described Loffler s syndrome, the origin of which could not be determined, in each of two year-old twins a boy and a girl Clark and Rosenberg (3) described a case in a four-year-old boy with ascaris infestation which cleared when this was eliminated They pointed out that the Swiss observers have emphasized the rather frequent association of the syndrome with ascaris infestation

At present there is no specific treatment for Loffler s syndrome except to remove the offending allergens, such as those of parasitic origin if they can be found However, cortisone and corticotropin (ACTH) are highly effective as symptomatic remedies (5)

TROPICAL EOSINOPHILIA

This disease, which was first described by Weingarten (14) in 1933 is of great importance in India, and may possibly occur else

then 10 mg every twelve hours for two doses, and a final dose of 10 mg one day later The urine began to clear the day after the institution of cortisone therapy and was clear twenty-four hours later. The boy made an uneventful recovery.

In the differential diagnosis must be considered blackwater fever, Weil's disease, Lederer's anemia, catarrhal jaundice, and infectious hepatitis Lecks (5) has made the highly practical comment that the sudden onset of asymptomatic jaundice in an Italian child should necessitate careful questioning for a recent history of fava bean ingestion

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ALLERGIC ARTHRITIS

Rheumatoid arthritis and its possible relationship to bacterial allergy will be discussed subsequently (see Chap 58) Bacterial allergy of other forms involving joints has been discussed by others since the early publication of Freiberg and Dorst (4) and will not be further considered here Arthritis as part of the clinical picture of serum sickness and arthritis as a result of drug allergy, particularly penicillin, are well known Less familiar are the articular manifestations of anaphylactoid purpura (Schonlein-Henoch syndrome—see Chap 49) The literature also contains numerous scattered reports of arthritis due to allergy to various foods and occasionally accompanied by angioedema and/or urticaria Reactions of this latter type are not particularly common and few cases have been reported in children No attempt has been made to make a thorough search of the literature and only the two following cases are briefly noted to illustrate this condition

Lewin and Taub (5) reported the case of a sixteen-year old boy

who had suffered from intermittent stiffness and swelling of various joints since the age of six years, sometimes as often as every two or three months. These attacks were shown to be due to the eating of English walnuts and on removal from the diet the symptoms disappeared.

Cnep (1) recorded a twelve-year-old girl with recurrent arthritis involving particularly the right ankle and the left wrist. She had never had fever accompanying the arthritis, the sedimentation rate was normal and the blood showed an eosinophilia of 10 per cent. She was known to have an intolerance for egg which produced urticaria and only on one occasion swelling of her right ankle. On skin testing she gave a very strong reaction to egg and on removal of egg from her diet she remained free from arthritis during an observation period of two years.

TRANSIENT SYNOVITIS OF THE HIP JOINT

Transient synovitis of the hip joint is a term used to denote a not infrequent condition in which a child becomes disabled as a result of what appears to be a synovitis of the hip. The condition is important because it must be distinguished from more serious diseases as tuberculosis, pyogenic arthritis, osteomyelitis, and aseptic bone necrosis (Legg Perthe's disease). The literature on this subject has been reviewed by Edwards (2). The etiology of the condition is unknown. Some believe it to be due to a nonspecific infection or to a focus of an infection. Allergy has also been suspected as a possible cause. Children below the age of ten years are primarily affected and in twenty two cases studied by Finder (3) the average age was 5.4 years. Girls as well as boys are affected. The onset may be insidious or acute and symptoms may last from one day to several weeks.

According to Edwards the most common symptoms are pain and limping. Clinically there is demonstrable spasm in all muscles about the hip. The child holds the leg in the position of comfort, or flexation and adduction. A low grade temperature may be present varying from 37.2°C. to 38.3°C. (99°F. to 101°F.), rarely going as high as 39.4°C. (103°F.). The laboratory examinations give no significant help. Pathological sections of the synovial membrane have never been studied. Edwards aspirated the hip joint on two occasions

7 OLSEN, A M Bronchiectasis and dextrocardia observations on etiology of bronchiectasis *Collect Papers Mayo Clinic & Mayo Foundation* 34 764 1932

ISOLATED MYOCARDITIS

Saphir (3) states that Fiedler's or isolated myocarditis is a special form of myocarditis although it is not specific in the anatomic sense This term denotes more or less diffuse inflammatory changes in the myocardium of wide variety and varied etiology, the principal thing that they have in common is isolated involvement of the myocardium by a nonspecific lesion, without inflammatory changes in the endo and pericardium The disease does not vary in histologic details from the myocarditis which is occasionally encountered in the course of acute infectious disease Clinically the symptoms are those of progressive myocardial failure, a weak, rapid pulse, low arterial pressure, an increase in the area of cardiac dullness and sometimes precordial pain The patients often die suddenly and the myocarditis is commonly not diagnosed except at necropsy

The literature of isolated myocarditis has been reviewed by Lipman (1) who states that about 100 cases have been recorded in infants and children The etiology is completely unknown Rosenbaum and associates (2) were unable to confirm that drug sensitivity might be an etiological factor Lipman believes that the disease is probably of allergic origin and reported a case with recovery in a twenty month old girl in whom he felt that sensitivity to penicillin might have caused some of the myocardial damage It is interesting that this patient a year later developed ragweed pollinosis * Further elucidation of the possible role of allergy in this disease is greatly to be desired

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* Personal communication from Dr Lipman

THE COLLAGEN DISEASES

Whether or not the so called "collagen diseases" should be considered in a book of this character is debatable, particularly since they play such a minor role in diseases of children in general and an even more insignificant role in the practice of the pediatric allergist However, since a knowledge of these diseases has been recommended for those who wish to apply for certification in the specialty of allergy, in line with attempts to raise the standards of training in allergy, it has been thought advisable to include here a very brief discussion of these conditions

All these diseases have in common an obscure etiology and a pathology characterized by damage to collagen fibers and the ground substance of connective tissue Klemperer (1) has stated as follows The term 'collagen disease was originally proposed to call attention to systemic alterations of the extracellular components of the connective tissue as a pathologic anatomic feature common to a group of apparently heterogenous diseases It was not intended to use the term in a diagnostic sense since it was realized that it referred to one morphologic characteristic only and, therefore obviously could not define the underlying morbid processes of the diseases grouped together " The term usually includes rheumatic fever, rheumatoid arthritis, polyarteritis (periarteritis nodosa), lupus erythematosus, progressive systemic sclerosis (scleroderma), and dermatomyositis With respect to this, the statement of the Committee of the American Rheumatism Association (4) should be kept in mind, "Within this group of diseases, however, there are occasional patients in whom several clinical patterns are merged to the extent that a definite diagnosis is impossible These conditions have been called 'undifferentiated collagen disease ' In some patients a diagnosis may be established by continued observation, in others only at post mortem examination, and in a few a final diagnosis cannot be reached even after a careful and complete autopsy "

laro (11) as the most common Its favorite location is the center of the face, where it causes the typical "butterfly" or 'bat wing ap pearance, and the ears and scalp The lesions are sharply defined, violaceous in color and scaly, and may be accompanied by intense itching Disseminated lupus erythematosus may be superimposed upon the chronic discoid type or may occur as a primary, acute systemic disorder accompanied by severe constitutional manifesta tions According to High (9), in the primary acute form the face may be swollen and covered with multiform erythematous and purpuric papules, vesicles and bullae which may also involve the rest of the body Constitutional symptoms are commonly fever, gas trointestinal symptoms, loss of weight and prostration Arthralgia which may be migratory, occurs in most cases

Dermatopathologists are, Michelson (12) states, able to make a diagnosis of lupus erythematosus with reasonable assurance from a skin biopsy, but it is a diagnosis based on overall evaluation of the case and not on a specific finding In the case of acute systemic lupus erythematosus the demonstration of the L E phenomenon first described by Hargraves Richmond and Morton (5) in 1948, offers a reasonably accurate diagnostic method for determining the presence of this disease The L E phenomenon is seen in two stages in hematological smears (8) (1) rosettes of leucocytes around nucleo protein and (2) the L E cell a leucocyte which has engulfed a round mass of nucleoprotein A simple technique for demonstrating the L E cell on blood obtained by finger puncture has been de scribed (15) There is some evidence, as reviewed by Bridge and Foley (2), that this phenomenon may rarely occur in other patho logical conditions Incidentally, these authors first demonstrated the presence of the L E phenomenon using fetal and cord blood in two cases where the mothers suffered from lupus erythematosus

Downing and Messina (4) reported a death in a fifteen year old girl who first complained of loss of energy general malaise and stiffness and soreness of the fingers for a few weeks Tender, ery thematous inflammatory areas also developed upon the fingers The typical "butterfly' lesion of the face soon appeared and she com plained of abdominal pain nausea vomiting muscular and joint pains She died a few months later Jacobs (10) reported a ten year old girl who died of hemolytic anemia complicating lupus ery thematosus

The treatment of lupus erythematosus is not satisfactory Quinacrine hydrochloride (atabrine) (3, 14) and chloroquine sulfate (6) have been very helpful with the discoid type In systemic lupus erythematosus bismuth and gold have been used, but the introduction of ACTH and cortisone has completely revolutionized the treatment of this disease Haserick (7), in a comparison between steroid and non steroid treated patients with similar degrees of illness showed a dramatic, often life saving effect on the severe fulminating course of lupus erythematosus which lead to a lengthening of life through the use of continuous, uninterrupted maintenance therapy and an improvement in morbidity Certain patients were, however, not improved especially those with progressive renal disease

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be distinguished from progressive acrodermatitis chronica atrophicans This disease usually starts with an erythema of the extensor surfaces of the limbs and the atrophic skin is slack (13)

There is no satisfactory treatment for this disease Salicylates are useful for decreasing stiffness and joint pains ACTH and cortisone have been of no significant help (1) Evans *et al* (4) found no drug therapy as useful as the release of vascular tone by sympathectomy in selected patients

SCLEREMA NEONATORUM has no known relationship to progressive systemic sclerosis and has not been described as a collagen disease It is an uncommon disease of the newborn characterized by a diffuse rapidly spreading *nonedematous* tallowlike hardening of the subcutaneous tissue of infants in the first few weeks of life (6) This disease responds dramatically to ACTH and to cortisone (3 7 8)

SCLEREDEMA is an unusual condition resembling progressive systemic sclerosis (2) The skin of the involved region becomes edematous and swollen resembling the first stage of this disease but instead of progressing to the indurative and atrophic stages the process slowly regresses leaving little or no residual change Like progressive systemic sclerosis it involves not only the dermis and subdermis but also the fascia and muscles

SCLEROMA is a term applied to a granulomatous process primarily localized in the upper respiratory tract and secondarily appearing about the pyriform aperture of the vestibule of the posterior nares Other parts of the respiratory tract may also be involved including the larynx lungs and also the heart (9) Because the disease most often involves the nose it would cause less confusion if the term by which it was first described rhinoscleroma were continued It is rare in the United States It is believed to be caused by a bacillus K rhinoscleromatis The disease appears to respond to streptomycin (12)

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PROGRESSIVE SYSTEMIC SCLEROSIS (GENERALIZED SCLERODERMA)

The term "progressive systemic sclerosis" was introduced by Goetz (5) in 1935 to replace the older, unfortunately chosen term of "scleroderma," as well as to describe more accurately the pathology of the disease The term scleroderma is unfortunate because it is so easily confused with other similar descriptive terms for completely unrelated diseases, as, sclerema neonatorum, scleredema, and scleroma In progressive systemic sclerosis the same changes take place wherever connective tissue is found (5) These consist of edema followed by proliferation of connective tissue in the form of collagenous bundles The disease may occur rarely in childhood and its cause is unknown Females are principally affected

The prodromal symptoms of the disease are commonly weakness, weight loss and arthralgia The cutaneous involvement characteristically passes through several stages from brawny edema to a smooth, tight, waxy skin which is not movable over the deeper tissues and, occurring about joints, may cause immobilization Any cutaneous area may be involved, most frequently changes begin on the extremities, cheeks, bridge of nose, forehead and chest Marked brownish pigmentation of the skin may develop, with anhidrosis, loss of hair and formation of indolent ulcers (10) The symptoms of visceral involvement are varied, depending upon the organs affected The prognosis for life is generally fair and some patients have lived as long as thirty years (1) Remissions frequently occur As a rule, laboratory data, other than skin biopsy, contributes nothing to the diagnosis Circumscribed patches of the disease may occur in the skin in bands, sometimes following the course of the peripheral nerves, or in plaques termed "morphea" This is the more common type in children, but is also common in adults Morphea consist at first of sharply outlined areas of hyperemia, varying in size from 1 to 8 cm, which later become ivory white Usually they have a pale red border The skin of the patch is hard and thick and cannot be wrinkled Lesions of split pea size are called morphea guttata (white spot disease) (10) Progressive systemic sclerosis must

be distinguished from progressive acrodermatitis chronica atrophicans This disease usually starts with an erythema of the extensor surfaces of the limbs and the atrophic skin is slack (13)

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into her lightness of heart and sang many songs and danced for them so that now they were in awe, now laughing, now rapt in her adventure, until at last she sang again the song with which she had begun

As I was walking up the street
Under the lamps, under the sky,

but plainly, without bitterness or sentiment, with no accent of opinion, as though she were singing to children a song that they had heard a thousand times before

She was gone from the platform before their silence broke, and would not return In her dressing-tent, she sat before her mirror, her hands on her knees, her nostrils distended by her breathing

Frédéric came "Monsieur Barbet asks if he may see you"

She shook her head "Not yet" But Hurtaux thrust away the flap Victor was at his side

"I want to say—" Hurtaux began

Victor seized his arm "You're mad, Hurtaux! You will give everything away You are not intelligent"

"Mademoiselle," said Hurtaux, disregarding his companion, "you are—you could become a great diseuse I offer you a contract"

Thérèse did not answer

"Did you hear me? What are you doing, mademoiselle?"

"My breathing exercises"

"Now?"

"Now"

"I offer you a contract"

She threw back at him her old challenge "Not for money Not for a contract"

"I tell you, I offer you a contract"

"For services within the contract?"

He smiled "For services within the contract"

"No more?"

"None"

"Why?" she said "You astonish me Am I so ugly?"

He patted her shoulder "I will tell you," he answered "Because I shall make money out of you"

of the earth of Roussignac and—bring me camellias when I die"

After this oration of which, at the time, she was extremely proud, they gathered about her, shook her hand, laughed and kissed her In the more susceptible eyes there were tears, and she persuaded herself that there could be no audience on earth so understanding as this. Was she a fool to leave them? Her confidence was shaken as it always was by the taking of any decisive step She felt that her contract with Hurtaux, which an hour ago she had considered a masterpiece of negotiation, was less good than it should have been She had been cheated, she wished to retract Why had she no man who would act for her—no agent to make bargains as other women had? But when she imagined such an agent, she instantly distrusted him and was sure that she could do her business better herself

Not until the courtyard was emptied and she saw Barbet approaching across the square did she remember that she had promised to go out with him that night in his boat, and at once she had no thought but of how she might avoid her promise He would be kind to her and forbearing, at long intervals he would say things that enchanted her by their straightforwardness, but to-night he would certainly talk about her work This she dreaded, for she was fond of him, and she knew that, whenever he spoke of her work, she intuitively, and against her will, ranged herself for battle, saying at random and in a tone of angry conviction, things which she ceased to believe when they had passed her lips She could force herself to agree with him but there was a devil in her by which it was made impossible that she should equably discuss with him any subject arising from her own art, and necessary that she should spurn every suggestion of his. He had a habit of penetrating too far, of disturbing her assurances The truth came from him with an inward authority that would have subjugated her if she had not instantly defied it, and she defied it against friendship and reason as a fierce and timid cat strikes at the gentlest of hands.

Barbet,' she said as he came up to her, 'I m tired to-night I didn t know I should be I'm sorry I brought you so far"

"Then I ll leave this song" he answered calmly, taking a roll of

Chapter 11

WHAT VICTOR COULD NOT HAVE IN ONE WAY, HE would have in another. As soon as he knew certainly that Thérese intended a contract with Hurtaux and to leave the Cheval Pie, he consulted with his sister, Bette. Thérèse's going by her own choice must weaken their hand. Scandal would die away; they could not now so easily drive Barbet from his home.

"The Maison Hazard, I am afraid, is in the future, my dear Bette," Victor said, "but the Cheval Pie is yours for the asking."

It was true. Faced by the prospect of Therese's going, Madame Sernet knew that she could no longer run the inn and was glad to sell. It was Thérese herself who, by delaying the signature of her contract with Hurtaux, enabled the old woman to hold out for a price. "Pay what I ask or I shall stay where I am," said Thérèse, and Victor believed her because one believes what one most fears to believe. The price was low and Anton paid it, consenting also to maintain Fréderic in his employment. "After all," said Victor, "he will soon be dead. Meanwhile he can play the piano."

On the evening of the day on which her contract with Hurtaux was signed, Therese, after her concert, made a speech to her audience.

"Mesdames, Messieurs. I shall not sing here again. To-morrow I prepare for my journey. On the next day I go to Bordeaux. Soon I shall be in Paris. Come to see me there. Perhaps I shall need an audience. Do not stare at the posters and say 'Therèse Despreux. She is the girl who sang at Roussignac!' and turn away. Perhaps I shall be poor, very poor, poorer than I am here. Paris is a great city. Perhaps by then I shall be lonely. In any case, you are the only friends I have in the world. It will be you who have given me Paris. Mesdames, Messieurs, I shall be glad to see you. Bring me a little

had turned up-river away from the town and she said "Where's your boat? Isn't she with the others by the bridge wharf?"

"I brought her up to the deep pool," Barbet said "The birds roost there."

The boat was drawn up in a shallow creek They pushed her out with oars driven into the ground. Reeds scraped against her sides and bent stubbornly in the crutches, but at last she made her way through them and swam clear with so sudden a movement that Barbet was thrown off his balance A stumble against the thwart knocked away his feet, the oar he held with his left hand twisted its blade in the boat s under suck and dragged him outward He would have been in the water if Thérese had not with both hands grasped his struggling forearm and wrenched him out of the air

The starlings asleep among the reeds near by rose with a whirl and clatter of wings, a multitudinous shriek of wings and voices as though the air were calico and they tearing it

'It's not often," said Barbet, 'that I can get clear without disturbing them I had to-night, until that happened . Thank you, Therèse Have we lost an oar?'

'I caught that too" She was breathless and frightened "You would have been drowned, she said

"It s not deep yet"

"That s why You'd have been caught in the weeds and the mud I should have been waiting for you to come up But you wouldn't have come You'd have been stifling now in the mud and the reeds and I should have been kneeling in the boat, peering out —nothing to see, only ripples close in—it's too dark—and everyone would have said—'

'What?

'They couldn t prove it but they'd think it. No one gives me the benefit of the doubt '

'Why should anyone suppose you wished to kill me? Aren't we known to be friends?'

"That isn t the word Victor uses, or Renée and Pierre, or Bette—"

'Victor," Barbet answered, 'is the unhappiest man I know Un-

paper from under his arm "Put it in your trunk You can look at it when you are settled in Bordeaux"

"And you?"—for she was never able to credit his acceptances

"I shall go on the river for a little while"

'Even if I'm not there?"

"You will be," he said, "in one way or another You have often been there when you didn't know it, and in the vineyards—even in the prison Now I won t keep you You are tired Good night, Thérese You have signed with Hurtaux?'

"This afternoon"

"I hope it turns out to be a fortunate day for you"

"It is the twenty fifth of July Twenty-five is my lucky number"

She turned into the house and, going to her room, said half seriously to herself If I don t go with him to-night, shall I be un lucky at Bordeaux? He is my mascot, perhaps

Then, as a penance for so much egoism, she knelt at her bed side in the position of one about to repeat her prayers

"Pater noster " she began, but her eye fell on a pattern of the quilt that reminded her of an albatross An albatross was not a good omen She rose quickly and kicked off her shoes Her candle was set down on the wooden chair beside her bed and she undid the neck of her dress Suddenly she was still and cold

If I don't see him to-night, I shall not see him again Now or never That was the Albatross!

She ran downstairs and into the wood at the back of the house. He was leaning on one of the bridges that spanned the stream, and seemed to have been waiting for her

The path was so dark among the trees—a thin moon and the stars being overclouded—that they had difficulty in making their way Neither had brought a lamp, and on the rough ground Barbet stumbled and had to seize a branch to steady himself 'I know the path," Thérese said "Let me go in front" She slid past him in the darkness and he felt her hand close over his At the edge of the little wood they could see more easily and soon were in the open She released his hand and walked beside him along the tow path He

She crawled into the bows, lay upon her face and looked out over the stem of the boat By her guess in the darkness, they were still far from the shore. Barbet judged his distance and gave four powerful strokes, then ceased, and boated his oars that there might be no sound of their feather on the surface. The boat glided in under its own way The chuckle ceased under the quarters, the bow wave dropped, the gleam of water fell more and more slowly astern There was a creaking of reeds, against them, the boat brought up

"Pull her in a little by hand," Barbet whispered And when he had been obeyed "Enough Let her swing to the gap"

They were enclosed by reeds, the sky clear above them, the stars weakening The nearest swallows awoke but gave no alarm, there was a shifting of wings, a brief, inquiring conversation, then silence again

Barbet pointed upwards 'Day coming," he said

Therese opened her eyes, which she had closed at the flutter of wings Beside her a reed was curved against the sky by the weight of roosting swallows The line of illumination, which alone at first defined it, broadened as the light grew, the whole reed became visible, and the swallows changed from iron to bronze. *In two nights* she would be at Bordeaux, she let her hand sink until the water was a bracelet about her wrist A swallow left the reed on which he was perched and dropped upon another nearer to her, disturbing its occupants and bringing up all their heads in protest She and he watched each other until her hand was cold and she withdrew it from the water to dry in the warm air, and fell asleep

When she awoke, the swallows too were astir They preened themselves and chattered before setting out on their voyage As they took flight, reed after reed swayed up against the sky, and suddenly, screaming to one another, the starlings were away Company after company of birds rose into the air Therèse, watching them, heard *in imagination* the early traffic of Bordeaux under her window and the clash of pails in the courtyard of the unknown house where she would lodge, and, though she wished to see the sky only and the tranquil expectancy of Barbet's shoulders and his tufted head, she

happier even than Blachère " He began to row into lighter water, beyond the shadow of the trees.

"If I hadn't come, you'd have been dead," said Thérese.

"But I can swim!"

She was furious "I tell you you'd have been dead! I saw an albatross That was why I came"

This had no meaning for him and he made no answer

"Well," she exclaimed, "don't you want to *know* about my albatross? You ought to want to know about my albatross when I've saved your life" And after a pause she said, quietly and seriously "I believe I did, you know"

"What?"

"Save your life"

He pulled on cheerfully Then, resting on his oars "I think you did Thank you, Thérese"

"Oh, well," she said with a sigh, "you don't really believe it and never will, I know that I wish you believed me I wish people gave me credit for the real things I do and not for the things they pretend about me I'm not a good woman I'm no use to any man I *use* them I can't be trusted I lie and lie I always shall But I'm quick I don't stand about wringing my hands I pulled you out of the air I have strong fingers and wrists Feel them

Now may I lie down in the bottom of the boat and go to sleep if I want to? Oh, I'm so glad I came I'm so glad I'm glad I saved your life too or you wouldn't be here to row the boat'

"I believe I amuse you," said Barbet

"Do you mind?"

"I like it You are gentle when people amuse you in that way—when you feel you're older than they are"

"Am I so fierce?"

"Listen," he said "Don't talk for a while I want to go up to the deep pool and nose in among the reeds very quietly without putting up the birds Some of them are restless now Listen"

"Starlings?'

"Swallows Starlings live next door"

"You say you love me. How do you love me? As you love the prisoners? I believe you love all mankind!" she continued with irony and tenderness "Is that how you love me?" She looked at him for a long time. "O my God," she said at last. "I believe it's true I don't want to believe it I believe you *do love me* What's the good of your loving me? I'm no good to any man except as—"

"That's not the point," said Barbet

"Have you never lain with a woman?"

'Oh yes I'm a very ordinary man. . And I love you—you yourself—"

"That's what I'm asking," she said "Why me in particular?'

"You open windows for me."

"Is that true?" she said "Is it?"

After an interval Barbet continued "Just now you said something that puzzled me. When I wanted to go back, you said 'That always comes. The odd thing is, it needn't' What did you mean?"

She stretched her arms above her head and yawned "I had been thinking of Bordeaux, and of your prison *I must* go there, you *must* go to the Maison Hazard Must! Why—must? If you had been drowned, what then? And if I disappeared, who would be a sou the worse? Suppose to-night we didn't go back, but landed on the other bank and walked across the hill there, and never came back, suppose—"

"That's what I call making voyages," he said

'Well?"

'Until this moment, had you imagined it?"

"No '

"Then it's fancy It's not imagination It doesn't mean anything It would be just running away," Barbet said

'Acting," said Therese. "For me. Not for you"

"Yes,' he answered. "At this moment it would be acting—even for me."

"Then I have no power over you What you said isn't true—that I can open windows for you! But I saved your life," she cried

saw the flaked plaster of a ceiling and the rusted knob of an iron bed. One morning soon there would be the unshaven chin of a stranger on her pillow and an open mouth. She would hesitate to wake him; while he gaped there, she would not have to pretend, even to herself, that she had any interest in him. He was a man, and she needed men. At night she could be selective, but in the morning they were chin and mouth.

"Shall you come here often in the mornings?" she asked. "I wish . . . I can't help it. It's like drink, I suppose."

This also had no meaning for him. "I think," he said, "it's time we were starting back."

"That always comes . . . The odd thing is, it needn't."

When they were clear of the reeds and on the open river, she said: "I want half an hour."

For an instant he hesitated, then turned the bows against the stream and used the oars only to check the drift.

"Barbet," she said, "that night at the prison, when I was singing, what did you do?"

"Do? Nothing."

"But I sang differently. I felt different. I was different. I didn't fight any more. And now, with you, I don't want to . . . Was what you did to me what you did to the prisoners that evening when they went back to their cells—was it?"

"Whatever was done, you did inside yourself, Thérèse. I didn't do it. Have you got it in your head that I'm a miracle worker?"

"But you were there."

"Yes. I was there."

"Well?"

"If I'm of any use to you, Thérèse, I expect it's because I love you."

"*And* the prisoners?" she cried. "Oh, it's the old story, I suppose. Everyone who says they love you wants to change you. And if they succeed, they don't love you any more. Are you reforming a tart?"

"Whoever loves you wants you not to hate yourself. That's all, I think."

Chapter 12

EVEN IN THE VINEYARDS THAT ESCAPED THE PHYLloxera, there was a poor vintage that year, but from one source or another the shippers still contrived to supply their customers and the house of Hazard and Vincent prospered To their annoyance, Barbet seldom sold his brandy to them or to any firm in Roussignac He had a connexion in Paris and preferred to sell direct to merchants there. Often he acted for a group of the smaller proprietors in his neighbourhood selling their product with his own, charging them no commission and saving them the profits of the Roussignac middlemen For this reason, as the phylloxera spread and the supplies of genuine cognac fell away, it became increasingly important for Anton to gain control of the Maison Hazard for this would carry with it indirectly control of the smaller producers for whom Barbet was accustomed to act. But for the time being Anton was content. What cognac he had to sell he could sell at good prices and his other interests served him well. With Therese's going, the business of the Cheval Pie slackened, but it yielded Anton a moderate interest on its cost, and takings at the Lion Rouge returned to their former health In any case, the life—one might almost have said the parliament—of the town was drawn back again to his own inn, and Anton, who cared for power more even than for wealth, was satisfied Indeed, during the autumn he became so benign that he contemplated making up his quarrel with his mother, but she disliked more and more any intrusion into her home and did not encourage him He and Bette called on her birthday and on other formal occasions They went for the credit of the family and were received for the same reason Barbet and his brother seldom met except during these visits or when Barbet called at the mayor's office to collect the money due for his

"That was because I saw an albatross. Let me row back. . . . N
I *want* to row. . . . O God," she said, "now it's the end. I've be
happy to-night. What a *fool* I am. Have you been happy *too*?"

"Yes, I've been happy too."

"And you might have been drowned," she said. "The person yo
have to thank is my *al*batross."

done better to stay at the Cheval Pie where someone would listen to her"

"Did you ever listen to her, Anton?"

"Yes"

"And what did you think? What did you honestly think—you yourself?"

Anton considered "Oh, she has a figure, but I like them blonde, with more flesh on them"

"I meant—as a diseuse."

"Talent," said Anton, "but too—"

"Too what?"

"Too—unexpected I like to know what's coming I like to know where I am She's uncomfortable, that girl. . . ." He looked at Barbet without turning his head. "I hear she has a new lover—so Victor says"

"It didn't need the système Vincent to tell you that," Barbet replied "She has been months away I hear she has had a meal"

The time for Autun's release fell in mid-winter and he was reluctant to go Work would be hard to come by, this wasn't a season to turn a man into the streets, and Barbet was sorry to lose him, for he had taught Autun piquet, a game for which it appeared that he had [illegible] bet told [illegible] It puts a ring round him, he forgets all his complaints against the world, and inside the ring he's extraordinarily skilful"

"I think you ought to give up cards," said Madame Hazard.

"I give up piquet!"

"It isn't consistent."

"With what?"

"With what you are," said his mother solemnly

"You mean—with your idea of me, mother First you make me a saint Now you want me to be a martyr That will never do"

She consented to smile because he laughed, but she was not satisfied

"You know," he continued, "it's not only Autun Everyone has

prisoners' upkeep Sometimes Anton appeared at the Maison Hazard as local deputy for the inspector of prisons who came seldom, but though he glanced at the accounts and signed them, he had never thought it necessary, under Barbet's eye, to visit the prisoners themselves Barbet gave him a glass of wine and they discussed the death of Gambetta

"Do you wish to visit the prisoners?" Barbet asked

Anton shrugged his shoulders "I'll take your word for them And it's my opinion," he added, "that you treat them too well How much are you out of pocket by them?'

"Not much Chiefly at piquet They can't pay their losses, you see"

Anton frowned "I suppose none of them has asked to see me?

"Oh no," Barbet admitted with a smile. "But you know that strictly you oughtn't to ask me that"

"Now, now, now!" Anton exclaimed heartily, slapping him on the back, "you leave me to know my own business! There's no need for me to be poking my nose into their cells, asking for trouble I hate whining I hate complaints It's pleasant here in the sun The end of autumn's the best time of the year Anyone due for release?"

"Autun before long"

"You will notify me of that"

"But certainly"

"Good," said Anton, and added abruptly "What has happened to that girl?"

"Thérèse? She was still at Bordeaux when last I heard"

"She writes to you?"

"Two letters The last was some time ago She's not a prolific writer She prefers talking"

With his little finger Anton hoisted a fly out of his wine and flicked it on to the grass "A good riddance if you ask me Is she doing well, did you gather?'

"She said 'well enough' But I wonder a little"

"You may If there'd been success to report, she would have told us about it Such a flourish of trumpets! Hurtaux wasn't good enough for her Wasn't she going to conquer Paris? She'd have

Chapter 13

IN THE EARLY MONTHS OF 1884, BARBET SPENT more and more of his time with the prisoners.

"You have not brought me any more tunes lately," said Fontan, and Barbet answered that perhaps they would come with the spring

"And the girl?" Fontan asked

"There is no news of her except that she has left Bordeaux"

"At the inn where she lived—don't they know about her there?"

"While she was in Bordeaux, she used to send money at intervals —sometimes more, sometimes less—what she could afford, I suppose—sometimes to the old woman Sernet, more often to Frédéric. It comes no more"

Barbet did not wish to talk of Therese. Victor said she had quarrelled with Hurtaux and gone to Paris in a huff "She scrambled into the night train as it was going out of the station," was Victor's end to the story, and when Barbet himself made a journey to Angoulême, having heard that Therese's employer was to be found there, Hurtaux would at first tell nothing except that his clients at Bordeaux had not liked her style and that she had refused to change it. "But I will say this for her," he added in a burst of confidence, a wide grin spreading over his face. "From Paris she sent me the penalty on her contract. Not a large sum Notes in an envelope with a scribble on a piece of paper, but more than I ever thought to recover"

"I should like to see the scribble," said Barbet politely, "—if you will allow me?"

Hurtaux produced it from the portfolio he carried in his breast pocket A large sheet of hand made paper was spread on the table between them. "I can see her," said Hurtaux, "going into a sta-

something they can be single minded about Often it's a trivial thing like piquet—a game of some kind With Fontan it's music. With Therese—"

"You are still thinking about her?"

This conversation alarmed Madame Hazard, but her alarm was short lived, for afterwards, when Barbet spoke of Thérèse, he spoke so calmly that his mother's anxiety was appeased, but she began to be a little disappointed that he worked no more miracles

"Nevertheless, my dear Emilie, he has the power," she told Madame Vincent "That I know And when the time comes, he will manifest it"

"And when will that be?" Madame Vincent demanded

But Madame Hazard had grown cautious and would not say what was in her mind—that when she died Barbet would raise her from the dead Her eyes glittered, she saw herself sitting up among the candles, and a picture of the scene in the following number of *L'Illustration* She would be the heroine of France, and, imagining herself so, she looked pityingly at Madame Vincent, who, for pride's sake, would toss up her great nose as if she were a horse with an emptying food bag, and say that her dear friend Chouquette hadn't been dead at all

"That is what is infuriating about you, Emilie," said Madame Hazard aloud

"And what may that be?" asked Madame Vincent, innocent of offence

"That you never will admit anything!" cried Madame Hazard "If Voltaire rose from the dead before your eyes, you would only quote Voltaire to prove that it was impossible"

"That is unfair, Chouquette!" Madame Vincent exclaimed, aware that she had done nothing to provoke this attack "You know quite well that I do not quote to prove things I am not so stupid Nothing worth proving can be proved God, for example I quote because the lines run in my head"

between us. About some things—even strictly professional things—she could be stubborn. There was no reason in it"

"In what?"

"Well," said Hurtaux, "some of her songs she sang in costume, some in her own dress, and some she stripped for"

"Stripped?" said Barbet.

"More or less—on special evenings. For one song she wouldn't If she'd said, 'No, I won't do that at all,' I would have understood it. There are women like that Usually they have flat chests but sometimes they are religious One recognizes that, one allows for it in their salary But why—I ask you—why for one song and not for another?"

"It may have been inappropriate to the song in question," Barbet suggested

"Isn't that for me to judge?"

"No," said Barbet, "it is for her to judge."

"Then you shall judge," said Hurtaux, spreading out magnanimous hands "It was a song about a tart from the country walking through the streets of Paris In the end she goes to her room with a man and there—"

"Looks out of her window on to the roofs That's where it ends," and Barbet began to murmur it

> "*As I was walking up the street,*
> *Under the lamps, under the sky*—

Is that the song you mean?"

"And wasn't I right?" Hurtaux exclaimed "Wouldn't it give point to the end if the girl, when she reached her room, began—"

"Well," said Barbet, "we won't dispute about it But I thought it was a hymn

His companion regarded such ignorance with tolerant pity Then a light of suspicion dawned in his eye

"Didn't you write some of her songs? I seem to remember her telling me—"

Barbet admitted that he had given her an idea for one or two He ceased his inquiries, for he had no wish to interfere in her life

tioner's shop to buy that singly—to show me how prosperous she was"

On the paper was written

Not for money Not for a contract Penalty enclosed

THÉRÈSE DESPREUX

Keep this paper You will be able to sell it some day for more than the notes

THÉRÈSE DESPREUX

"No address," said Barbet

'The post mark was Paris She likes signing her name, that young woman"

"And you did keep the paper?"

"A memento," said Hurtaux with a flourish "Besides, she may be right I may be able to sell it some day for more than the notes"

"What were the notes?'

"A hundred and twenty"

"I will give you a hundred and fifty" Barbet put down the notes on the table between them

"It is yours, Monsieur Hazard But why?"

"It pleases me," said Barbet "But I am surprised," he added, folding Therese s letter and tucking it into his pocket, "that, if you believe in Thérèse Despreux, you should have let her go'

Recollection of the scene made Hurtaux's eyes dance and the creases about his nostrils twitch "I didn't let her go She went Bless my soul, I ran after her to the station and caught at her petticoat as she was climbing into the train'

'That was a stupid thing to do, if the train was moving," Barbet interposed "You might have pulled her back on the platform and killed her"

"Yes," said Hurtaux who was too interested in his memories to hear what Barbet was saying, 'the train was moving all right Off she went—and she waved to me, too I don't think she bore me any ill will She's a professional, and what legs she has! She'd have been insulted if I hadn't admired them We may have disagreed, but we understood each other And that wasn't the only difference

BOOK TWO

The River Below Paris

Bon, bon,
Napoléon
Va rentrer dans sa maison.

OLD SONG

He was neither tolerant nor intolerant of the flesh. He happened to have won mastery over it; Thérèse evidently had not. This was not a reason to condemn or to forgive her. A special link existed between them, and for him it was enough.

There was a time, soon after her going, when he felt the physical grief of loneliness The sentiment of place did not at once leave him He shunned the river because of her and chose a new mooring for his boat; but the mood passed; he grew to accept her absence without personal rebellion against it.

Chapter 1

IN THE SPRING OF '84, BARBET WENT TO LYONS TO visit merchants and afterwards to Paris From the station, where he arrived at eight in the morning, he walked across the Pont d'Austerlitz, carrying his bag He had intended to go at once to the Hôtel Bagnolet, where Madame Bagnolet would be expecting him, but by the time he reached the quays the handle of his bag was cutting his fingers and at a cafe in the Rue de l Hôpital he seated himself at a table and ordered coffee and bread

It is at such a moment as this that she might pass by, he thought, though he had supposed his mind to be occupied by the appointments he must keep in Paris, that, precisely, is how things happen in this world! But as he looked into the faces of the girls who were hurrying to their work, and the noise of shunting and the shriek of an engine s whistle came to him from the Gare d Orleans behind his back, the notion that Therese might appear at that hour in the Rue de l'Hôpital presented itself as a silly fancy, not as an imagining of the kind that falls like the touch of a hand on one's shoulder and is certainly fulfilled A set of newspapers in wooden clips was hanging within his reach He took one down and searched for the list of theatres and music halls. What a fool! She wasn't a star Her name wouldn t be there. His coffee was cold He paid and left it

A turning out of the Rue Poliveau brought him into the Impasse Marcel, which had the form of a knobbed cane, narrow at the entrance but broadening at its inner end into a circular courtyard, where stood the Hôtel Bagnolet Madame Bagnolet appeared in a black stuff gown, which smelt of peppermint, and a pair of black slippers with felt soles. She took Barbet's hand between her own, and assured him, as she did always, that nothing was changed. What

Hazard family when they came to Paris Barbet had shared them with his father and had been to them ever since, firmly resisting his mother's suggestion that he should keep his money in the family by staying with relations of hers at Vanves "People know where to find me at the Hôtel Bagnolet. Besides, it is convenient for the Jardin des Plantes'—reasons that were indeed good reasons but not the reason that weighed chiefly with him. He stayed with Madame Bagnolet because to have gone elsewhere would have required of him questions and explanations and decisions that were a waste of thought. In the Impasse Marcel, the merchants whom he visited and who sometimes visited him were well known to Mademoiselle. She welcomed each by name, knew what refreshment he would take and what aspect of politics or finance or horse-racing would interest him as he followed her upstairs She knew at what hour to call Barbet in the morning and she knew that at all other times it was her duty to leave him alone and not to feel slighted if he passed her desk without speaking to her In his eyes, the virtue of the Hôtel Bagnolet was that they had learned how little he wanted and took him as a matter of course.

But even Mademoiselle had her ritual She showed him the rooms as if he were a newcomer, patting the bed, shaking the curtains, making sure that the windows would open and shut, even inviting him to share with her the view of the tree tops of the Jardin des Plantes which appeared as a thin panel of sky and foliage between the walls of the Impasse Meanwhile he had opened his bag and begun to take from it the smaller samples of brandy that he carried in it.

"The rest," he said, 'will come from the station"

"To be sure I shall be expecting it The testing glasses are on the top shelf, as usual"

'Thank you, mademoiselle."

"And on the bottom shelf there is your cheese, and bread, and your bordeaux in half bottles."

"Thank you, mademoiselle."

"Then have you everything, Monsieur Hazard?"

would happen when she was dead, who could say? Certainly while she lived he would always find, when he came to Paris, that everything was as it had been in his father's day Then, leading him up the passage, she made her established joke—even Mademoiselle was not changed—and this immortal and nameless creature, whom Julien Hazard had christened Mademoiselle d'Austerlitz, emerged from her shadowy desk at the foot of the stairs She was, and had always been, forty three years of age—forty three because, as Julien had said, one must fix the age of a woman somewhere, and, in the case of Mademoiselle d Austerlitz, the age of forty three would do as well as another Her hair, a natural yellow, was piled high on her head, and if ever the colour of it paled one would not notice it in the coloured beams that fell through the stained glass of the fanlight To any greeting she responded with agitated joy, like a canary when you whistle When one of Madame Bagnolet's guests said good morning to her or asked as he retired for the night, that a hot brick might be put in his bed, she answered as though his voice were the fulfilment of some girlish dream, and when Barbet said how d you do and offered her his hand, she came to him with little steps that hissed on the tiled floor and opened her eyes very wide and exclaimed, as though he had inquired into the state of her soul "Mais, ça va bien comme toujours! Suis toujours contente de la vie" All the silver bangles she was wearing shot down her wrists, to slide up her arms again as she clasped her hands at her breast and said that the train from Lyons must have been very late Her preserved enthusiasms, which she called son cœur de jeune fille did not impair her efficiency She forgot nothing No bill scratched in her angular writing had ever been inaccurate No guest who had once asked for an extra pillow was ever allowed to find his head too low again, though a year or more should separate his visits When she was at her desk, none had need of a time table Sometimes the bangles danced and the pages flickered, but one had always the impression that she was answering out of her head

It was she who led Barbet upstairs to the rooms—a communicating bedroom and sitting room—that were the perquisite of the

"Monsieur Mouche will be able to help me no doubt I expect him in at noon His brother keeps a shop in Montmartre I will inquire from him"

"That is very kind of you One does not like to lose touch with old friends."

"No," said Mademoiselle d'Austerlitz, opening her eyes to the full extent of their romance "It is sometimes as if the earth had swallowed them up," and she looked not at Barbet but through the space he occupied, as though she were alone in the room and expected to see rise up from the carpet those young men of the 'sixties who, if they had not been swallowed up, might have allowed her to dedicate herself to them.

"Everything, mademoiselle"

"And in case, as you did last year, you should lose your pencil there are three, ready sharpened, in the vase on the mantelpiece

"Thank you, mademoiselle And you yourself? You are looking very well"

"Ah, monsieur, you understand me None better You know how it is possible, in the midst of a life that few would envy, to be always happy"

She had said this on a dozen like occasions, standing in the doorway, her hand on the knob, her silver bangles fallen to her knuckles in a cascade Two phrases of their ritual remained to be spoken "Then there is nothing more I can do for you?' she would ask, turning the knob 'Nothing, mademoiselle," he would answer "You have already done everything to make me at home"

She said her part

'Then there is nothing more I can do to make you comfortable, Monsieur Hazard?'

To her astonishment he looked round from the mantelpiece, where he had been arranging his brandy flasks like a file of soldiers, and said

"There is something, mademoiselle You know Paris well You have many acquaintances I am looking for a young girl"

An exclamation of surprise moved her lips but she did not utter it Her hand went to her brooch, her finger nail scraping the cameo at her breast, her bangles clicked to her elbow in a sheath of silver, but she said only In the hotel?'

"I am looking,' Barbet continued, 'for a girl called Thérèse Despreux The name doesn't happen to be familiar to you? Probably she is working in a music hall or a café concert She comes from our part of the world but we have lost track of her"

Mademoiselle breathed steadily again She was anxious now only that Monsieur Hazard should not perceive in what way she had misunderstood him To her the finding of Thérèse had become a professional duty like the working out of a journey in her time table There were, she said, ways of finding anyone in Paris She would employ them

and by old stable fittings ingeniously converted All the tables were tilted a little inwards by the slope of the floor, their white discs lay up in what appeared to be a distorted perspective, the customers held their bodies against the slope of their chairs as though they were inclined against a wind, and wine slanted in the glass The horses' stalls had been reduced in height, they served now as the backs of benches, heads and shoulders appeared over them, and on the mangers, covered in, were perched, against either wall, a row of young men and women who preferred to dangle their legs or could find no place elsewhere At their backs were long gilded mirrors which, facing each other across the room, held, in unending repetition, the white discs, the inclined heads, the flickering hands and faces, the hot blaze of unshaded gas. As Barbet entered, eyes were turned to recognize the newcomer and, discovering a stranger, remained to stare.

The idea that he had entered what was, in effect, a club did not arise in his mind There was no reason that these, or any human beings, should be hostile to him and he did not suppose that they were. On his way up the room, he encountered a boy wearing an apron and carrying a tray He asked for a glass of brandy, then looked calmly about him to decide where he should sit

Every chair was full, but on one of the mangers, between two girls, a place was vacant. Putting his hands behind him on to the ledge, he hoisted himself on to it, then looked out. The room broke into a shout of laughter, for now, standing before Barbet, was the man whose place and whose two women he had unwittingly usurped, a young man, tall and thin and shaggy, Quixote and a [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] apologized for having taken his seat, had evidently no thought that his seat had been taken [illegible]

sense of [illegible]

as if b[illegible]

tion of [illegible] into the air and cried out

'No No No Do not laugh, my friends This man has come out of the mirror He is making a journey He is more realist than

Chapter 2

ON HIS SECOND NIGHT IN PARIS, BARBET WENT alone to Montmartre by omnibus. Monsieur Mouche had been unproductive; neither he nor his brother, Aristide, had heard of the young woman in question; but Aristide, who sold their material to painters and had, by his brother's report, an acquaintance with artists and poets that was "tout ce qu'il y a d'intime," suggested that Monsieur Hazard would at any rate not waste his time if he visited the Écurie Plence which, in the past year, had become famous, and was, in Aristide's opinion, a centre of life.

Barbet had had a strenuous and successful day. The merchants he visited at Bercy had treated him with friendly hospitality, and his notebook, which he studied over a solitary meal in the square of St. Germain des Prés, contained entries of which his father would have been proud. He would have liked to wander up the Rue Bonaparte when his coffee was done and perhaps look into St. Sulpice on his way home. Once in the Hôtel Bagnolet, he would have sat in his chair, preferring the adventure of thought to the book on his knee, then have slept, glad that the contacts of the day, friendly though they had been, were over. Instead, he took the omnibus to Montmartre. The Écurie Plence was found sooner than he wished; he turned a corner and it was staring at him.

In spite of the place's name, it had not occurred to him that he would find himself in a stable. A floor of paving-stones sloped towards what had once been a central drain, now boarded over. At the end of the room was a stage enclosed within a proscenium arch painted crimson and decorated with horses' heads in gilt. The curtains were apart and the scene lighted. The middle of the room, empty as a ballroom between dances, was flanked by crowded tables

and by old stable fittings ingeniously converted All the tables were tilted a little inwards by the slope of the floor, their white discs lay up in what appeared to be a distorted perspective, the customers held their bodies against the slope of their chairs as though they were inclined against a wind, and wine slanted in the glass The horses' stalls had been reduced in height, they served now as the backs of benches, heads and shoulders appeared over them, and on the mangers, covered in, were perched, against either wall, a row of young men and women who preferred to dangle their legs or could find no place elsewhere At their backs were long gilded mirrors which, facing each other across the room, held, in unending repetition, the white discs, the inclined heads, the flickering hands and faces, the hot blaze of unshaded gas As Barbet entered, eyes were turned to recognize the newcomer and, discovering a stranger, remained to stare.

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[illegible]

[illegible] instantly apologized for having taken his seat, had evidently no thought that his seat had been taken, no sense of claim on it or on the women His mind had cleared itself, as if by an explosion and had gathered itself again upon the apparition of Barbet He stretched his hands into the air and cried out

'No No No Do not laugh, my friends. This man has come out of the mirror He is making a journey He is more realist than

us all He is happy He has such eyes in his head that he has no need to pretend that the world is vile He perceives that you Madeleine, are an angel, and that I, Sebastien Cugnot, am not, when drunk, a fool Look at the eyes in his head!"

To this oration, so passionately begun and ended in a voice strangled by its own irony, the audience responded at first by rapt attention, then by mocking applause Cugnot took the glass that the girl on Barbet's right had been holding for him, emptied it, and turning again to face the room, leaned back between her knees

"And after all, who are you?"

"My name is Hazard I am called Barbet Hazard I come from Roussignac I am selling my brandy in Paris"

"I am Sebastien—Sébastien Cugnot I paint and I make marionettes I am a greater painter than the world will ever know Unfortunately I am also a greater painter than I myself shall ever believe That is why everything I do ends badly I am a tight rope walker who loses his nerve half-way across My vice is—what is my vice, Madeleine?'

"Ah," said the girl who had held his glass—a girl with deep violet eyes, a full mouth and the high, rounded cheeks of a child, "your vice, Cugnot, is that you make speeches You make a speech when I am taking off your shoes My vice is that I take them off'

"Why do you? said Barbet

"And why shouldn't I?'

'There is no reason that you shouldn't, mademoiselle There are a dozen that you should I was asking which of them—"

"It's simple enough, Madeleine said She ran her fingers over Cugnot's head, thrusting his hair forward over his eyes, and would say no more of the subject And now, she continued at last, 'what do you say now, Monsieur du Miroir?

"*I am very grateful to you mademoiselle, for his sake* But it has always seemed strange to me—in women, I mean in women more often than in men—that they will not admit their virtues to themselves, but call them vices and think of them in that way"

The girl on his left, who had remained hitherto averted and sullen

while she twisted and twisted a great carbuncle ring that she wore on her left thumb, now turned her eyes on Barbet, and Cugnot's face came up and the group at the nearest table set down their glasses

'For example?" said Madeleine.

'But this will never do," exclaimed a middle aged Jew, rising from the table with an air of authority Before continuing to speak, he ran his fingers outward across his eyes and down his cheeks as though he were drawing pain out of his head "I must interrupt you, Madeleine Cugnot, you have not introduced your friend"

'He introduces himself He is the fool But this, my dear Barbet," Cugnot continued, bowing at the Jew, 'is a Great Man in whose court we must all sing for our supper He is Plence. He has genius —the genius, peculiar to his race, of a connoisseur He owns this stable We are his horses, we are his mares. He chooses us, he rides us, he enters us for races, he pats us and feeds us and buries us Is there *one* in this room—perhaps not one—who will survive him and of whom posterity will say 'Plence was his groom'? The rest of us, certainly, will wear his racing colours in the grave. 'Sébastien Cugnot? Sébastien Cugnot? Ah yes, he was John the Baptist in the Écurie Plence He stood up and prophesied Sometimes he brought two women with him like dogs on a string it was his way of advertising himself' That is what they will say, fifty years hence. 'In Paris of the 'eighties, L'Écurie Plence—L'Écurie Plence—L'Écurie *Plence*' You see he is smiling It charms him It is true He will bury us all You understand, of course, that I am paid to insult him To-night I have made my speech I shall pay nothing" He t[illegible]

[illegible]

1

When there was room at Plence's table, Barbet and Cugnot, with the girl called Madeleine, were brought to it The girl with the ring remained on the ledge, Cugnot having forgotten her From time to time a man stood up *on the stage*, demanded audience, and recited his own poems, or a girl sang fierce verses with rhymes like the clash of knives thrown on an *iron* table, or a group of students, setting up

an apparatus like the box of Punch and Judy, crouched behind it to give voices to a piece they had written for marionettes

"They told me," said Barbet to Cugnot, "that from here singers and dancers are sometimes recruited for the music halls?"

"They told you that! Did you hear, Plence? They told him that."

"They told him the truth," Plence answered.

Cugnot tipped back his chair. "Once this was a charming place. We talked, we sang, we amused ourselves, we heard verses. Do we now exist to recruit the music-halls and to entertain le déluge?"

"Le deluge?" said Barbet.

"It is Cugnot's word for the aristocracy of the Third Republic. At any rate our ark is beginning to float on it. As you see"—and Plence pointed to the stage—"I have founded a theatre—"

"Le Theâtre Plence!" Cugnot exclaimed. "Is it possible that you have not *heard of it*?"

"I am from the provinces," Barbet answered in order that Monsieur Plence should not feel hurt, but Plence seemed not to care.

"It is a theatre," he explained, "chiefly for silhouettes or marionettes. But there are variety turns as well. Le déluge has heard of it. On Saturday and Sunday nights they come here. You shall come as my guest."

"Soon," said Cugnot, "it will be Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday—and Thursday and Friday as well. L'Ecurie is finished. It will appear in the guide books. Americans will describe it in their diaries of travel. The English will sit at this table and expect us to throw knives for them."

"Then," said Plence, "we will throw knives for them. It is a livelihood like another. We can continue our civilization elsewhere—"

He stopped abruptly. A grave young man had mounted the platform and come forward to recite his verses. The room was at once silent, and, when the verses were spoken, they were eagerly applauded and discussed. The poet came to Plence's table and smouldered there, forgetting the drink given him, his hands clasped together and clipped between his knees. "He has never dared to re

cite before," Madeleine whispered "This, for him, is success He hasn t said twenty words What do you suppose he's thinking about? The Academy?'

"That he has no one to share it with," Barbet answered at once

'Ah!' the girl exclaimed "It is true, of course He lives alone None of us knows him He belongs to no one," but she forgot the young poet, Cugnot had begun to speak, her eyes returned to him Whoever was singing or reciting, whatever the conversation at the table, even when she was looking elsewhere or speaking to others, she seemed to have Cugnot in her charge, as though he were a blind man whom she was leading

Barbet watched the scene and heard the conversation around him with lively interest He was particularly interested when Plence, after listening to a girl who had sung and recited at the piano, began to criticize the art of a diseuse, saying that no art was less considered as an art, that the women chose their songs from the music shops with the idea always of placating their audience—never of challenging them to the appreciation of a new style "The music halls bully the girls into behaving as if they were clowns," he said 'Now clowning is traditional and even a clown of genius must work within the tradition So must an actor to a great extent Even if he's not using classical material even if the play's modern, he must always use a convention He has a choice of conventions, certainly, but he must use one of the conventions that his audience recognizes For him it is a necessary code between stage and audience It carries its meaning because its origins are in the past and because every playgoer as he enters a theatre, adjusts his mind to it. A painter, if he's a revolutionary, can create a new convention of his own and hope that people will become accustomed to it some day He can wait—though he may have to wait until he s dead and rotten. But an actor can't wait There's no posterity for him He must use a convention his audience accepts to-night or can be persuaded to accept pretty soon And even a writer,' Plence continued, wishing to draw the young poet into his argument, ' even a writer is to some

extent bound by the past Isn't that true, Casimir? Like a painter, he can afford to wait, he can rebel and wait, but literature has an inescapable past, he is held by it as he is by heredity There are, for example, a hundred forms of verse but there is a perceptible general convention governing them all—how shall I put it?—a convention which—"

"Which tells the listener that what he's listening to isn't prose," Cugnot put in, 'which enables him to make an adjustment to the intensity of poetry A modern poet, until he learns better, speaks of defying the past or of breaking away from it He wants to march into exile with all the brass bands playing In fact, he can't The most he can do is to move house into a different part of the country from that in which Corneille lived, still he remains in the same kingdom with him There is a rule of poetry wider than Corneille's rule or any particular rule of verse—a wider rule or, as you say, convention that includes him and all French poets The man who thinks that, when he has mocked at Lamartine and called himself a realist, he has created a new world is like a man who moves from Paris to Senlis and says that he has discovered a continent"

"And yet," said Casimir, wrenching up his head, 'it is necessary to rebel"

"It is sometimes necessary to move from Paris to Senlis"

"It is sometimes necessary to believe that Senlis is a new continent," Casimir replied "If not, no one would move"

"Certainly," said Cugnot, 'it is necessary to move, but to understand also that, having moved, one is still in France"

Plence had listened to this dialogue with darting satisfaction, his lips parted, his eyes moving from face to face Now he began to pat the table with a soft, emphatic hand

"And the art of the diseuse,' he said, 'lies outside all that That is my point The great art of poetry, the secondary art of acting, the strange, specialized art of clowning, each is held—or, more accurately, each moves and changes and grows—within a great convention that is—if one may put it so—the language of the art—a language which, in each instance, the world has learned to understand But the art of the diseuse has no Corneille, no Mozart, no Michael

Angelo—even no Ingres It has no Paris from which to move to Senlis It has no including France And yet the diseuses we have work always as if they were bound by a tradition that does not, in their case, exist."

"I know one who doesn't," said Barbet

They had altogether forgotten him, and came up, visibly surprised, out of the waters of their own controversy to find him quietly regarding them from the bank

"But that can be of no interest to you," he added hastily "I'm sorry After all, you do not teach me how to make cognac," and he folded his hands, prepared to listen again

For a moment, Plence seemed willing to accept this, to allow Barbet to retire into silence, and to plunge again into the pleasures of his own discourse

"A diseuse—" he began

"Plence," cried Cugnot "Look at our friend Look at his eyes In this instant, while you tip the wine in your glass, you are throwing a fortune away"

Plence blinked at him "Why?"

"Why do you think our friend came out of the mirror? Why did he hoist himself into *my* place? How does it happen that he, who has never been *to the Écume before*, is sitting at your table? These things do not happen without a reason I was listening while you said that our *diseuses* work always as if they were bound by a false tradition, and suddenly, at my elbow, I heard him say 'I know one who doesn't' It is quite simple What he says is true He knows one who doesn t Who is she?"

"Her name is Thérese Despreux"

Plence once more ran his hands outward over his eyes and down his cheeks. "I never heard of her," he answered in a tone of irritation and finality

Cugnot *imitated* his gesture "Plence! Plence! You who know so much! You who are so astute! You who have a nose for the truffles! You keep a stable You are offered the winner of the Grand Prix You wipe your brilliant eyes and you say 'I never heard of her!'"

"Well," Plence cried, "have you?"

"Certainly"

"That is a lie When?"

"To-night Didn't you hear him say the name? Thérèse Despreux Thérèse Despreux Thérèse Despreux At ten o'clock in any music-hall in the world"

Barbet was at a loss He did not understand why, or in what way, these two men were quarrelling, nor did he understand with how great an effort of self-control Plence compelled himself to reach out for the declamatory hand that Cugnot had raised in the air, and draw it to the table, and say·

"When you speak like this, Cugnot, you drive me mad, but, when you speak like this, I listen to you I am Plence I keep the stable I have judgment but I do not see visions You are without judgment when you are sane, but when you are mad—"

"Visions?" said Cugnot, suddenly docile "Have you never known, quite certainly, where you must put your money en plein?"

After a moment's consideration, Plence interlaced his fingers and leaned across the table towards Barbet

"Tell me, my friend, who is this girl?"

"She is a local girl She sang and danced in the Cheval Pie at Roussignac"

"And afterwards?"

"At Bordeaux A man named Hurtaux—"

"Hurtaux? He has her? Under contract?"

"She ran away from Bordeaux He caught at her skirt while the train was moving But she paid the penalty on her contract," Barbet explained anxiously "She sent him this," and he produced from his pocketbook the sheet of hand-made paper he had bought from Hurtaux He cleared a space among the saucers and laid it on the table before Plence

"Why do you show me this?"

"I thought," said Barbet, "that you seemed to doubt her existence"

"And where is she now?"

"Where? That is what I am trying to find out"

"But have you news of her?"

"Unfortunately none"

"Good God," Plence exclaimed, "she may be in Marseilles by now"

"No," Barbet answered "She is in Paris"

Madeleine's fingers closed on Cugnot's wrist She threw back her head and laughed and sighed and said to Barbet, secretly under her breath, so that none but Cugnot heard her "Que Dieu te garde. Que Dieu te benisse. Tu la verras demain," and Cugnot, leaning forward, intervened suddenly

"You have asked every question, Plence, except the one that matters I will ask it Tell me," he continued, returning to Barbet the paper Thérèse had written, "in what way is she different from other diseuses?"

Barbet did not answer

"Has she a better voice?"

"She has a good voice."

"Is she more beautiful?"

Barbet shook his head

"You said she was independent of the false tradition which—"

"Did I say that?" said Barbet with a smile "It doesn't sound like me." He looked round the room over the heads of those who, at the table, were gazing at him, and he said "It's very hot in here I have had a long day I think I will go home." But he did not rise Instead, taking the stem of a glass between his finger and thumb, he twisted it to and fro, edging its base further and further up the table along a rivulet of spilled wine, and Cugnot, to recall him, laid his palm upon the glass. Barbet, surprised, looked straight into his face and said

"You see, while she tells a story it is true"

It was evident that he had more to say, and they waited

"That's what's so odd. You'd think that there'd be nothing to stop her But there is Monsieur Plence will understand She's like a race horse which—"

"You leave her to me," said Plence "I'll train her, if that's the trouble. What does she do—bite or swerve?"

"Well, you see," Barbet continued, "it isn't so simple as that. At first, she always thinks that she is right and that whoever criticizes her is a blind fool. Not that she can't criticize herself; she can—she can be fierce against her own mistakes, but only after a long, bitter struggle. But no one can help her. She won't let them. If anyone offers her an idea—I mean, an idea about her own performance—she becomes angry, as though she were being invaded, and *until she has got over it and stopped being suspicious, really there's* nothing that even Monsieur Plence could do."

Plence smiled. "There are ways, I assure you, of dealing with any actress. You bully one, you flatter another, you make love to a third. Or, if she's genuinely intelligent, you give her your reasons —one, two, three—and then—"

"Yes, that is all very well," Barbet interrupted, "but in any discussion with her the important sentences have to be spoken at intervals of at least a week. It isn't a question of persuading her that an idea is valuable but of giving her time to forget that it was not originally her *own*. She isn't slow; she's extremely quick; she knows in a flash the value of an idea, but, if it was not she who thought *of* it, she resists and resists it, until at last her resistance snaps, and to save her egotism she gives the idea a new dress and wakes up one morning to find that it is her own."

Barbet paused, smiling; then continued to himself: "The time has then come to speak the second sentence of the argument and to watch the process repeat itself. And now," he went on, "you will think she is a very stubborn and foolish girl, but it is not so; she is a brilliant one, and this everlasting resistance to other people's ideas isn't stupid rebellion. It isn't rebellion at all. It's self-discipline. *Self*-discipline," he repeated. "You see this match-box? This resistance is the box on which to strike her own match. She has arrogance but never, never complacency. She is always fighting a battle and never winning it. But she must fight by herself. And that means—"

Barbet stopped and began once more to push his glass up the rivulet of wine. Cugnot again put his hand upon it.

"It means," Barbet exclaimed with energy, dragging back the

glass and gripping it to him, "that the work she does is done with blood That is all That is all Take it or leave it"

No one had expected him to speak so freely or with so much precision, and he, awaking from his own eloquence and seeing the close regarding astonishment of the faces surrounding him, said to himself I must have talked a lot What made me let myself go like that? But to them he said nothing

Plence declared that he was extremely interested by Barbet's account of Therèse and added, in a lordly way, that the finding of her might be left to him. He would send out his scouts, if she was in Montmartre, if she was in Paris, he would find her—and Plence dropped the subject, summoned to his table the students who had experimented with marionettes and pointed out their errors to them

'You are wasting your time," said Cugnot, putting his hand under Barbet's arm and lifting him from his chair "Plence is a man who believes nothing until he has seen it That is why he makes money—and makes nothing else If you think he will stir a finger to find your Therese Despreux, you are mistaken, though, if she is found, he will know how to bring her to market. Come, we will find her ourselves'

But they did not find her They went from place to place. Each to Barbet was like the last—a clash of voices and glass and crockery, a desert of tables, rubbed plush and squeaking chairs, but he was happy in their intervening walks on narrow pavements where Cugnot and Madeleine and he had often to go in single file, among lean cats that came up from the gutters Looking at Madeleine's back, he became aware of the extraordinary patience of this girl who could have no interest in the search and might well have said that they were looking for a needle in a haystack Instead she took it for granted that, if Cugnot had set out to find Thérese Despreux, it was necessary to find her, and when Barbet said "You must be tired mademoiselle why should you be dragged farther?' she smiled over her shoulder and answered "You are good for Cugnot. He will be able to paint to-morrow"

"Well, you see," Barbet continued, "it isn't so simple as that At first, she always thinks that she is right and that whoever criticizes her is a blind fool Not that she can't criticize herself, she can—she can be fierce against her own mistakes, but only after a long bitter struggle But no one can help her She won't let them If anyone offers her an idea—I mean, an idea about her own performance—she becomes angry, as though she were being invaded, and until she has got over it and stopped being suspicious, really there's nothing that even Monsieur Plence could do"

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"It is too late for you to go back across the river," he said to Barbet "You will sleep in my studio To-morrow I shall find the girl Am I allowed to paint her?"

"Why not?" said Barbet, "if you can make her keep still"

They walked together until Cugnot halted "This is my door Come in You go first, Madeleine Here are the matches."

But Barbet said he must return to the Hôtel Bagnolet, he had business to do there at ten in the morning

"How shall you go?" Madeleine asked

"Walk," said Barbet, "unless someone drives me"

He had not left them five minutes when a cart of vegetables passed him. A basket fell into the street

"He, he," he cried, "here's a basket of yours"

He lifted it on to the tail of the cart and made fast the cord The boy who had been driving leaned against the wheel

"That was lucky," he said "I should have been beaten for that," and he was glad of Barbet's company on his journey The horse knew his own way, and turned from the Rue La Bruyère into the Place St Georges with no more guidance than a shake of the reins The boy was ill and tired, and Barbet, at the sight of the Hôtel Thiers, which had been burned in '71, bestirred himself to tell stories of those days, to which the boy responded at first with sullen grunts, then with eyes turning and watchful, then with laughter All the way down the Rue Montmartre the stories continued until, as they approached the vegetable market, the boy began to tell in his turn of his daily adventures and of his hope that he might before long escape from work in the Halles and go, as his elder brother had done to a farm in Normandy Last year, when he had been very ill he had visited the farm on which his brother was employed, and he exchanged tales of it for Barbet's tales of Roussignac and the Charente. When the cart drew up near to the church of St. Eustache, the boy's face was happy and alive, he would not willingly allow Barbet to go "I'm early this morning There's ten minutes to spare." He gave a friend charge of his cart and walked with Barbet, saying he would put him on his way, there was a short cut he knew of to the east of the Halles "You pass the Tour St Jacques

At last, seated at a café table, Cugnot fell asleep—not with slow, drowsy nodding, but suddenly, as if, while walking at full speed along a path, he had come to a crevasse and disappeared into it. Madeleine wrote his address on an envelope that she took from his pocket and handed it to Barbet

"He will let you know at your Hôtel Bagnolet," she said "He won't forget He will find her"

"Why he should take so much trouble for me, I don't understand," Barbet answered

Madeleine made a movement of her shoulders that, in another woman, would have been a shrug, but in her was a contraction of them, a pressing of them forward—one of her many smooth and gentle movements that gave an impression of graciousness, a graciousness of the body that belongs to coloured peoples and to certain great animals "Perhaps to annoy Plence," she answered then raised her eyebrows, took breath and smiled "No He despises Plence Perhaps because he likes you" Then she looked at Cugnot, who slept without sagging, alert, like a blind man erect in his chair "I expect it's because he wants to see her face"

"Her face?"

"You made him imagine it, you know You made me imagine it—though you didn't describe a feature"

Barbet was silent, and she said after a little while "There's not another man on earth who wouldn't have asked me then what I *imagined* All the others would have asked that"

"Would they?" said Barbet "It's no merit in me that I didn't. I wasn't being polite, you know I supposed that you had imagined her as she is"

She smiled "It's simple, isn't it?" and she inclined her head towards Cugnot "He's like that But in other ways he's complicated When he's painting, when I'm sitting for him—" She broke off "I'm his model, you know, as well as his mistress"

"But you have not always been a model?" Barbet said

"Certainly I wasn't born one," she replied "Now, shall I wake him?"

Cugnot believed that he had not been asleep

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and keep on until you come to the Hôtel de Ville; then you can cross the river at Notre-Dame." They went together no further than the square of the Innocents. There Barbet found in his pocket three francs and some smaller money and said good-bye. The boy returned to his work, and Barbet, looking up beyond the bas-reliefs of the fountain to the white morning sky, thought that he had been foolish to wander about all night in quest of Thérèse. By now, she had another life and would have forgotten him. He had assumed that she needed him, but now, as he came to the river, the simplicity of his mind was crossed, his confidence failed him, and he paused to watch a string of barges go down stream. I've lost sight of her, that's all, he said to himself. If ever she knew how I have spent to-night, she'd think I was a pretty fool. His eye followed the barges and the slow, bulging swirl of their wake. For a moment his mind was emptied of her. And yet, he thought, she isn't vanished She isn't in Marseilles. She's in Paris. To-night I have been close to her While we were wandering from café to café, if I had turned in suddenly at—but he could not see the turning; only the staircase, the first landing and the second and the third, and the room with three beds on one of which she was sitting, a coat wrapped round her and a bare foot thrust out with a mule dangling from the toe. The barges had turned out of sight and Barbet walked on across the river. Madame Bagnolet had given him a key and he let himself in. While he was winding his watch, he looked at his list of engagements for the day, then said his prayers I shall be saying them again in three hours, he thought. That's what comes of staying out all night, and he tucked his head into his pillow, curled himself into a ball, and went to sleep.

Chapter 3

NEXT DAY, WHEN AT NOON HE CAME IN FROM HIS work, Mademoiselle d Austerlitz rose from her desk to say that a lady had called upon him and left a note

Will you come to Cugnot's studio any time before six? I think we have news of her

MADELEINE VAUTHIER

He had a second appointment in the afternoon and came to Montmartre soon after five. Madeleine was alone

' Cugnot is at the Gare du Nord "

"The Gare du Nord? '

' He is painting it" She looked at a clock that had pheasants engraved on its face ' He ought to have been back by now "

You have news of Therese?"

Sit down " she said, and I will tell you about it. Do you mind if I try to draw you while we talk?

'Not at all' he answered ' I ought to be a good model Therese used to laugh at me because I have a habit of sitting still "

Madeleine was sharpening pencils She's very slow, Barbet thought to give me her news whatever it is Is she frightened of it? Has she heard that Therese is dead?"

If you have heard that she is dead, that will be wrong," he said

The pencil clicked into the ledge of the easel. "You are so sure?"

Oh yes, quite sure She is alive and in Paris."

Yes" Madeleine answered "she is alive and in Paris At least she was until very lately This morning, early, a girl came to the

door and insisted on seeing Cugnot An odd girl If she had been prosperous, she might have had a swagger of her own Not by nature a cringer or a tart, but now both, very poor and with a way of looking at you as if she expected you to hit her I thought she'd come for money So she had—but I thought she meant to blackmail Cugnot about something, and it wasn't that Do you remember, last night, we went to the Deux Lapins?"

"I'm vague about the names," said Barbet

"It was one of the first places we went to after leaving Plence. There were four girls sitting together in a corner—one with a black veil This girl came in and joined them after we had gone She heard we had been asking for Thérèse Despreux and she knew her address. She came here this morning to sell it"

"To sell it," Barbet repeated "Well, poor girl How much do I owe Monsieur Cugnot?"

"Five francs She wanted ten"

On this Barbet made no comment except "Did she give you her own address?"

"Of course she did I should leave her alone if I were you"

"Oh," said Barbet with a smile, 'I don't think I have anything to fear"

"You may think not, but that kind bites"

"Not me," Barbet answered 'They laugh at me, you know So do you and Monsieur Cugnot That's why you're so kind to me But that's no matter What did she say?'

Madeleine did not answer at once her pencil moved firmly on her paper, and Barbet, without shifting his head, let his eyes travel about the room "Well," Madeleine said at last, 'it's not easy I don't know what your interest may be in Thérèse Despreux, and—"

"That is simple, mademoiselle I love her She thinks that I—if she thinks of me at all, she thinks that I'm a kind comic fellow—the sort of provincial, you understand who is completely ignorant of the world I amuse her for that reason That is all"

"And are you ignorant of the world?'

'Not in the least I have been a soldier"

"That's just as well in the circumstances It makes it less hard to say what I have to say *This woman told us*—"

"Why do you speak of her so harshly, *mademoiselle*? After all—"

"After all—what?"

"Not long ago she was a very small child"

"Was she? I promise you she's forgotten it by now *Don't you* understand? She came here for money. She wouldn't write down the address until we gave it her"

"I expect she needed it," said Barbet. "And please," he continued, speaking with gentleness and consideration, "please believe that, *whatever* has happened to Thérèse, you need not hesitate to tell *me*. Whatever *she* had done, she remains the same human being"

The sheet of paper was tugged away from the drawing-pins. "I'm sorry I'm wasting your time I can't draw you now"

Last night Barbet had not been aware of the streak of hardness in Madeleine that she had exhibited in talking of the girl who had brought news of Thérèse, and he kept his eyes on her She stood at the window, looking out, her arms straight behind her, her fingers interlocked, her shoulders forced back, she spoke across her shoulder The girl, who was known as Annette, had lived with Thérèse on the third floor of a lodging house Formerly Thérèse had been employed in several café-concerts and petty music-halls, sometimes in the programme, sometimes as a dresser or odd-job woman on the side of the stage, sometimes as waitress or ouvreuse Annette, too, had done work of the same kind when she could get it, but whether her job was or was not connected with the stage made no odds to her, there had been a dressmaker who employed her and she earned, on the side, at a maison de passe. Thérèse clung to the stage at all costs Annette had told her she'd get ill and die, but she said "Leave me alone! I'll live in my own way and my way is in the theatre. The rest isn't real"

"And what did she live on meanwhile?" Barbet asked. "I suppose she put by a little to tide her over between jobs?"

"Perhaps." Madeleine raised incredulous eyebrows "But it is

as well to face the probabilities. You know how Annette earned her pocket-money."

Barbet was silent. Then he asked whether Annette was still living with Thérèse.

"She was until six weeks ago. Then she was offered four weeks as a dancer in a touring chorus."

"And since she came back?"

"She hasn't seen Thérèse."

"Why not?"

"I asked that. She said: 'She was ill when I left.' "

"Is that a reason?"

"She said," Madeleine answered, with her eyes on Barbet's face, "that she thought Thérèse might be dead."

"Still," said Barbet, "I don't understand."

"Don't you? Annette deserted her. And that's not all"

"What more?" Barbet asked steadily.

"She had money that belonged to Thérèse."

"Did she admit that?"

"When I guessed it, she did. She howled like a coward, then admitted it. All the pleasures of confession! Forty-one francs. She said it was borrowed. . . . And now, I suppose, you will still say that it's not long since that woman was a very small child!"

"Oddly enough," said Barbet, "I don't think Thérèse would hate or despise her. Why do you smile?"

"You endow your Thérèse with your own qualities, Monsieur Hazard. Do you really imagine for example that this girl you love has been living in chastity since you last saw her?"

"Good heavens, no," said Barbet. "But that doesn't say she'd *despise or hate a woman for stealing forty-one francs* . . . Or that she sold herself."

"And if you found that she had sold herself—that she went to the same house as Annette—"

"Did Annette say that?"

"On the contrary, she said that Thérèse had a catchword—"

" 'Not for money. Not for a contract,' " said Barbet. "It's an interesting rule, isn't it?"

"And suppose she broke it? What effect would it have on you?'

'On me? That isn't the question And yet," he added, "perhaps it is. Perhaps it is a question I may have to answer You see, mademoiselle, I am not at all a saint, certainly not an ascetic, though I live plainly enough as a matter of taste, but I try to take the simplest possible view of everything and not to be shocked by myself or by anyone else." He picked up from the floor the piece of paper on which the drawing of him had been begun "It is true, then—I do look like a water-spaniel Finish it some day, mademoiselle." He put the paper into her hands "You think that Monsieur Cugnot will be in before long?"

'Are you waiting for him?"

'I thought I should like to thank him"

'Is that why you have been talking to me all this time?' Madeleine smiled. 'Good heavens, I shall never understand you! Look, here is your Therèse's address, Rue Lilas—somewhere between the Rue La Bruyère and the Rue Notre-Dame de Lorette. You must ask'

"Did you say the Rue La Bruyère?"

'Why does that surprise you?'

'It doesn't I must have passed very close to the Rue Lilas last night And may I have the other address?'

Annette?"

Please, if I may Here are the five francs."

She took from his hand the piece of paper she had given him and wrote on it again

God protect you,' she said. 'I expect He will."

When Annette heard that he had come from Cugnot's studio, she was frightened into a stream of words.

"She's no better than I am. It's she who says I stole the money, but it's not true It's not true. You have no proof"

'Were you fond of Therèse?' Barbet asked

"Of Therèse? I wasn't speaking of her I meant Cugnot's girl"

'I know Shall we forget her? Tell me about Therèse.'

What do you want to know?"

"Was she ever hungry?"

"We both were"

"Any friends?"

"Oh, she had friends They weren't any good though She wouldn't take anything except a meal now and then And she always made herself out worse than she was Just when a fellow was beginning to feel responsible for her, she'd go off with another —and say so, too And often," Annette added, "when they wanted her to come to a meal, she'd make them ask me too That was generally the end of it What's more, she meant it to be"

"But you were fond of her?"

"Fond of her? What a queer chap you are 'Fond'—what d you think I am—her sister? I was mad about her if that's what you mean" Annette paused, picked up a stocking she had been darning and laid it down again "So you see," she went on, "after the affair with the money, I had to go I thought I could pay it back I spent part of it on things for her—I swear I did That made it worse, she thought I was giving her a present and I let her So, when I couldn't pay back, I had to go, hadn't I? I suppose she found afterwards that it was gone There was a loose tile 'That's the last to fall back on,' she'd say I suppose she went for the money after I'd gone"

"There it is," Barbet said, counting it out on to the seat of a wooden chair "Forty-one francs"

"But I can't take it to her now!" said Annette

"Yes, you can"

"I can't What should I say?"

"Talk to her about other things and leave the money"

"But she'd ask First thing she'd say—"

"No," Barbet answered, "you know that's not true You forget, I've known Therese since she was a child She has no malice It's almost a fault in her And anyhow," he added with a smile, "she'd be much too curious to see what *you* were going to say to help you by giving you a cue"

"You're very clever, no doubt," Annette replied "But I warn you—you'd better put that money back into your pocket I warn you"

"I'll take the risk," said Barbet

He said good bye to Annette, made his way down her stairs, and, once in the street, took off his hat and wiped his forehead Rue Lilas. Well, he thought, it has a pretty name anyway, and set out On the way he bought some grapes, a bottle of red wine, a corkscrew, a loaf of bread, some sausage and a basket to carry them in And now, he said to himself, something quite useless, it will please her more than food or drink, besides, she may not need food or drink. Flowers? He had not hands enough to carry them, but he saw in a junk-shop a small box with lilies of the valley enamelled on its lid and this he could slip into his waistcoat pocket. The man in the shop said it was a patch box That ought to be useless enough, Barbet thought as he marched off with it, and he took it out in the street, unable to deny himself the pleasure of unwrapping it and studying the enamelled lilies, hoping they would please her

It was almost at the spot where the vegetables had fallen from the boy's cart that he turned out of the Rue La Bruyère. Rue Lilas, Number Ten, was a tall, narrow house, very dark, that smelt of onions and wet clothes. A fat child carrying a pail told him that Despreux lived on the third landing, but was out

"Out? She's not ill, then?"

"She's out," the child repeated and went off with her pail.

Barbet made the journey of the stairs, glad of his basket which would make their meeting easy There would be no need for either of them to speak while she took out the contents, her head would be bent over the basket and he would stand aside saying nothing and looking at the top of her head. On the third landing he stopped His heart was beating, there was the same tightness about his heart that there had been when his father had taken him to a bull fight at Nimes. In a moment, he thought, her hand will take the basket, and he held it out in the air, as though he were offering it to her He remembered that the child had said that Despreux was out, but did not believe it When he knocked on the door her voice would answer

He knocked

"Who's there?"

"Barbet"

"Who? What do you want? Why in heaven's name can't I be left alone?"

He knocked again "Thérèse It's me It's Barbet—Barbet Hazard"

This time she heard He knew that she became rigid and listened Then she came across the room—but how slowly! The key turned in the lock, the door opened

"You!"

"Thérèse . May I come in?"

"I suppose so" She turned her back on him, advanced a few paces, and sat down clumsily on one of the three beds that the room contained

"Well," she said, "what have you come for?"

"To see you"

"Not much worth seeing"

Her eyes moved suddenly from Barbet's face Their gaze was directed towards the wall on his left and, having rested there a little while, moved to the tin wash stand, then to the ripped and sagging wall-paper that surrounded a pipe to which a stove had formerly been attached, then to each of the two bedsteads, naked to their rusty springs, opposite the bed on which she herself was seated There was nothing furtive or hasty in her gaze, nothing ashamed—only an intense and almost impersonal curiosity as though, in another self that Barbet's presence had evoked, she were watching herself in this scene, and she began to smile and said "Well? What do you think of her? She hasn't been a success, has she? Not that it matters. But tell me," she added, "how the devil did you run me to earth?"

"I'll tell you about that if you'll come out and eat with me *Or* would you rather eat here?"

"Here?"

He presented his basket and she laughed aloud "What did you think? Did you think I was starving?" But she took the basket on to her lap and began to unpack it He watched her hands moving and the top of her head As soon as she came upon grapes, she laid a bunch in her left palm and began to eat "Oh, I'm hungry!" she

exclaimed "But I'm not starving, you know. I'm sorry—but really I'm not! Just ordinary hungry I've been out looking for a job. Couldn't we eat here? That's what I should like. I don't want to go out again yet. Let's eat here and afterwards go to a café and talk I'm glad you came I didn't think I was, but I am!" At this she came upon the corkscrew "It's new Did you buy it?"

"I thought you might not have one"

Her eyebrows went up, her lips were pressed together; she made her face of a clown "When will you know me, I wonder?" And while both his hands were occupied with corkscrew and bottle, she put her arm round him and laid her face for a moment against the side of his head as though she were caressing a dog "Well," she said, taking plates out of a cupboard in the wall, "your hair still grows the same way That's something certain in a doubtful world"

They ate the food he had brought and shared the bottle of wine Meanwhile he tried to tell her of his adventures of last night, but could not hold her attention She wanted him to tell her of Roussignac. Did Anton take as much at the Cheval Pie as had been taken in her day? No? Good, and what had become of Frederic? Was he still alive? Yes? Good

"I expect they think I've gone grand and that that is why I haven't sent any money for so long? Is that what they think?"

"No, Therese."

She was indignant. "Oh, so they think I've failed, do they? They think that They'll soon learn better I've been ill, that's all It's not easy to get started again. But once I get a start—"

"That's what I was trying to tell you about," Barbet put in "Last night I met a man called Cugnot. Do you know him by any chance?"

"When I've made these fools listen to me," Therèse exclaimed, "when at *last* they wake up and see me and blink their eyes to the tune of fifteen hundred francs a week, then I'll come to Roussignac—no, I won't, I'll go to Angoulême and sing there and all of you in Roussignac shall come to me. Victor will come, and I'll sing *at* him I know the song! I'll sing at *him* till he wriggles in his seat, and then I'll blow him out of it."

Barbet waited patiently "I wish you liked people Then they'd like you"

"I? Like people? I like almost everything if it has a taste"

"I said people—not things"

"I like people too when they aren't stupid"

"Then perhaps you'd like Cugnot"

"Should I? Listen I want to tell you something, then you'll understand what I mean by stupid I went to a place this afternoon to try and get work I had sung there before They knew me. And I knew they had a gap in their programme But it was Eve Charreton who got the job Do you know why? Because she grovels to them Because in all her life she has never had one idea of her own She's polite She's *tactful* She has only one word in her vocabulary and that is 'Yes' She sings, she dances, she thinks—she does everything like an affable, well oiled machine—oily with compromise! Oh dear," said Thérèse, "I like the woman too That's odd, isn't it? I'm sorry *What were you saying of Cugnot?*"

What appeared chiefly to interest her in Barbet's tale was not the individuality of Cugnot, which interested him, but the idea of Barbet's being in the Écurie at all

"How did it happen? Strangers who wander in there except on special nights are usually—*well, made to know that they are strangers* What did you do? Just walk in as if the place belonged to you and order a cognac?"

"I did order a cognac," said Barbet A swift astonished smile spread on his face "And do you know, I forgot to drink it! It never entered my mind until this moment When Cugnot appeared, waving his arms, I must have put it down somewhere, and after that—"

"Never mind Someone else will have drunk it for you"

"But I didn't pay for it either!"

Thérèse refilled his glass "I shall call you Daniel" she said "You'd be at home in a lion's den And if they put you into a burning fiery furnace, you'd stroll about like the Shadrach trio and not a tuft of your hair would be singed And if they shut you up in a Roman prison, you'd just walk out What is Plence like? I've never

met him It's a kind of côterie, that place—with fringes. Once I was on the fringe but I didn't get in Has he eyes like saucers? Has he eyes like great round towers?"

"In fact," said Barbet, 'he has eyes like a very small pig's"

"What did you two talk about? What could you? You don't talk the same language"

"Oh yes we do We talked about you"

"Me? To Plence? He's never heard of me"

"He hadn't. He has now"

'Now tell me," said Therese, stiff with suspicion, "what have you been saying?"

Barbet thought that he had completely forgotten what he had said on the astonishing occasion when he had heard himself become eloquent in the Écurie Plence, but now he remembered not only the substance of his comment on Thérèse but a great part of the words in which it had been expressed, and he began to say them as if he were reading from a book and reading badly Having begun, he could not stop, though the heart had gone out of his speech long before it ended He had expected that his opinions would be violently attacked even that he would be interrupted, but Therese waited until he was done, then said, in a tone of moderation "I could tell you why you are wrong," and was surprisingly silent

He left his argument there and was glad to leave it. She had changed and the change in her was invalidating his criticism

"What are you thinking?' she asked "Why are you laughing at me? Why do you always smile at me like that when I'm serious?"

Before he could answer, her head swung round An envelope was appearing under the door She watched it move and watched it after it was still Footsteps retreated

"That ought to make one curious," she said "It doesn't though," and she stared at the envelope without moving "Oh, Barbet," she said, 'I do so want to do ordinary things again. Is the river still there?"

'Why did you say that then?"

She looked at the envelope. "Things coming in on me, I suppose."

Barbet waited patiently "I wish you liked people Then they'd like you"

"I? Like people? I like almost everything if it has a taste

'I said people—not things'

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"Forty-eight fifty?" said Barbet in surprise.

Thérèse recounted on her fingers "With what I have. . . This is forty-one . . . Now let's go to Cugnot" But she sat on her bed again "I am tired It's true. I was hungry, you know." She gazed at him "If I had known an hour ago that you would be perched on that chair—well . And forty-one francs come home like a pigeon! . . . I always thought you were my mascot" She broke off her chatter and looked at him seriously "I was your mascot once," she said "I fished you out of the water. Do you remember my *albatross*?"

"I didn't understand about the albatross," Barbet confessed.

"Never mind," she said, "never mind Albatrosses are special. Albatrosses are a *thing* On the way to Cugnot, I'll stand my mascot a drink Where does he live—Cugnot, I mean?"

"Are you ill, Thérèse? Really ill, I mean"

"No I was I'm not now. But I haven't a job and that makes me want to—"

"To—what?"

She shook her head and turned the subject "Do you know," she said, "*why* I'm arrogant? It's because my art is a second hand art It isn't like writing poetry or composing music. That is going on a voyage, my job isn't and I—"

"Thérèse, do something I ask without questioning it?"

"Yes"

"Two things"

"Yes"

"Come this evening—now, I mean, and see Cugnot"

"What will happen then?"

"Plence"

"I see Good Yes And the other thing?"

"One day before I leave Paris—to-morrow or the next day—come on the river with me"

She was puzzled—then understood "For a voyage—by bateau mouche?"

"We could go up river to Charenton or down river to Auteuil"

"I should like that It would be a change" She looked slowly round the room "You are a funny person I talk grandly about poetry and music and voyages, and you suggest the bateaux mouches. You are more unlike me than anyone else More unlike than anyone in the whole world And yet we're the same person Why are we?"

"Well," said Barbet, "so many people stand on their dignity—like Naaman They swear that nothing is any good to them except the rivers of Damascus You and I both take the nearest river—the Jordan or the Seine"

"That's because I always enjoy myself wherever I am," said Thérèse defiantly

"Does that mean that you are happy?"

"I didn't say that I said I enjoyed myself" She walked across the room, picked up the letter and opened it 'Well, I didn't think I should ever see that again . . . Forty-eight francs fifty"

belief in voyages was not an isolated faith, "you can say what you like, but for me this is the Pacific Ocean"

'No,' said the little girl without turning her head, "it is the Mediterranean Sea." She stretched out an arm with so much energy that the sun shook on her finger-nail "And over there," she exclaimed, 'is Fréjus.'

An old gentleman, who had been standing a yard away but so still that Thérèse had not noticed him, now turned and lifted his hat. Even this was an effort to him, his fingers groped for the brim, it was as if a wax figure had come jerkily to life, and, when the hat was off, it required too much effort of him to put it on again

You must forgive her, mademoiselle She is my great grand-daughter It is not her fault that I am so old"

'He was twenty-one,' the child asserted

She means, mademoiselle, that I was twenty one at that time." And before Therèse could speak, he added "No, no, it is not impossible And now what they are talking of is Tonkin I ask you what has a Republic to do in Tonkin? " His bowler was in *his hand* and he stared at it with surprise. 'On that occasion I had, of course, a white cockade in my shako I remember tearing it out" He clasped his fingers and neatly plucked an invisible cockade out of his bowler hat.

Wave it round your head, grandpapa! Wave it round your head!" the child commanded, and he waved it slowly, on a stiff arm, at the level of his tie And now? What do you say now? Say it, grandpapa!

He shook his head

But you always do. Have you forgotten?'

No he answered, I have not forgotten. But you see, Andrée, this lady may not agree with us." He looked at Therese. Something in her face encouraged him. 'And yet, after all," he said, "it's a spring morning and this is still called the Pont d'Austerlitz It pleases the child mademoiselle, to hear me say—but you must not shout about it Andrée, you must be quiet!'

To hear you say what, monsieur?"

Tell her, tell her'

Chapter 4

IT WAS ARRANGED THAT, ON THE DAY OF THEIR voyage, Thérèse was to take a boat from the Pont d'Austerlitz on the right bank as nearly as possible at eleven o'clock; Barbet, coming from the Jardin des Plantes, would wait on the pontoon of the Pont d'Austerlitz on the left bank; when she appeared, he would join her.

Because he would wait so patiently, she was determined not to keep him waiting, and reached the Pont d'Austerlitz at twenty minutes to eleven. Should she take an earlier boat and, having crossed the river, wait, and let him find her on his own pontoon? But she decided to stay where she was. She had imagined herself, as the boat crossed the river, leaning over the rail and waving to him. She had imagined that, when he recognized her, he would clutch at the handkerchief in his breast pocket and flourish it in the air. Well, so it should be. She wouldn't cross the river until eleven had struck. She would stay where she was.

And she was content. It had been a chilly Easter—or so it had seemed to her, *for her illness had been lingering then*—but now spring was in the chestnut-trees and small, fat clouds were floating in the sky like the puffs of a royal salute. She went down the gangway on to the pontoon, which rocked enough in the river's movement to change the pressure of her feet from right to left, from left to right, and to give a little twist now and then to the heels of her shoes. She began to smile because she couldn't prevent herself from swaying to and fro, and she said to a little girl who was leaning over the railings:

"It's like the Pacific, isn't it?"

"No," said the little girl, "it is the Mediterranean Sea."

"Well," said Thérèse, delighted to find that her own and Barbet's

his hat And I said to myself I shall remember, and I do remember"

"And you shouted—?"

"Vive l'Empereur!"

"And that night at Grenoble? Go on, go on"

"That night at Grenoble there was a woman singing—no, no, Andrée, you must not sing it here."

But the child sang it

> "'*Bon! Bon!*
> *Napoléon*
> *Va rentrer dans sa maison*'"

Thérèse, her eyes shining, her voice hushed and deepened by the joys of conspiracy, sang it with her They joined hands and danced together

"That," said Thérèse, a little breathless, "gives me an idea for a song Thank you, monsieur Songs are my job, you know This is my lucky day" And she began experimentally to feel her way into a little verse with Barbet's name in it but the form and turn of the child's song The rhymes were haphazard but they would come "Va rentrer dans sa maison!" she concluded "If I can get it right, that song goes everywhere. You can sing it about all the world—living or dying"

"And who is Barbet, mademoiselle?"

"You, me, everyone. What France is and what the French laugh at—at least, they will if I can make them He can be the subject of twenty songs—all different!"

"Where is Monsieur Barbet?" asked the little girl

"Over there Across the river Or he will be soon"

"Then you will be taking this boat," said the soldier of the Fifth

"Not this one The next He's not there yet"

"Au revoir, then mademoiselle I wish you luck in the Pacific."

"And I you, monsieur, in the Mediterranean Sea."

They bowed. They smiled.

"Please, who are you?" said the little girl

"Thérèse Despreux."

"Ah, but Andrée, you have heard it so often before You see," he added, "it happens that I was one of the Fifth Our officer didn't know what to do There they came round a bend in the road and our job was to stop them We were a battalion—right across the road, too The man next to me saw the bearskins 'It's the Guard!' he said. A few Lancers too But even then I didn't see the Emperor When the Lancers came up, we were turned about and began to retreat, but the horses were clattering in our rear Our officer kept looking behind him, he didn't like it, he didn't like it a bit—and I don't wonder, but at last he made up his mind We halted and turned, bayonets fixed And there we stood Then I saw him. Not up to my shoulder—black hat and all The Guard had reversed their arms and he came walking out of them My uncle had told me 'In Russia, the wounded stopped groaning when he rode past' We were silent too There were two birds squabbling in the road, making the dust fly Someone shouted 'Fire! Fire!' Twice If it had been said *once*, some of us would have let off Twice was too much, more a scream than an order, no one stirred Then he stopped 'Men of the—' "

"And what were you thinking about?' the child prompted "You've forgotten that"

The old man was embarrassed "Your memory is too good, Andrée The lady wouldn t be interested in that"

"Wouldn't she? *I think it's the most interesting part*"

"Well," said he, "you will excuse me, mademoiselle, the child will have the whole story But I had been marching, I had been marching a long time, and, since the child will have it, I was thinking that my breeches were too tight in the seat They work up, you know" Then he resumed his narrative " 'Men of the Fifth,' the Emperor said, and then some more I didn't hear He was opening his greatcoat and I saw the green one underneath 'If there is one of you who would kill his Emperor, here I am' That is how to talk to Frenchmen, mademoiselle—the Guard behind you with their arms reversed We came round him We touched him We touched the Emperor, we touched the Revolution, you understand They touched his sword, his boots, and I said to myself I will touch his hat, and I touched

his hat And I said to myself I shall remember, and I do remember"

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"And I you, monsieur, in the Mediterranean Sea."

They bowed. They smiled

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"Thérèse Despreux."

"Are you famous? May I touch you?"

The boat came and went with a great rocking of the pontoon and Thérèse was alone again Everything is changed when one is happy everything except the knowledge that to be happy is a kind of madness, that sanity will return as clouds return, that the instant is a gleam—you stretch out your hands to feel the sun on them and you say there is the sun, I feel it I am happy I am alive Thérèse stretched out her hands and turned them in the sun She walked into the little shelter that stood on the pontoon Though its sides were open, a stuffiness of old tar clung to it She liked the smell and sniffed it She liked the foolish, friendly advertisements with which the shelter was plastered and read them again and again as though they were personal to her and would not have been there, or would have been in some way different if yesterday her fortunes had not suddenly taken a turn, if she had not seen Plence and captured him if she—if to-day were not set apart for her voyage with Barbet One of them was an omen There were omens everywhere The old man had been an omen—Bon! bon! Napoléon—but this placard for pianos was pointing the finger of fortune at her "Pianos A Bord" A familiar piano, made by the industrious gentleman of that name But to-day it ought to have meant, and for a fantastic instant it did mean, that there would be a piano on board the steamboat and that she and Barbet would make their voyage to music

Other intending passengers gathered on the pontoon When the steamer came, it had begun already to be crowded Thérèse found a place forward on the port side and before the river was half crossed became aware of a young man with small fluffy whiskers who was hovering near her He supposed that she was alone and it amused her that he should for a minute or two continue to suppose it Therefore, when he smiled and plucked up courage to say it was a fine morning, she agreed with the utmost friendliness To-day she was exempt from men, she liked them the better for it, and at this young man, who had elbowed his way to her side like a shy puppy determined to be noticed, she looked without any emotion except of liking for another human being with a gay voice and the sun in his eyes What surprised her was his response He seemed to become aware at

once that the adventure he had planned with her would come to nothing His glance came down to inquire what rings she was wearing and returned to her face, baffled by her gloves He decided that he had made a mistake, and strove to apologize without too foolishly confessing a need for apology

"Well," she said to help him, "why should you think you are intruding? It's your spring day as well as mine."

"Yes, madame, but you see I—"

"You wanted someone to share it with you? That isn't unpardonable"

"No, madame You are very kind But, you see, I—I'm afraid I—"

"I wish you'd tell me something"

"If I can, of course I—"

"Why did you hit on me? No, tell me My nose, my eyes, my hat—what was it?"

He took a breath. "It was your back, madame."

"Ah! now you're telling me the truth. And what made you change your mind? You did change your mind quite suddenly Why *did you* decide that I wouldn't do?"

"Madame, it wasn't that! It was only—"

"What made you decide that I didn't *want* to do?"

He threw up his hands. "My God, you are like the Recording Angel!"

"Angel will do," she said "Now answer my question"

"It was—it was—I don't know"

"Yes, you do Did I look married?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Or betrothed?"

He smiled

"Or a nun?"

"I will tell you," he cried "I will tell you It was that you were so friendly, so easy, you looked so happy, so content that I—"

"Content," she repeated. "Happy— And you are not, monsieur?"

At once he fell in love with her and began to tell her the story of his life.

"Now listen," she said "I like you Good bye"

As the steamer approached the left bank, those who were waiting for it on the pontoon began to move aimlessly, a step in one direction, a step in another, and Barbet appeared among them because he was still While they hustled their way up the gangway, he waited then followed them

"What are you smiling at?" Thérèse asked

"It's in your face that you have good news"

"Good heavens, what has happened to my face? It seems to be giving everything away this morning" She looked into his eyes. 'Is it really a different face from the one you found in the Rue Lilas?

"Certainly it is You have had a long night's sleep, and you went to sleep looking forward to to day Isn't that true?"

"That's because I was coming with you on a voyage," she answered "That's because I like being taken charge of I hope you are going to pay for everything Are you? Then it's a real holiday Oh, and there is good news too"

Houses, grey and dirty cream and sepia, flowed in and out of sight as the steamer plodded on down the river The domes of Paris shone, wheeled, vanished and appeared again The sooty arch of a bridge, blotting out the sunshine for an instant, turned all faces upward, to be dazzled, a moment later, by the keen and chalky blue of the sky Meanwhile she told him her news Cugnot had taken her to Plence Plence had been tired and sceptical but had given her an audition She had sung, told stories, performed a monologue.

"A monologue?"

"Well, a kind of play, but all the other actors are made of air I did one about a lodging with three beds in it I am a shop-girl I come in very late. The other two are in bed I begin to talk about the people who come to the shop I work in—the women, and the men they bring with them—and the others talk about men too, only you don't hear what they say—you guess that from my answers, and then—"

"Who wrote it?"

"No one wrote it It isn't written But I made it up It varies a

bit each time. There are dozens more—long ones, short ones—politics, tarts, mashers, washerwomen, thieves You see, I can listen I know how they speak. I can tell Paris things about itself Plence asked me what I called my monologues They hadn't a name, I had to make one up So I said 'They're called Petits Chevaux, after the Écurie Anyhow they will be if you give me a job' He didn't say anything to that. I thought he might have smiled, but he didn't. You're quite right. His eyes do *look* like a very small pig's, but they are a connoisseur's eyes. It's like the first time you strip for a painter, only for Plence you don't need to strip He made me go on and on 'More,' he said 'More. Another song' Then he stood up and said to Cugnot 'Well, the Grand Prix?' and to me he said 'Good' He made a little cup with his hand. 'You can have Paris,' he said and his fingers closed Then at last he did smile. 'But no one knows it yet,' he said 'That's where I come in Now sit down there. You can appear at the Théâtre Plence six nights a week' I said 'But it's not open six nights a week.' 'It will be now,' he said 'I'll gamble on you, young woman' He offered me a month's engagement and twenty f[illegible] ion In the [illegible] After that [illegible] we had drinks. Cugnot's girl came in to look for him I took fifty francs advance off Plence He liked that Then I paid for drinks. He liked that too I didn't think he'd let me pay for them in his own place—but he did Those little piggy eyes! We understand each other, Plence and I I can work for him He appreciates me Are you glad?"

'I'm very proud, Thérèse."

'Proud? You do say queer things. You make me feel as if I were a schoolgirl who had come home with a prize. And yet," she added, "You're only ten years older than I am."

Anyhow said Barbet, having won your prize, you can enjoy your holiday

It was among the pleasures of their journey that it was slow and that no limit to it was prescribed. They had spoken of going to the Pont du Jour and so into the Bois de Boulogne, but before they reached the Tuileries they heard that they might without delay have

another steamer there which would take them beyond Auteuil to St. Cloud or Suresnes, and at Barbet's suggestion they changed into it.

"Why did you suddenly decide against Auteuil?" Therese asked "Don't you like it?"

"There's nothing against Auteuil," he answered, "but I wanted to go on I have never been by river round the bend at Sevres And anyhow," he added, "I wanted to go on Some day we'll do it differently We will start by train and go to Bougival or St Germain or Mantes and find a boat there But to-day—you know, Thérèse, I was afraid you'd hate the bateaux-mouches, the crowd, the staring and stopping, and—"

"I have a friend," she said, "who owns barges If we went in a barge and took long enough we could go by water all the way to Rouen, and then we could find a steamer and go to Le Havre and then we could find another steamer and go to America, and when we were tired of America we should meet a magician who gave us *one wish At first nothing would happen, and then*—and then we should find ourselves in this little boat opposite the Trocadero Why are you happy, Barbet?"

"Well," he answered with surprise, "in the first place we are in *this little boat opposite the Trocadero, in the second place*, it's a fine day, in the third—"

"No," she interrupted, "I don't mean now—not *now* particularly I mean, why are you a happy man?

"Look," he said, pointing over the side. "Do you see *that*?"

"The river?"

"I mean the wake It's all the same to me whether it's an Atlantic liner or a bateau mouche I like being able to leave things behind Not to be entangled"

"By women?"

He raised his shoulders "Or anything else Property Ambition—"

"I'm ambitious," she said "I'm greedy, I suppose *You're* lucky Your life is all made for you You haven't anything to be ambitious about Are you celibate too?"

"For some time I have been in practice," he answered with a smile 'But I'm not in theory a celibate, if that's what you mean."

Nor am I," she said, her eyes smiling "You don't hate me for it?"

'No, Thérese."

'But you'd think more of me if I were in practice? No, you needn't answer that. No! No! No!' she added when she saw his lips moving I don't want you to answer it. Not this morning anyway'

At St Cloud they hesitated The steamer would go on to Suresnes and they were sorry to leave it, but Thérese's hunger decided them and soon they were seated in an open pergola at the riverside eating small fish from the Seine When their meal was over and their coffee finished, they ordered more coffee as an excuse to sit longer at their pink-check tablecloth and watch the leaf-shadows flicker on their plates but presently Therèse stretched herself and said 'I feel well to-day Let's walk Can we walk? I feel so well I don't know what to do with it.

'Keep it Therese'

She stood beside the table, her limbs taut, her face alight. "I don't want to *keep* anything I want to spend it. In fifty years' time, where shall I be?

To this he made no answer, for with the girl who waited on him he had been discussing the further reaches of the Seine—whether there were steamers to be had down river—and she had answered that there was none until you came to Rouen whence you might go by water to Le Havre

Nothing between Suresnes and Rouen?" Barbet had said, and the girl had answered well, there might be an odd steamer here and there she would ask the proprietor, and now he had come out with the bill and a piece of blue paper on which was written in a flourishing roundhand Horaire des Paquebots."

Then there is a morning boat from Mantes to Vernon," Barbet said. "The question is how to get to Mantes."

"To-day?" said Thérèse "We can't go to Mantes to-day And anyhow this isn't the morning"

"But we could to-morrow"

"To-morrow! To-morrow! To morrow!" she exclaimed

"There is only one way to Mantes, monsieur You take the train from the Gare St Lazare," said the owner of the restaurant, gathering up Barbet's money "Afterwards it is a charming voyage, mademoiselle, and worth the journey I have made it myself many a time Until two years ago—until my wife died—we lived at Mantes She was born there Here, yes, it is pretty, it is gay—but the river at Mantes and Vernon—ah, that is something to remember The steamer is not large, but she is enchanting If you are on the bank you hear her coming because the young men play their mandolins Instead of a figure-head she has a great S with a line across it and her name is Gabrielle—Gabrielle d'Estrées And the skipper, his name is Henri, we called him Henri Quatre Tell him, mademoiselle, that you are a friend of mine and he will let you work the engine room telegraph"

They made their way out of the restaurant and into the park of St Cloud

"Last time I was here, the château was standing," Barbet said, looking about him for remembrances of the past

"Where has it gone?' said Thérèse, and Barbet told her that it had not been spirited away, it had been burned in '70, but she did not listen, she was living in the hour and stopped and threw up her head to sweep with her eyes the avenue of chestnuts, as though the sky were her canvas and she painting them

"The great fountain isn't playing!" she exclaimed and turned away from it in indignation, but as they went up the path dividing the cascade, she said, from a long silence

"I wonder whether he will?'

"Who? What?"

She was surprised that his thought had not marched with hers "Mantes Henri Quatre Do you think he will let me work the engine-room telegraph? When shall we go to Mantes, Barbet?"

"I thought you hated plans?'

"This isn't a plan—it's a resolve It's more than a resolve—it's certain, it has almost happened. Do you ever feel that? I felt it while he was talking Sometimes people tell you about places and you know you won't ever go there and so you don't listen That's why I could never learn geography But sometimes you know you will Then it becomes important I suppose I'm being selfish and arrogant? Am I?"

"Well," Barbet said, "there's a kind of genius that selects from life what it can use and spits out everything else"

She laughed at him "Is there another kind?"

"I think there is"

After hesitation, she answered "You mean the genius that knows how to be used, and is proud and humble at the same time"

"Do you despise it, Therese?"

"No," she said "I'm not a fool But it's not for me Why should I let people use me—Plence, for instance? That's what I call taking it lying down I can't take life *lying down* Of course he can use me now I don't mind That's part of the game But *gradually*, because I m alner than he is, I shall use him more and *more, and* some day— Her mind shifted "While the man was talking," *she* continued abruptly, "I saw that steamer quite clearly I could draw *the landing stage* for you and he didn't even mention that It's *no good saying* we shan t go there, because we shall When shall we?"

"Three days from now"

"But Barbet, oughtn't you to have work to do?"

"That will be a Sunday—the day before I go south again"

Therese counted on her *fingers* "Friday, Saturday, Sunday When I wake up on Sunday, *the first thing* that will come into my head will be—do you know that too? You're just awake enough to know you re happy but *not* yet *to* know why And I shall say to myself Barbet s still in Paris. I have a job And then I shall say This morning I am going to Mantes for the first time, for the *first* time!"

"What do you *mean*, Thérèse?"

"Only that it's important."

"What is?"

"Mantes Some day, when I'm very famous and dead, someone will write about me 'That Sunday she went to Mantes for the first time' Will you keep that piece of paper?'

"Which piece of paper?'

"'Horaire des Paquebots'" He took it from his pocket and offered it to her "No," she said "I want *you* to keep it Keep it with that letter of mine you bought from Hurtaux Is that arrogant too? I believe in helping one's biographer—Napoleon did Poor boy, think of him, sitting at a table fifty years from now with a pen in his hand and maps of Paris all round him and photographs and notes and the *words* of songs and—he won't have a chance He won't even have been to *bed* with me! He won't know what the Cheval Pie smelt like and if you don't know smells you don't really know any thing And now," she said, "I m tired of fountains and waterworks and terraces and views of Paris I want to go over there, beyond those trees Do you see that copse with two poplars in the middle like a rabbit's ears? I want to go there and sleep I'm tired"

They went to the place she had chosen and lay down there, not in the shade but in the full sun She lay on her back, her face covered by an arm thrown up

"Even with you," she said, "I tear myself to pieces, talking and talking I hear myself talking I don't really care about my biog rapher But I say I do, and I hear myself say it, and I can't stop I want you to keep the piece of paper, but not for that reason And the bit about smells *was* true! That is why this afternoon is different from any other afternoon There's a bonfire somewhere, and bonfires are autumn and this is spring Now, you talk to me"

She lifted her head, blinked in the sun and gazed at him

"Talk to me," she said 'You can tell me the truth if you like, though even you make me angry when you disagree with me Tell me a story Or tell me about birds Or why you're not dull even when you say nothing Or why you're not afraid and I am"

"What are you afraid of, Thérèse?'

"I'm not afraid," she cried, sitting upright "I didn't say that Yes, I did, I did, I did I'm afraid because there are two of me, and

they go about joined, except sometimes when I'm asleep. I shall go to sleep now."

She lay down and he was silent. When he thought that, under her covering arm, she was already asleep, she said:

"Say aloud the poem I know best in the world."

"Which, Thérèse?"

"About voyages."

He began: *"Heureux qui, comme Ulysse—"*

"But I suppose," she said sleepily, "that isn't really about a voyage. It's not about Gabrielle d'Estrées. It's about coming home again."

"That is what all voyages are about," he answered.

"Perhaps they are. Say it, then."

"Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage,
Ou comme cestuy là qui conquist la Toison,
Et puis est retourné plein d'usage et raison
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son aage!

"Quand revoiray-je, hélas! de mon petit village
Fumer la cheminée, et en quelle saison
Revoiray-je le clos de ma pauvre maison,
Qui m'est une province, et beaucoup d'avantage?

"Plus me plaist le sejour qu'ont basty mes ayeux,
Que des palais romains le front audacieux:
Plus que le marbre dur me plaist l'ardoise fine,

Plus mon Loyre gaulois que le Tybre latin,
Plus mon petit Lyré, que le mont Palatin,
Et plus que l'air marin la doulceur angevine."

When it was done, he believed again that she was asleep.

"You won't go?" she said, stretching out a hand to touch him.

"No."

"You will be here when I wake up?"

"Yes, Thérèse."

"Mantes Some day, when I'm very famous and dead, someone will write about me 'That Sunday she went to Mantes for the first time' Will you keep that piece of paper?"

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Chapter 5

"I LIKE THE MAN," SAID MADELEINE, "AND I DON'T want the girl to make a fool of him"

Cugnot, on the edge of his model-throne, cleaning his brushes in preparation for an afternoon's work, answered that she could be at peace on Barbet's account, he was well able to take care of himself.

'There are chinks in any armour," she replied, "and if there's a man inside you can trust Thérèse to find them"

"Barbet doesn't wear armour"

"So much the worse."

"On the contrary," said Cugnot, "so much the better. He travels light I remember once, when I was in Vienna, going to a performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* I was a boy I had a high standard in fairies, and I thought very little of those on the stage. They skipped and jumped and floated on wires, but you knew very well that if you pinched them they'd squeal, and if you slapped them on the back, they'd gasp like mortals But Oberon was different from the rest. He had been a dancer, I think. When the lovers were chasing one another in the wood, he was among them continually without being visible to them And this Oberon did give an impression that he was invisible and intangible. I remember one moment in particular There was a knot of lovers and he in the middle I remember thinking 'They'll bump into him and that will spoil everything'

[illegible]

[illegible] of him they could ever touch or catch hold of—as if he really were free."

"And you think Barbet is a fairy?" she asked with irony

"Not at all. That's why I like him He eats and drinks and works

'Promise?'

"I promise"

"Thank you Good night"

She took down her arm and opened her eyes 'That was pathos. I suppose you knew I was acting then? Was I? I wish I knew

She turned on to her side and pillowed her face upon her elbow

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like the rest of us, and, unless I'm mistaken, when he was a soldier, he must have been a good man to have in your company It is possible to be free without being a fairy or a monk Good heavens, Cugnot added, "don't I know it myself! I am a liberated being when I drink absinthe Then I am capable at any moment of dying and being born again *That's how I know that freedom exists* The difficulty is to be free consistently, to be free when you're sober, always to be free"

"It depends on what you mean by freedom," Madeleine said

"That at any rate is plain enough," Cugnot began, but he hesitated, *squeezing out the brush he held* "It means," he said, "it means, among other things that are perhaps the concern of heaven, being able to put down this brush and walk out of this room and not to feel that I have to return—not to feel that I am on a piece of elastic that will make me want to come back"

"Not even to paint?"

"No Nor to lie with you Nor to bury the dead"

"Do you want that? There's no one to stop you You aren't a prisoner"

"No," he answered "I don't want it Not only that—I am incapable of accepting it I should be afraid of making a fool of myself That's why I need you to look after me But Barbet doesn't, I assure you"

"We shall see," said Madeleine "It's time you began work"

"She's not here yet She's not due for five minutes"

"Who?"

"Thérèse"

"Is she coming? For what?"

"A portrait"

"Why?"

"Because, Madeleine, in a month or two I shall be able to sell it more easily than any picture I have ever painted And because she has screwed out of Plence all the advance she can get and needs money to tide her over And because the head interests me Do you object?"

"No You were painting me It's unfinished"

"I shall finish it"

'You finish nothing You begin and begin. Why do you finish nothing?"

'Because," he said, "though I have a pinch of salt to put on the tail of genius, I am not a great man If I were, your occupation would be gone.'

"I believe you are a great man"

"Ah!' he answered, 'it is part of your occupation to say so"

Throughout the afternoon, while Cugnot was beginning his portrait of Therese, Madeleine sat in an upright chair, her fingers playing with the tattered fringe that hung from its upholstered arms It was his habit to neglect her, to treat her, when it pleased him, as if she did not exist, and it was her power over him that she could without resentment, and, indeed, with a unique pride, be neglected

Thérèse, as she entered, said at once that, when her engagement began at the Écurie, her life would begin again She would do her hair as it was done to-day, with a plain twist low on the neck, and she would wear what she called her uniform. She had brought it with her In it she would be painted

'If it is what I want to paint," said Cugnot.

'No," she answered, "in that or not at all"

"Am I painting to your commission or are you a professional model?"

I am a professional model," she replied at once. "I will do whatever else you tell me. I will sit for the figure I will take any pose, however hard, and I'll hold it I'm not an amateur I'll give you your money's worth But if you are going to paint my portrait, then you must paint *me* And this *is* me!' She ripped off the string from the cardboard box in which she had brought her chosen clothes "This is Therese Despreux If you don't paint me in it, you won't be able to sell the picture when I'm famous Why don't you want to paint me in it? You haven't seen it yet."

'My God,' said Cugnot, "put it on If I didn't like you, I should hate you"

She put on a taut black dress of wool finely woven, a pair of mittens in crimson silk— They go," she said, "with the decor of the

Écume"—and crimson shoes "You see," she said, stroking the long sleeves, "I am completely covered and yet—" She stretched herself within the skin of the dress to complete the sentence 'Now, you choose the light I will give you the pose"

She was a good model She stood upright with a challenge in her body, as though she were about to sing, and, while she stood, she sang in her mind, song after song, her eyes quick with ideas her lips for ever about to move under the imagined words When she was given her first rest, she began to talk at once They knew she had been with Barbet to St Cloud, to morrow she was going with him to Mantes

"At St Cloud," she said, "I went to sleep on the grass Did I tell you? The sun was hot, right through my clothes, hot on my body And when I woke up it was gone"

"Well, Thérese, what is the point of that story?'

She looked at Cugnot with astonishment, then smiled 'I suppose there isn't a point for you I'm sorry I leave gaps always What I meant was that hours had passed, everything was changed, the trees looked different, and the smell of wood smoke—I'd smelt it before—but now it was a twilight smell, and I shuddered, everything was so altered, so new and sudden, but he was still there" She had shut her eyes while she was speaking, and now opened them

"You are in love with him," said Madeleine

Thérèse gazed at her "I? With Barbet?'

And, Madeleine turning to Cugnot, said 'You didn't bargain for that Even Oberon was caught by that"

"What do you mean? What are you talking about?' Thérese cried

Cugnot picked up a brush "Why are you going to Mantes?' he said "Take the pose again"

Chapter 6

WHETHER ON SUNDAYS OR ON WEEK-DAYS THE train that gave the best connexion with the steamer at Mantes left the Gare St Lazare at 10 31 At half past ten Therese came on to the platform and found Barbet waiting beside the compartment he had chosen

' What should you have done if I hadn't come?"

"Waited,' said Barbet.

As soon as she was in her place, the train moved out She was wearing a pale straw hat with trailing ribbons of deep violet This she took off and allowed her head to fall back on to the upholstery, at the same time her feet came forward a few inches and small toed boots with uppers of violet silk appeared from under her dress There were little crevices in the leather and over her left instep the silk was split. Remembering this she withdrew her feet

The noise of the train in leaving the station made it impossible to be heard, and Barbet was glad, he did not wish to speak, for her eyes had a dangerous, sullen and hostile brightness like a glaze He felt that he was intruding upon an animal in its lair

At last, in recollection of what she had said at St Cloud, he asked what she had thought of when she woke this morning—had she remembered that she was going to Mantes?

Of course I remembered. If I hadn't, I shouldn't be here, should I?"

There was so little graciousness in this, that Barbet was silent He was in happy mood, he wished to be friendly and light hearted, and the best thing to do with the impatiences of Therese was to wait until they *were over* But she *had* no intention that this impatience should die quietly she wished to spend it She looked away from him, then

swiftly back and away again, expectant of his questioning, and when she found that he would ask no questions, there was nothing left for her to do but to answer them

"I had three hours' sleep last night"

"Why only three?" asked Barbet politely

"Because I had to catch the 10 31 at the Gare St Lazare"

Barbet looked at the back gardens which, at that moment, were passing under his window, then at her The bones under her eyes and the sliced shadow thrown by them on to her cheeks were accentuated, as though she had a fever, and her hands could not be still From the row of spherical buttons which ran between her waist and the spray of black lace at her breast, there sprang out a series of fine creases, like creases in the bark of a sapling, which communicated the spring and suppleness of her body

"You must be very tired"

"Do I look tired?"

"Your eyes, yes, but not—"

"That's absinthe," she said "With Cugnot and Philippe de Courcelet It does me good I'm not a bit tired by that I'm never tired when I enjoy myself But I sat for him yesterday—a standing pose, as if I were singing When the sky clouded over and the light became bad, he had to stop painting We had some coffee and afterwards he turned on the gas and said he would do a drawing of the figure" She waited for him to scold her, and, when he did not, continued as if he had

"I went to him as a professional model I needed the money He paid me I like to be given orders by people entitled to give them There was no question of minding or not minding I did what I was told When I was half undressed, Courcelet came, so I covered myself up and—"

"Who is Monsieur de Courcelet?"

"Philippe de Courcelet! I thought you would at least know that He collects pictures He was in an embassy somewhere—Rome, I think, or Madrid Since then he has been a politician He has never taken office himself He won't For that reason, everyone eats out of his hand They all go to him when they want to know anything

They call him The Barometer. He amuses me." She paused again for a question and, receiving none, continued: "He must be fifty. Almost sixty, perhaps Terribly good-looking—black hair, white streaks and edges, eyes that *look* at you, and vain—so vain it's endearing And no conscience at all. That's a relief. Anyhow he's amusing He looked at me as if"—and she raised her voice on the deliberate phrase—"as if I were an Ingres."

Even this did not stir Barbet to curiosity.

"I stood there with a wrap round me while we were introduced," she went on. "Courcelet and Cugnot began to talk together as if I were a part of the furniture, so I sat down and waited. Courcelet had come in to see Cugnot's canvas of the Gare du Nord and to ask him out to dinner. Then he said 'But I won't interrupt your work. It's early I'll smoke a cigar Go on with your drawing.' When Cugnot said his drawing wasn't begun yet, Courcelet looked at me again and said, 'A new model?' and Cugnot stood beside his easel and picked up a piece of charcoal and nodded at me. So I showed myself, and when I had turned round and stretched and bent and taken some trial poses and stood there waiting for Cugnot to tell me what he wanted, I saw Courcelet's eyebrows go up 'A beautiful body, if I may say so More than a right angle under the breasts and the nipples placed high Extremely rare.' Then he smiled at me. 'No, no, mademoiselle I am, as it were, studying a picture. I consider you as if you were an Ingres'"

She looked at Barbet, hoping that he would be dazzled by this remark, but it appeared to have made no effect upon him.

"Anyhow," she continued, "they took me and Madeleine out to dinner Afterwards we went to Courcelet's rooms in the Palais Royal. I sang for them"

"Successfully?"

"Very Why?"

"A man in Courcelet's position can do a lot to help you"

"I don't want his help I don't want anyone's help. What I do, I will do alone"

There was a long silence.

"He is going to bring parties and parties of people when I am at

the Écurie And now why don't you say that that is helping me? I gave you the chance Why don't you say it?'

"Because I hoped you'd get away from the whole subject"

"From Philippe de Courcelet? Why should you object to him? Why should you?'

"I don't I wasn't thinking of him I meant only that there's to-day to talk about instead of last night"

At that she paused When she continued, it was with an increased defiance

"He took me round his rooms and showed me his books When we were stooping over a book together, he said out of the corner of his mouth 'Go away with the others Shake them off Then come back'"

Barbet waited

"I wanted to," she said

"He attracted you?"

"*I like him He amuses me He is so dignified and so vain that—*" She began to laugh and laughed uncontrollably "But I didn't I expect I shall, but I didn't then I stayed, but I made Cugnot and Madeleine stay too But I shan't always Why should I? You think that because I enjoy going on the river with you and because I *was* hungry when you found me in the Rue Lilas, and because it was through you that I got to know Plence at all—you think that it's *wrong of me to—*"

"Thérèse, I have said nothing"

"You think it all the same You think I ought to live like a nun Well, I don't and never have Long before I left Angoulême—before I left Roussignac, if it comes to that—"

"I know"

"What do you know? You think you do, but you don't and it's *just as well that you should*"

All the way to Mantes she told him of the lovers she had had—how one had served for an hour, another for a fortnight, how each had believed that he possessed her, how she had adored them all while they lasted, how she despised the race of men, how she delighted in their company, their violence, their shames, their flatteries

She repeated their long dead conversations, and described their cloth ing their nakedness, their most intimate and ridiculous habits, with the relish of a prima donna who tells how the small fry of the stage have existed as a background to her triumphs and humiliations She turned over each episode in her mind with the unresting agony of one whose hoard is of false jewels known to be false She jangled and boasted them, flashed them in her own eyes and in his She lay down upon her past and licked it with the dreadful obsession of a cat licking fur

I think this is Mantes,' said Barbet as the train began to slow down. You will need your parasol It s probably a little way to the landing stage and the sun is hot '

I haven t a parasol I pawned it," she answered ' It was given to me—by the music master in Angouleme. It had an ivory knob " And she told again, as though she had not already told it, the story of the music master whose merits had been that he never disagreed with her

'Didn t that make it dull? '

'Dull? Why? I like people who like what I like "

In the street outside the railway station they walked in silence How long will this silence go on? he thought What can I say that will not insult her? He was watching the dust shake on the welt of his boot, when she said You won t believe it now But I am worth loving

He answered ' I do believe it "

Do you? Why? You must be a fool

On the steamer tucking into the opening of her glove the ticket he had bought, she remarked casually, as though it were of no con sequence What Cugnot said is true "

What did he say?"

"After we left Courcelet s we were drunk We walked miles. In the Rue de Chazelles we saw an impossible thing—an enormous woman out of the sky looking at us over the ...

—

... laughed and laughed He was disap-

pointed He had thought that it really *was* the end of the world. When he found it wasn't, he became sober and said 'That man of yours, that Barbet, he is a fool He would take the end of the world as a matter of course—which indeed it is' Then Cugnot turned up his coat collar, a huge brown collar His face inside it was white and shiny like a split walnut after you've peeled it. We walked home He took my arm and hugged it to him as if he were cold 'Oh yes,' he said, 'he's a complete fool, he came out of the mirror In this life some condemn and some forgive us, but it takes a fool to know that we are innocent"

"That's mostly fine talk," said Barbet "It's simpler than that. Forgiveness after the event doesn't amount to much Love begins at the beginning, that's all If it didn't, you and I and Cugnot would have a poorish chance at the end of the world But fortunately," he added, "this isn't the end of the world To-day I'm going to Vernon for the first time"

"Happy?"

He nodded "And you?"

"I'm never happy But I enjoy myself!"

"Why not happy, Thérèse?"

"For the same reason that I enjoy myself because I'm always hungry, I suppose"

In the side pocket of his jacket, his hand closed over a small case containing two packs of cards I wish she'd play piquet with me, he thought, but probably that would bore her I have never played piquet with her I don't even know whether she plays

The paddles were beginning to turn and he did not ask His fingers came upon another parcel which surprised him What a *fool* I am, he thought, I'd clean forgotten it, and he handed it to her

"What is it?"

"I believe it's a patch box"

"What *for*?"

"For you"

She unwrapped it "Oh," she exclaimed, 'lilies of the valley' You are good to me. You are—why now? When I've been bad You ought to have beaten me Why do you give it to me now?"

"Well, that was luck"

"Is it really true," she said, "that you love me? You—*me*? I don't see how you can Oh!" she exclaimed, "I'd do anything for you"

"Well," he said, "would you play piquet with me? We could play on that bench, in the lee of deck house Or would that bore you?"

"Bore me? I like to be asked for things. I do like people who know what they want."

Barbet was not easily surprised by the seeming inconsistencies of men and women which make their pattern, but he discovered with delight a new aspect of Thérèse in the course of that day's journey—a Therèse whose energy of mind was gradually withdrawn from bitterness and rebellion because it was directed away from herself

She asked again how it could be true that he loved her who had nothing, or almost nothing, in common with him, and added another question if he had no ambition and no wish for power, what was he driving at? to what did he look forward? He tried to tell her of his feeling that his life and hers and the lives of his prisoners were parts of a single life which—

"Oh," she interrupted with her old impulse, "I was educated as a Catholic I believe in an after life," but he said that he wasn't speaking of an after life only, but of a present life

"Do you mean," she answered, "that while you and I live our separate lives here, we are at the same time—now, at this moment—living another life?"

"I think so After all, when we sleep, we don't cease altogether to be aware of the waking life we left behind And wherever we are—in Paris, in the vineyards, or leaning on the rail of this boat and watching that barge go up-stream, we don't forget completely the life we left behind *when we were born* We are living it now, sometimes more, sometimes less, and—"

"If that were true," she said, "the differences between you and me wouldn't matter, and—what would happen to wars and poverty if that were true?"

Barbet watched her eager, changing face There was challenge in her tone, she was sharpening her mind on him and was happy in the experiment

"I don't suppose they'd cease," he answered "It is true, and they haven't ceased, but if we could really feel that other life—I mean, feel it like a pulse beating—we should at least know from what we are cut off by the split in our life here, and in the end we might grow out of it Children fight for toys while they are children—real battles, they value their toys, they are bound to them, and a few years later—there they all are—piled up, disused, in a cupboard"

"My trouble," said Thérèse, "is that I *like* toys I have never had enough of them I don't want to put them in a cupboard"

They had been passing through Vétheuil, the long, cultivated island beyond the town was falling away on their quarter, a small boy, naked to the waist, with blue breeches low on his thighs, stood to wave a glistening arm

"If it were really true," she persisted with stubborn independence, "I mean—if you felt completely that you and I and the prisoners and the birds were all living another common life outside our separate lives here, would there be any point in keeping the prisoners shut up?"

"None," said Barbet

"Then it's not true? You don't feel it completely?'

"It is true," Barbet said, "but I am not a complete man You see," he added, 'I am also an ignorant man For a Frenchman, I have read very little, and I am not a Catholic But I shall learn The birds have taught me And you, Thérèse, have taught me"

"I? I have taught you? How?"

"You can laugh at me," he replied, "but you have taught me as the birds have—by being so different from me If there were only our differences, I couldn't love you, Thérèse There's everything on earth to divide us and nothing that anyone else could see to bring us together except our songs And perhaps I don't love you as men love women who share their lives, but I love you"

"As a lover?"

"*You mean, do I desire you?* Yes, very often when I am near you, but that isn't what I was thinking about."

"And yet, you know," she answered, "no one would believe that you were thinking about anything else. Cugnot thinks already that I am your mistress—or that I have been No one ever gives me the benefit of the doubt, or would suppose that you of all men could want to be with me for any other reason That's what will be said in Roussignac. 'Poor fool, what does he see in her? He has been bewitched by the tart from Angoulême!' And other people, I dare say, will wonder what on earth Thérèse Despreux sees in you You will be credited with a hundred obscure vices My poor Barbet, if you are to be seen with me at all, you might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb"

They decided not to go as far as Vernon but to leave the Gabrielle d'Estrées at La Roche Guyon and wait for her return in the early evening As they walked up from the landing-stage, Thérèse halted in the middle of the road to gaze at the castle of La Rochefoucauld. Everything they saw, a light on the trees, a gleam on the river, two pairs of initials carved on the bark of a tree, seemed to them precious and ephemeral, and in answer to the farewell that all happiness begins to whisper as soon as it is recognized, they said to each other: "We will come here again"

"But we shall come here often," she exclaimed. "For us this isn't the last time."

And suddenly their melancholy was gone.

"It's the first time Often and often we shall say: 'Do you remember the first time we came to La Roche Guyon?'" and they treasured all they saw, the sharp, scoop-like shadows curled by sunlight under the bridge, the stone fountain at the foot of the slope from the castle, even their thirst—"a memorable thirst," Thérèse said—as they sat outside an inn near the fountain and looked up at the castle and the grass-rimmed cliff behind it and, above the cliff, trees clustering to the skyline with the tower of the donjon looking out of them. She did not then seem divided from him The girl who had boasted of her lovers and flourished the squalors of her life as they travelled from Paris to Mantes was gone; his unease in her presence was gone;

she was no longer defiant, spectacular, clamorous for effect, nor did she talk only of herself and her achievements, but of Roussignac of her father and of the prisoners

"Barbet," she said, "I am happy when I am with you It isn't the river or the holiday, it's being with you I'm sorry Thérèse Despreux behaved vilely on the way from Paris I have left her behind in the train" She looked at him with profound curiosity as if she were examining her face in a mirror "Sometimes," she continued 'I think of you as if you were shut up in your own prison, and it's true—a gaoler is as much a prisoner as the prisoners themselves, just as an actress, though she may think she's ruling her audience and playing *on them, is ruled by them A great actress gives out and takes in* but in the end they suck her blood They don't suck your blood—the world, I mean That's why you are different from everyone else. Others are tied to *something that sucks their blood*—fear, money, pride—something You are not tied to any of those things But you are tied to your prison, I don't know why You aren't even tied to me, though you say you love me, though you do love me 'But not,' you said, 'as men love women with whom they share their lives' That is right If ever you loved me in that way, I should suck your blood, and then I shouldn't love you any more"

"Any more?' Barbet echoed

She turned her head away, then faced him 'Oh yes,' she admitted, "I love you Didn't you know? It's only when I'm with you that I don't despise or defend myself You have me as I am—even the foolish good in me—and, when you put your hand in your pocket, out comes a little box with lilies of the valley on it'

BOOK THREE

The Doors Are Shut

Ma chandelle est morte;
Je n'ai plus de feu.
Ouvre-moi ta porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu.

"AU CLAIRE DE LA LUNE"

Chapter 1

AFTER HIS RETURN TO THE MAISON HAZARD, Barbet was continuously and happily at work He did not ask himself when he should see Thérèse again Perhaps not until next spring, perhaps he would go to Paris before the vintage, certainly months would pass before he saw her, and he was not impatient He had always loved her, though he had not always said so, even to him self, and if now she had said that she loved him, that had been, in her, a dramatic courtesy which bound her to nothing and changed noth ing He had his work to do and she hers, and when a letter came from her describing her first successes at the Écurie Plence he read it a second time in the coopers shed and thought that, as long as they lived, he and she would be separated We are people who are almost strangers except when we are alone together or are far apart In com pany, there are only our differences, it s as if we ourselves, the selves that recognize each other, were being shouted down I become dull and say nothing I should always be an embarrassment to her in her world and she would soon grow tired of mine. That is the long and short of it, our lives don t run together and never will unless—

Barbet straightened his back and let the chip-axe hang idle Unless of course, one day, when we were alone together, at Mantes, for example, or at La Roche Guyon or on the deck of the Gabrielle d Estrées we should both stop arguing in our minds and forget Paris and Roussignac and the prisoners and the Écurie, and go on and go on and not look at my watch and not come back That would be a voyage! Next day what would happen? The skies wouldn't fall I suppose We should be alive and the sun would be punctual and we should wonder why we had been afraid to be together No one would care, people would fuss because they felt they ought to fuss,

but no one would care Someone would look after the prisoners and someone else would sing at the Écume, we should find work and our lives would go on

To accept life in this way, not to force it, not to plan it but to accept it, was for Barbet more real than to live by what the world considered to be its realities, but he knew that it was only within himself that such acceptances were possible, for outwardly the world's realities were kicked against in vain, they were not to be overridden or transcended by anger or rebelliousness, by any plan, by any act of will, but only by those impulses of nature which, like the touch of a wing on the surface of a pool, trouble the water and send out rings endlessly

Lancret had come into the shed unnoticed He stood watching Barbet for a little while, then said

"What are you thinking of, Barbet?"

"To tell you the truth," said Barbet, surprised to find the chip-axe idle in his hand, "I was thinking about two things at the same time—the spring frosts and the pool of Bethesda The rings on the water You spoke of them once Do you remember?"

"No"

"I had always imagined," Barbet answered, "that rings went out on the water—and broke in little waves on the shore, and I asked did you think they could have been caused by the touch of a bird's wing on the surface? You said it didn't matter whether it was a bird's wing or an angel's, both were natural, both were a part of God If the rings went out and the pool was filled with power, we needn't trouble our heads about the cause, except that it was of God"

"I am glad I said that," Lancret answered "I must have been a younger man at the time"

"Oh yes," said Barbet "I wasn't much more than a boy"

"I think it is true, though I couldn't now say it so simply," the priest replied, seating himself on a bench and twisting an oak shaving round his forefinger "The Bible isn't about conjurors Miracles are not an arbitrary magic but a summoning of those reserves of nature which underlie common experience They are more natural

than what we call nature, that is what is exceptional about them—they are *more* natural, not less"

Lancret looked up to see how his discourse was being received

'You are not of my flock," he continued with nervous defiance. 'If you were, I'd be more cautious. As it is, I'll say what I have to say The skeptical and the credulous—your brother, Anton, for example, and your poor mother—in certain ways they are very alike It s as if they were living in an enclosed harbour and had forgotten the sea outside. One day the sea flows in strongly, there is an exceptional tide, and one says that it's impossible, that it isn't true, and the other throws up her hands and says it s a stroke of magic Both forget the sea outside and that it is always there and always connected with the water in the harbour, and some try to shut out the sea and to pretend that there is only the harbour, and it is God's mercy that the sea breaks in or the water in the harbour would stagnate. Whatever is not included in their experience—the rings on the water of the pool, the communion of saints, even the love of men and women that does not conform to their pattern of match making—the sceptics and the credulous consider unreal Causeless, magical, bewitched, impossible, absurd—a hundred conflicting names, but always unreal'

Lancret had twisted the oak shaving round his finger [illegible]

[illegible] I know they said it of me. It is wickedness or infatuation or madness or plain folly, but for them it is not love They are always wiser than those who love, and often to their own satisfaction they are proved to be right. The world justifies the world in its own eyes The harbour pollutes its water"

And yet,' said Barbet, "one can t go outside the harbour while one is alive The harbour is the world in which we live."

No, the priest answered, 'one can't go outside the harbour but one can be aware of the sea, one can admit the natural power of God You can t guide the flight of birds or angels, but when the rings go out, when the waters are touched, you can enter into them"

"Meanwhile,' said Barbet, "one goes on with one's work"

"Meanwhile," said the priest, "one goes on with one's work" strode away a few paces "I must visit Madame Sernet this even

"Worse?" said Barbet

"Dying, I think I must go But she doesn't want me. only sends for me because she hates me"

"If she dies, what will happen to Frédéric?"

Lancret shrugged his shoulders "The less work for him," he

There was much to do at that season outside the prison and coopers' shed In the north courtyard itself Barbet had establi a workshop, and there he taught his prisoners to carpenter or n barrels and often worked with them instead of at Quessot's But for many hours of each day he was absent from the pri Weeds were growing fast among the vines, and the soil had to broken with the hoe and broken again that it might be clean alv and freshened by the spring air The young shoots were lengthen —some were almost as long as his hand—and the vine-stems peared now to be darker than at any other time of the year—bl and crusted against the lower surface of the leaves Soon the le would grow and the bistre-green of their upper surfaces conceal form of the vine stems, but in mid-May there was no saying whet the vines were green or grey, they were so pale that when the s were heavy with rain and the lustre went out of the air and all d colour was deepened and pallor faded, there was ivory in the le of the vines and the stems were a pattern of iron After rain l fallen, Pierre and Barbet watched with anxiety the movement of wind for three or four days If while the soil was still moist the w moved to the north west, there was danger of frost, and in the e nings Barbet would come out and sit on his low wall, which was p tected by prison and house from north westerly winds, and he for a breeze off the river When there was none and a clear sky, walked through the house into the west courtyard, and old Ques would look out from the coopers' shed and wait until his return

"A north wester to-night, Quessot!"

"Even so," Quessot would answer, "who's lucky with the ph lovers may be lucky with the frosts"

In that month Barbet's fortune held. There was a frost in the third week and Pierre was out early to see the damage—"Too early," said Madame Hazard, "nothing shows until the sun is well up. You think you've escaped, but at ten o'clock—" It was soon after ten that Barbet himself went out to find many shoots burnt and hanging down, the crispness gone out of them, and Renée crying disaster. There was no reason in a frost! she exclaimed. Other vineyards had escaped; the Maison Hazard had been bitten; there was no reason or justice in the frost! But Barbet found that the frost had been capricious among his own vines; many were untouched; and even on those affected the secondary bud, the contre bouton, had not been destroyed and would replace the first.

Chapter 2

IT WAS VICTOR WHO MADE BARBET UNDERSTAND what had become of Thérèse He had been to Paris On his return in mid-July, he and his mother came to supper at the Maison Hazard Pierre and Renée were at table Victor said that he had seen Thérèse's performance at the Écurie

"And was it good?" Madame Vincent asked

Victor pressed his finger-tips together "Shall we say, mother, that it was at any rate extremely successful" Then he shook himself and, with an eye on Barbet, added "No! No! We must not be ungenerous It was—how shall I put it?—it was altogether original Of course upon others the name wouldn't have the same effect"

"What name?" said Madame Hazard

"Barbet's name Didn't you know that? Half her songs are about him Funny songs and solemn songs, country songs and town songs, political skits and—"

"But what does she find to say about Barbet?" Renée inquired

"Enough," said Victor, "more than enough, I assure you She has really been very clever about it She has set him up as a type—a man who finds himself in the midst of the most ordinary adventures, who does all the day to-day things that are done by thousands of Frenchmen and who behaves always unexpectedly He never says or thinks what others would say or think He is a kind of simpleton whose comments on everything that happens are satire without his knowing it So there you are, Barbet—a famous man! I hope you like it The point is—she can use you as a kind of newspaper You can go to the races, you can go to the salon or attend a debate in the Chamber, you can wander through Montmartre, and there is one very popular sketch in which she points to an empty place at one

of the tables and pretends that you are sitting there. All Paris, as far as I can make out, is talking of Barbet. You have made her fortune."

"Well," said Barbet, "I must say I think she deserves it. It takes some doing to make me into a figure of satire and romance. Besides, it isn't me, you know, it's someone she has invented. There was a lady who wrote to a great novelist claiming that she was the original of one of his characters, and he said—"

"'My dear Princess,'" Madame Vincent intervened, "'my dear Princess,' Balzac replied, 'you deceive yourself. Since I created the original, you have become one of ten thousand copies.'"

"Mother," said Victor severely, "you have quoted that before and quoted it differently. And it wasn't Balzac."

The old lady looked at him in alarm. She was losing confidence in herself and feared that her memory might be failing her. He had found that he could always frighten her in this way.

"Nonsense," said Barbet firmly. "Certainly it was Balzac."

He felt that it was worth a lie to see Madame Vincent happy again. Having contented her, he rose from the table and went out to visit the prisoners.

They also had finished supper, but were free in their courtyard, for the heat of the year had come and the cells were intolerable until the sun had been off them for several hours. Fontan was under the ilex, the mandolin beside him unused; his feet were crossed, his wrists were supported by his knees and his hands hung slack; he seemed never to blink but to be always watching some distant object that puzzled him. Marcotte had perched himself on a stool at the entrance of the shed used by the prisoners for cooperage and was engaged in his everlasting task of building a model ship.

"Something to do. I can sell it when I'm out."

He disparaged his ship and grumbled at it, but he clutched it to him whenever Blachere approached and would take it with him into his cell at night. At his feet, while he worked, Balze and Heim were seated on the ground, playing a game with pebbles, and at the farther end of the courtyard Blachère stood alone, his hands clasped behind him, staring at the walls. He advanced three paces, halted

and stared, advanced, halted and stared again When he saw Barbet, he lowered his head and began to rub the seams of his trousers with flat palms No one knew why he did this and no one except Barbet paid any attention to him, but Barbet knew it to be a signal of approach, soon Blachère's feet would move forward, he would come very close, his head on one side, his thick lips open, his breathing audible, and would be still with a sidling stillness, like a deformed tree

This evening Barbet passed by the others and went to Blachère, who said·

"What do you want with me?"

"I want an understanding with you," Barbet answered, and sat on the burned grass "Sit down and talk" Blachère remained standing

"You are my enemy," Barbet continued "Will you tell me why? The others are not"

"That is why," said Blachère "And because you keep me shut up"

"What do you expect me to do—let you out?"

"As for that, I expect nothing"

"And if you went out—what then?"

"I was an animal tamer"

"You enjoyed that?"

"Ah! Enjoyed? Well, it was something To make a bear turn a somersault is something"

"Why does a bear turn a somersault?"

"Because he finds it is a thing he can do better than other bears. You see," said Blachère, dropping to his knees in sudden eagerness and thrusting his face towards Barbet's, "they are vain—animals. That's what people don't understand It's not food and it's not the whip that tames them, it's not kindness and it's not fear, it's vanity You can play on it It's like playing on a man's conscience I remember a woman who said to me once 'You haven t got a conscience, Blachère, that's why you are my master I can do anything with a man by playing on his conscience. . . .' Now, what was I talking about?" Blachère said

"You were telling me how to train animals," Barbet answered teadily.

"Ah, yes," said Blachère, "animals How did I come to be telling you of animals?"

"I asked you about them"

Blachère nodded "You have a conscience?" he said with a glance like the snatch of a claw.

"Yes"

"Then why do you keep me shut up? Would you keep an animal in a cage?"

"No"

"Then why do you keep me shut up? There are men who'd turn the key and shoot the bolts as easy as a cook slams an *oven* Not you They'd keep a prison because they were paid for it; they'd keep it without a thought, no conscience in them But you—you have a conscience—you're in the cage yourself"

"Someone else said that to me not long ago," Barbet replied

Blachère came nearer, as though he were about to say more; then refrained The seed was planted

"My God" he said, "I *should* like the smell of a bear again—and look out if they begin to dribble from the upper jaw. Look out then, I warn you!"

He leaned on the ground in silence, his eyes narrow, his nostrils moving, and Barbet found that afterwards, when he was talking to Marcotte of the harvest or to Fontan of the celebrations there had been in Roussignac on the Fourteenth of July, Blachère still had power to visit him and would not be cast out Even when the prisoners were returned to their cells, he was unwilling to share the company in his mother's parlour, and went out into the fields All the barley was not yet harvested, oats and wheat were to come. Rains in June had delayed the haymaking; in a few days, with more than one crop to take in, there would be great pressure of work on the farm, and Barbet recalled a project he had had—to release the prisoners on parole that they might work in the fields. Perhaps it would have been, in any case, impossible; Victor and Anton would have resisted it and the regulations have been en-

forced; nevertheless, the thought of it tempted him. But he himself would not have dared to release Blachère. Like the prison itself, the man had power over him. To be rid of his prisoners had been a desire long present in his mind. So long as the idea had been his own, it had appeared simple and good. Now Blachère had, by his prompting, robbed it of naturalness and made of it a temptation to be resisted. He was hedged in by Blachère, and he turned away from the fields into the darkening vineyard and went to the edge of the falling ground from which the river could be seen. The water had no gloss; it was a chalky mist appearing among the blackened trees; and on the marshes the great sheets of wild valerian, light pink in the daytime, were no more now than a pale rubbing of the darkness.

He felt a touch on his arm. His mother said: "What is on your mind, Barbet?"

"Have they gone?"

"Everyone's gone. . . . Are you thinking of Thérèse? Why do you think of her, Barbet? She is another man's mistress—so Victor says He says she is moving from Montmartre, from—what was the street?"

"Rue Lilas."

"From the Rue Lilas to a flat in the Ile St. Louis. And she is the mistress of—I forget the name—"

"Courcelet."

"Then you knew?"

"That isn't the point, mother."

"Then what?"

"You remember that evening in the prison—when the prisoners were ugly, and then were quiet? I don't think I could do that now. I have begun to argue with myself. Nothing tells me what to do or what to be."

"It will come back, my son, if you rest. Sometimes, you know, I begin to argue about God That shuts him out. But he is there. He comes back if you rest."

"Blachère troubles me."

"Ah!" Madame Hazard exclaimed, "that man is the devil. Don't listen to him."

Barbet took her arm. "That sounds easy. But to believe that a man is the devil is to make him so . . . I saw the first families of swallows to-day."

"I saw none. Where?"

"On the telegraph wires."

Early next morning, before great heat had come to the day, Barbet left the labourers in the fields, climbed his tilbury and trotted into Roussignac to collect from Anton money for the prisoners' upkeep and do other business there. Anton's room at the Lion Rouge was empty but a message told him to go to the Hôtel de Ville. Anton had been there and left. Would Barbet please follow him to his private house? Barbet smiled. "My brother's flitting this morning?"

"I think," said the clerk, "that he was a little disturbed."

In the house with the gargoyles Barbet found Anton, Bette and Victor assembled. They were seated in Bette's parlour, evidently waiting.

"Did you know of this?" said Anton, taking up a roll of paper from the floor and extending it before Barbet's eyes. It was a placard announcing that Thérese Despreux, from the Éucrie Plence in Paris, would appear in Angoulême for three nights on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 7th, 8th and 9th of August.

"No," said Barbet. "How did you get it?"

"It came to me by post," Bette answered.

"From Angouleme?"

"From Paris. She must have sent it herself."

"Well," said Barbet, "you can't stop her, you know. If she wishes to come to Angoulême, she will come to Angoulême. What harm does it do you?"

Victor intervened. "Do you suppose she will stop at Angoulême? She will come here."

"And why not? I don't understand, Anton. I don't see what's troubling you."

Anton rose

"I am not," he said, "a squeamish man I am not, I hope a proud one I am not one to grudge success to any poor girl who goes out from Roussignac to conquer a greater world But Victor has pointed out to me that, from the political point of view, there may be a certain embarrassment in—" He sat down suddenly "You, Victor, you explain to Barbet what we mean'

"I will explain," said Bette "It doesn't need an oration Within less than a week of her coming, it will be the Fifteenth of August You know well enough though it's the Virgin's fête, it is also the Emperor's, and, though it may be true that the Bonapartists don't dare to come into the open, they use the day, under cover, as an answer to the Fourteenth of July Anton serves the Republic But your family—his family—is known to be Bonapartist Your mother is mad about it—a regular badinguet That has always made it difficult for Anton with the Comités Republicains And it isn't Anton only She sings—"

"She sings," Victor exclaimed, 'about anything on earth—the more topical, the more personal the better Or she might, as Bette suggests, kick up her Bonapartist heels There is no limit to what she may say"

"Not," said Bette, "that we have anything to conceal, but naturally one wishes to avoid unpleasantness"

"Naturally," Barbet replied 'Then be pleasant to her"

"She shall not come into Roussignac"

Barbet shrugged his shoulders God bless my soul, you can't prevent it"

"And where is she to stay? At the Lion Rouge? At the Cheval Pie? Anton owns them both"

"Now listen, Bette She's a determined girl If she has made up her mind to come, you will only make a fool of yourself if you try to shut her out"

"I know, I know," cried Anton in exasperation 'That's what I say If only she could be *persuaded* not to come"

"By me? Is that why I am summoned?'

'Half the songs are about you by name," said Victor "What happens if she uses Barbet to attack Anton?"

"Well, if she does, one laughs and gets over it. But she may be coming for a holiday or she may not come here at all"

"Let us hope so," Bette replied, 'but, if I know her, she has come to show off The question is, Barbet, if we keep her out of the Lion Rouge and the Cheval Pie, will you undertake not to invite her to the Maison Hazard?'

"No," said Barbet

'You are mad!' She turned to the others "I told you it was useless! He is besotted"

'My dear Bette," her brother put in, "you are not a diplomat. You should never ask a saint a direct question about a harlot He always gives the wrong answer'

At this moment a servant entered to say that Frédéric was at the door

"Bring him in," said Anton

He was brought in He held a letter in his hand After a bewildered glance from face to face, he swerved to Barbet. "She is coming back! he cried, his face alight 'She is coming back! She has ordered rooms for Sunday the 10th Two rooms—a bedroom *and* a salon She asks the price"

Give me that letter,' said Bette, but Anton stretched out his hand for it.

"The usual price. Well, go, boy! Take the letter It stinks of scent

Victor intercepted it and sniffed "Good scent but too much of it That is Thérese all over"

Frédéric held out his two hands for it It was laid on them flat, as if it were a brimming dish. He crunched it, held it to him, turned and fled

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"I know, I know," cried Anton in exasperation. "That's what I say. If only she could be *persuaded* not to come."

"By me? Is that why I am summoned?"

Good or bad, she overflows Have you ever known a relationship between her and anyone else, man or woman that hadn't an element of sex in it? Even her father's afraid of her—and he s a priest."

'Do you know what Barbet once said to me about you and Thérèse? Anton inquired 'Shall I tell you what he said? He said you were her enemy because you would rather be admired by her than by anyone on earth '

Victor drew his hand slowly across his lips There was a long pause, after which Anton said in a loud, hearty voice "You are probably right She must be good in bed"

'I didn t say so,' Victor answered

'That s why the women hate her," said Anton, pursuing his own thought, but they ll go to see her on the sly"

'And you?

Anton pursed his lips over a breath sharply indrawn 'I don't see how I can

Victor too withheld himself because he knew that it would give her satisfaction to find him in the audience Pierre and Renee could not afford the journey Barbet was held to the prison But on Wednesday Madame Hazard said firmly what she intended to do next day If no one would come with her, she would go alone Madame Vincent shrugged her shoulders Chouquette was mad, she must be humoured 'Very well, Chouquette, I will look after you"

The two old ladies set out together by the afternoon train They found at the station many inhabitants of Roussignac who, as far as possible chose separate compartments and advanced good reasons for going to Angoulême not connected with Therese Despreux. They might or might not, they said, look in on her performance 'Nonsense said Madame Hazard They'll all be there They are like me They can t keep away ' She looked out of the window as the train started and slapped her knees "I confess, my dear Emilie this is a treat for me. As one gets old, one needs to see a little life now and then Madame Vincent showed her teeth indulgently 'There, there Chouquette you mustn't get excited It is a hot day and you will tire yourself"

Chapter 3

A LITTLE TO HIS SURPRISE, ANTON FOUND THAT he was greatly tempted to see one of Thérèse's performances in Angoulême. It was in his nature to give credit to success and he was annoyed by his wife's bitterness. Bless my soul, he said to himself, the girl has courage—and she may be dangerous. His instinct was to conciliate her. "Be nice to her," Barbet had said, and Barbet was less of a fool than Bette and Victor supposed.

But to go to Angoulême needed an independence of others' opinion that Anton did not possess. He found that he was expected to disapprove of Thérèse, and his reputation in Roussignac was that of a sound man, a man who did what was expected of him. His substantial friends who gathered at the Lion Rouge agreed with him that Thérèse had come to flaunt herself—or was it that he agreed with them or that they and he were echoing their wives? The women of Roussignac were hot against her. No doubt she imagined that, because she had had a little success in Paris, every house in the district would be thrown open at her knock! She would soon find out her mistake.

"It astonishes me," said Anton to Victor, "that no one gives her credit for wanting to come home with her triumph. Even a dog runs back wagging his tail when he has done something he's proud of. And yet if I refused her rooms in the Cheval Pie, I should have local opinion behind me!"

"You were wise not to do that," Victor replied. "As long as Courcelet has the ear of the Ministry of the Interior, neither you nor I can afford to slap her in the face."

"Do you want to?" Anton demanded.

"No, no. She is not now in my way. But she's excessive, that girl

opinion is my own I have known the girl as long as you hav Chouquette, and I remember she used always to say 'I hate people who take offence.' But she takes offence quicker than anyone I've ever known if she isn't what she calls 'appreciated' Not so much because she appreciates herself Rather because she doesn't She needs to be everlastingly patted on the back 'Say nice things to me, Madame Vincent. Say them, even if they're not true' I used to tell her she had a beautiful nose—I used to *say* it because I couldn't believe she would do anything except laugh—but, no, she was as happy as if she believed it She was so starving for flattery that she did believe it And it's an appetite that grows She may advance but she will always leave enemies in her rear"

Madame Hazard was for a moment without a reply To gain time she said 'I disagree"

'You can disagree or not, my dear Chouquette It is what the world says'

"Ah, that may be, that may be, but it is not what Barbet would say He would not condemn her No, no," said Madame Hazard, lying down in bed and pulling the sheet over her nose with a decisive and final gesture, 'that would not be Barbet's opinion"

Madame Vincent gazed at her and hesitated "No," she said in a deep voice, 'perhaps not All the same, Chouquette, it is the world's view of her, and it s the world that puts up statues"

Whoever saw Therese brought home praise or controversy By Friday evening, she was famous in Roussignac, and not in Roussignac only On Saturday the whole countryside—Saintes, Cognac, Segonzac, Châteauneuf—flocked to Angoulême and returned quoting her and talking like *Parisians* On Sunday morning she sent on her maid to Royan where she had taken a villa by the sea, and herself came to Roussignac almost in tears of joy because, she was sure, her past had been redeemed She would no longer be thought of as "the tart from Angouleme"—it was, indeed, for this reason that she had chosen Angoulême and rejected the richer but to her meaningless promises of Bordeaux and Limoges—and she would be free to do what she loved more than anything on earth throw her arms round

They went shopping in Angoulême and, as if the town were foreign to them, visited the cathedral and cooled themselves on the ramparts At dinner Madame Hazard insisted upon eating galion, a fat pâté against which she had been warned, they went to Thérèse's performance in a mood to be pleased and were excited beyond their expectation They were to spend the night in Angouleme and Madame Vincent came into Madame Hazard's bedroom and sat upon her bed to discuss the experiences of the day

"Some day," said Madame Hazard with generous enthusiasm "there'll be a statue to that girl in the square outside the Cheval Pie She will become the head of her profession"

"She has talent enough," Madame Vincent replied in a guarded tone "But I doubt the statue"

"Nonsense, Emilie, if she has talent enough—"

"But one must know how to apply talent in this world and you know, Chouquette, in many ways the poor girl is such a fool You and I, we have enjoyed ourselves Your round cheeks are still burning with the excitement of it But, admit it—we are tired out we are exhausted It's as if she had seized us by the wrists and pushed her face into ours and shone her eyes into ours and cried 'Listen to me! Listen to me! You *shall* listen to me I am Thérèse Despreux' And she succeeds It is magnificent But you come away dizzy as if you had drunk too much—as if she had forced the wine down your throat She is a pitiless actress and in the end— Besides" Madame Vincent continued without pausing to describe the fate of pitiless actresses, "to become the head of any profession needs undying patience, and she hasn't got it I am told she behaved very badly to that fellow Hurtaux I dare say he deserved it but what's the good of working for months and months and then spoiling it all by flying off for a whim? The girl's too high and mighty She doesn't really value any opinion but her own and she's as suspicious as a street urchin"

"You are quoting Victor," Madame Hazard interrupted "It isn't fair to quote Victor"

Madame Vincent considered this accusation and honestly rejected it "No" she said "Victor may share my opinion but my

such tenderness that, when the words were said, she couldn't help being proud of the way in which she had spoken them, and though, in truth, her words had sprung from a genuine impulse of gratitude, she now observed the rush of tears to Fréderic's eyes as she might have observed an effect upon an audience He tried to conceal his tears Against her will, she pursued him.

"Why are you crying?"

"Because—because you said it so beautifully!"—a reply that so amused her at her own expense that her face lighted up, all her angers were suddenly thrown off, she laughed and seized Frédéric's hands and dragged him down to the chair beside her and to his astonishment rubbed her face against his shoulder Now, why on earth had that pleased her? He didn't know He had never known what would please her He gazed at her radiant face Anyhow, it was radiant, and Therèse, happy, was an intoxication to him. The whole world changed its colour He was alive, he smelt the trees, he saw the serrated shadow cast upon her flesh by the ring she wore He could chaff her and feel that all privilege was at his feet He rose, made her a waiter's bow, and asked what aperitif mademoiselle would take before luncheon

A few customers appeared at the Cheval Pie while she was eating —an old, solitary man who was past caring for anyone's opinion of him, three youths who were already so far out of Anton's good graces that they had nothing to lose, and a group of four men whom she knew to be dependents of Bette's and who were, she supposed, her scouts. None approached her They stared, nodded half heartedly and became engrossed in their drink The boycott was plain. Thérèse's principle was to attack I will go over and make them talk to me, she thought, but she was too unhappy to stir When Frédéric brought her coffee, her mind flashed to a resolve to call at the house with the gargoyles, but rain began to fall and she went upstairs and lay upon her bed During the afternoon, Barbet came to the Cheval Pie. She returned a message that she could not see him, then, at the sound of his footsteps in retreat, kneeled upon her bed and looked out through the curtains She called Frédéric

This bed creaks."

everyone's neck, forgive her enemies, feel innocent and happy and stand the world a drink.

The world did not come for its drink. She had hired two carriages to meet her at the station, one for herself, the other for a mountain of luggage. She had imagined that this procession would be a joke, she would make the most of it and laugh back and wave her handkerchief and stop her carriage to talk to people who waved to her. But no one waved. They were coming out of church and eyed her as though she were part of a circus. And Frédéric treated her with a secret, slavish devotion, as though he were harbouring a refugee. His instinct was that she should not show herself and he had laid her midday meal indoors. A battle was needed to have it moved into the garden under the plane-trees.

"What is it, Frédéric? What have I done? Didn't they like my performance?"

"Oh yes, oh yes, they liked *that*," he answered, delighted to be able to give her this much good news. "Everyone is saying how good it was—how very Parisian and—"

"It's not Parisian! Anyhow, it's not what they mean by Parisian! It's my own. The whole point is that Paris has never seen anything at all like it before."

Frédéric was silent. When one tried to say anything to please Thérèse, she would always fling off into argument against the form in which it was said. Whether she was Parisian or not Parisian mattered nothing to him, but it was her vanity to be precise, given a chance, she would torment the word with her emphasis until, forgetting the compliment, she would persuade herself that she had been insulted.

"They said that too," said Frédéric humbly and for the sake of peace. "They said they had never seen anything like it before."

"Oh, they did, did they? Then why aren't they nice to me? Is the Cheval Pie always empty on Sundays at this time?"

"It's fuller in the evening," Frédéric replied.

She turned on him. "That isn't what I asked!" Then, seeing his white face, understanding at last a little of the patience of his goodwill, she said, "But you are kind. You don't hate me," in a voice of

such tenderness that, when the words were said, she couldn't help being proud of the way in which she had spoken them, and though, in truth, her words had sprung from a genuine impulse of gratitude, she now observed the rush of tears to Frédéric's eyes as she might have observed an effect upon an audience He tried to conceal his tears Against her will, she pursued him

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'This bed creaks."

"Oh no, mademoiselle, I—"

'Don't call me 'mademoiselle' Call me Thérèse. I say this bed creaks It always did My God, I ought to know! Get some oil."

She oiled the springs herself while Frédéric watched. She asked him for his news and about the girl who did the cooking and about Madame Sernet's funeral, but always cut short his answers by a more exciting narrative of her own She began by describing her new flat in the Île St. Louis and the bed she would have there, shaped like a swan, and when details of the furniture had been described, she related her triumphs at the Écurie and told him by what numbers the audiences had increased, and how they applauded, and what Monsieur de Courcelet had said, and how much more she valued the opinion of the girls who thronged the pavement each night when she came out.

"But why do you value their opinion more than his?"

"Well, you see," she said, "they're nicer!"

"But do you think they are when you're not there?"

"I expect so Why not? And even if they aren't, it's what they *say* matters to me."

"I see," said Frederic.

In his company she could enjoy all her successes again. He was a fresh audience and she recovered her spirits.

"What did you say to Monsieur Barbet?"

"That you were resting He will return in an hour"

"Good."

"When he comes, will you go down to the garden?"

"Not at first," said Therèse. She had a salon and would receive him there. "Now I shall change my dress." Frederic took the oil-can and moved towards the door "Sit there," she commanded, "and talk to me." He was silent "*Talk* to me! Very well, if you're dumb, you can help me. This unhooks at the back. But wash your hands first. They are covered with oil"

Chapter 4

SHE WONDERED IF HER DRESS, WHICH WAS DEsigned for company she would have at Royan, was too spectacular to please Barbet, and walked to and fro between bedroom and sitting room, gazing at the piles of luggage and trying to think of something she might wear that he would not notice at all. The sitting-room had formerly been her aunt's bedroom, and she remembered that she had never been allowed to move the bed when the old woman was in it but had been made to crawl under it with cloth and pail A sofa stood in that corner now Therèse lay upon it and stroked her lilac dress and looked down between the wall and the sofa's edge to see whether the crack in the floor had been repaired It had the shape of a lizard—a rounded head, a long body, a thin, pointed tail She put down her hand and touched it and shovelled dust over its rim; then rose and put on her gloves

This time Barbet drove his tilbury into the square of the Cheval Pie At the sound of his wheels she felt she had been rescued and all her resolves of dignity forsook her She ran on to the balcony of Madame Semet's room, intending to call and wave, and there suddenly, at the sight of Barbet climbing out—the active figure, the square shoulders, the brown hand that gave a standing twist to the reins—a current of tenderness ran down her body and her eyes closed When she looked again, his face was towards her, a moment later he was hidden by a plane tree, then in the open, talking to Frederic, and it pleased her to watch him, who had not seen her She went downstairs slowly, afraid that, when she appeared in the garden he might, in his wish to be kind, speak of the failure of her coming to Roussignac and try to console her with little lies, and she did not wish to be consoled, her desire for local triumph no longer

existed, it seemed never to have existed, the subject was dead in her mind, she had passed beyond it and wanted only to be near Barbet and feel his eyes upon her At the foot of the stairs she heard Frederic say "She said she would receive you in her salon, Monsieur Barbet," and guessed Barbet's smile as he answered "Well, Frederic, I can't pretend not to know my way, but I think you had better go up first and announce me"

"No you needn't," Therese cried Then, face to face with Barbet "You did climb three flights of stairs to me once Do you remember?"

"Rue Lilas," said he

"And what was the first thing we did?"

He looked at her, puzzled "We talked a bit and then—"

"No," she interrupted, "the *first* thing we did was to have a drink Frédéric!" In a moment she was sitting at the table at which she had eaten her solitary meal, but now Barbet was opposite her and she his hostess When Frederic brought a carafe of wine, her hand went to it before Barbet's, it was she who filled the glasses, and, as she set down the carafe, her hand rested an instant on the table, she had thought, not that he would touch her, but that she might, for that instant, permit herself the imagination of his touch Instead he drew back and her heart was chilled by ridiculous disappointment, he drew away with a grinding of his chair in the dust, and she followed him with her eyes, possessed by a superstition that, if he went from her now, though it were but to call Frédéric or to find a thicker shade from the plane tree, he would be irretrievably gone, and when she saw that he was lifting his chair and moving it to the end of the table so that he might be nearer to her, when he was seated again and reached for his glass and touched hers with it the clink of the glasses ran down to her elbow, it seemed to her that a miracle had happened, she smiled and closed her eyes and said her prayer to St Antoine, then opened her eyes and looked at Barbet as though she had been blind and were now seeing him for the first time

"Why, Thérese?"

She answered his question with questioning eyes, then put away pretence of not having understood it. 'Only that I'm happy," she said 'Are you going to Royan for the Quinze Août?'

'No'

'But everybody does Anton will go and Bette and the Vincents—everyone Why not you?'

'Pierre and Renée are going"

'But you could go too There's no work in the vineyards"

"I have my prisoners'

She let this go unanswered, having begun to speak of Royan only because Courcelet had appeared in her mind He and Cugnot and Madeleine—perhaps Plence also—would be her guests at Royan, it was possible because, though life at Royan during August was very gay, it was also very simple, and a few weeks ago, when the plan was made, nothing had seemed to her more delightful than to spend her savings in this way and in this place where the wealthy shippers would send their sons with a fine horse and a buggy, where the solid proprietors would go in the hope of mixing socially with these grand gentlemen of Cognac, and where the whole countryside would pour in by the excursion trains on the 14th August to sleep where they could—at inns, in the woods, on the beach—and play cards and eat in the open and make love and make music and *stare at* [illegible]

[illegible] made friends on the beach with strange children who knew nothing against her When she had fallen on her face while paddling no one had been angry, she had sat naked inside her mother's coat while her own clothes were dried in the sun She had pulled up the coat like a hood over her head, inside was the smell of her mother and through the collar the sunlit beach had appeared in a frame. In other years they had been too poor to go to Royan, and Therèse had held it in her heart To have a villa of her own there, if only for a fortnight, to entertain her friends from Paris, to be seen and recognized by everyone—in a word, to promote herself visibly from the beach to a phaeton and a pair of horses had

seemed to her the surest of all proofs that Thérese, the priest's daughter, had indeed become Thérese Despreux, and now she told Barbet of her plans with a child's pride but with a child's fear that he might discover a flaw in them If he had said that she was being *ostentatious or foolishly extravagant*, she would have flared against him A thousand eloquent defences were ready on her tongue But she had use for none of them He asked only where her villa stood and whether it had a garden and what was the colour of the horses she had hired, and when she said that they were white, he answered "White horses and your lilac dress"

"But you won't be there?"

"No," he said, "I must stay with my prisoners And now, if you're ready, shall we drive home? My mother is expecting you to supper, and the prisoners are expecting theirs"

She looked at him in mock indignation and made one of her faces of despair "You too!" she exclaimed

"I too? What have I done?"

"What have you *done!* I have a song about that

"'*Stay at table till* I've *finished*
Stay in bed till I'm *awake*'

Sometimes I think I must be the only person in the world who knows how to live in the moment Everyone else is always thinking of the *next* thing Templeraud does Templéraud is a young man I've discovered to write tunes for me While I want him to work at one, he begins to whistle the next Courcelet's as bad He discusses the Chambertin while we are drinking the Poully, and as soon as his head is on the pillow he begins to wonder about his engagements for the next morning" She began to sing quietly the tune that Templeraud had written for her—a gay tune with a mock melancholy and a sudden twist in its last verse

"Stay at table till I've finished
Unless thou art the angel Death
None but he shall steal my pleasure,
None but he shall stop my breath

Do not forsake this moment
For the doubtful years to come,
Who looks beyond his instant
Enters his tomb

And there," she cried, "they think it's ended They begin to applaud And then I turn on them—

"Do not applaud my singing
Till I myself am dumb!

You see? That shows them! . . . Now, if you are ready, shall we drive home to supper?"

Courcelet and the white horses were still in her mind as she sat back, erect, under the hood of the tilbury and waved to Frédéric. She did not repudiate the expected delights of Royan because she was differently happy in Barbet's company, and it was part of the pleasure of being with him to know that he was not shocked by aspects of her life in which he had no share With him she felt no need either for defensive boasting or for concealment, and, as they drove out of Roussignac by the road bordering the Long Wood, there came to her a sense of confidence and well being, of not being alone in the world All her bitterness against Roussignac and her disappointment left her and she touched Barbet's arm and said

"Thank you"

"For what, Thérèse?"

"For making me feel as I do"

"How is that?"

She hesitated for a moment. "You make me feel you are glad to be with me You did in the Gabrielle d'Estrées You do always"

"I have often imagined you on that seat beside me," he answered, "so clearly that it has seemed possible to put out my hand and touch your arm as I touch it now"

Though the sun was aslant and long bars of shadow lay across the dust, the great heat of August hung in the air and when the road inclined upward, the curve at the level of their eyes shimmered and

broke The pony drooped his head and trudged forward on a slackened rein

"Could we get out and walk for a little while?" said Thérèse "Perhaps to the top of the hill" They climbed down on the springy step and walked at the roadside, where the blue of the lucern flower appeared among the dark green of its shoots Thérèse stooped to turn the flowers with both her hands, and, as she did so, a grass snake came out of cover and began its journey across the road, leaving a zigzag trail in the dust

"He has a long way to go before he reaches the meadows" she said, and was still, her eyes fixed, following the snake in her mind, how he would go through sun and darkness until he came to the river While she stood, Barbet came to her and took her in his arms The pony had halted at a distance, and Thérèse, as her eyes closed, saw the radial shadows of the wheel-spokes lie across the dust like the ribs of a fan An instant later, when he had kissed her, she opened her eyes and recognized them again Her hand was in his hand, she was at peace, not greedy for time, without fear even of its passing, and it was without anguish that she saw that time had passed, the grass snake was gone, its track only remained As she and Barbet approached the tilbury, the pony began to move forward Barbet called to him to stand, they climbed again into their seats For the rest of their journey to the Maison Hazard, they talked at ease but seldom, there being a natural repose in the cooling sky and in their nearness to each other

Madame Hazard had heard the sound of their wheels and was at the gateway of the south east courtyard to welcome them The deaf woman, the widow Garbut, looked out from the door under the vine to say that the prisoners' supper was cooked, and Barbet, leaving Thérèse with his mother, remounted the tilbury and drove it round the house to the stables in the west courtyard

"We shan't see him again for a little while," said Madame Hazard "The men must be fed, and ten to one he'll stay and talk to them Our own supper must wait"

Before their coming she had been sitting in the wall shade near

the pomegranate tree and thither she now returned, offering Thérèse a straight wooden chair beside her

"There is something I have to say to you," she began at once "I was thinking of it as I sat here When Thérèse comes, I said to myself—and now your coming has put it clean out of my mind"

"It will come back," said Thérèse, "if we talk of something else," and she asked how the harvest had been and whether the Hazard vineyards had still escaped the phylloxera

"Of course they have," said Madame Hazard Then, recalling that the family miracle had not been complete, she added "There was a patch on the high ground Barbet dug up the vines and burned them and burned every vine within twenty-five metres There has been no more" She looked at Thérèse in troubled silence, unable to remember the subject on which she had wished to speak At last she attempted another "Madame Vincent and I saw your performance in Angoulême For my own part, I enjoyed it without reserve—without reserve," she repeated in an emphatic, querulous tone as if her opinion were being challenged "How you remember the words is what puzzles me So many words! So many words! Do you know, I could often have thought you were making them up as you went along I suppose you weren't? Is that a silly question?"

"I wasn't making them up," Thérese answered. "But I'm glad you thought I was."

Madame Hazard sighed "I can remember singers who sounded like a musical box. I can remember actresses who seemed always to be acting to the wall behind me But you, Therese, you made me laugh and cry inside myself because you were whispering into my own ear" She began to chuckle and silently to clap her hands "I expect it was that which upset Madame Vincent"

"Oh, was she upset?"

"She is very dignified," said Madame Hazard "She don't like anyone to come too close. She don't like anyone to tickle her ear. Of course one or two of your songs were Barbet's own songs; I've heard him sing them about the house, and you've changed 'em All except one"

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"Which?"

"'As I was going up the street' You sang that *his* way"

"I never change that," said Thérèse "From the very beginning I have never changed that That was why I quarrelled with Hurtaux"

"Good," said Madame Hazard, "I like them better as they were But I'm out of date, perhaps, and perhaps I'm a silly old woman' She stared at Thérese with wide, unblinking eyes and said "They think, of course, that I am sometimes a little mad?"

It was almost an interrogation Thérèse felt that a reply was expected of her "The world is so sane," she answered, "that sometimes it is necessary to be a little mad"

"Poor Emilie is sane," Madame Hazard said gravely and with the compassionate emphasis she would have used in speaking of a disease "She believes nothing she has not been taught, and if any thing from outside, anything unexpected, your performance, for example, makes a strong impression on her, she at once begins to explain it away My poor husband was like that When he was a little drunk, instead of enjoying it, he would always explain that it was not so He would say there was a rim of pressure above his eyes, and soon he would take out his watch and show it to me and ask whether I knew that in 1836 it had cost eleven hundred and twenty francs Now, what was I saying? Ah, yes, poor Emilie!" But she could not remember what she had been saying about Emilie Small grunting noises of irritation came out of her silence "Bless my soul!" she exclaimed, "there was something I had to say to you and certainly it wasn't about Emilie"

Thérèse tried to help her "Was it about my coming to Roussignac?"

"No," Madame Hazard replied, "it was about the kingdom of God" She was on the scent, her voice rose, her face brightened—then clouded again "But there are so many things to say about the kingdom of God," she continued sadly, "one hardly knows where to begin If only Barbet were here—" and suddenly she threw up her head in joy, sniffing the air "Of course," she said, "it was of Barbet I wished to speak" She looked into Thérèse's eyes.

'I think you are a young woman capable of telling the truth Answer this Do you intend to marry Barbet?'

Thérese looked at her incredulously "Marry!" The question was fantastically opposed to her own idea of her life in Paris but it made her catch her breath 'Do not fear," she exclaimed 'We shall not We shall not We shall not" She felt a pulse stir in her throat as though there were wings in her blood, and she held her body against the throb of pain within her 'What on earth put that idea into your head?'

Madame Hazard rose to her feet "Now there are a few things I must attend to before supper Will you stay here or come into the house?'

Thérèse chose to stay and, when she was alone, seated herself on the low wall by which the courtyard was enclosed A mewing cry drew her gaze upward to a family of buzzards circling above the vines As she watched their smooth, grave flight, and felt the heat of the stone wall under her hands, she remembered the words she had spoken to Madame Hazard and tried to interpret them No man was freer than Barbet, he was freer than the rich or the ambitious or the hungry or the timid, neither possessions nor desire nor fear for the future imprisoned him, yet she had said that he was a prisoner and, in speaking had felt it to be true A prisoner of what? She shrugged her shoulders in attempted indifference She wasn't his keeper, she had troubles enough of her own, but she knew that he also suffered, though his expression was normally that of a happy and unburdened man, and her question persisted *If I* were near him she thought, I should know what it is that holds him, if I were near him I—and she put her hand to her throat, she saw again the shadow of the wheel spokes lie upon the road like a fan Good God, she said when will you learn, Thérese Despreux? Are you fallen in love again? The buzzards' mounting circles had carried them out of sight Over the empty cornfields, in the direction of Pierre and Renée's cottage, a troop of grey brown corn bunting swept low, crying quit quit" and a loud "quit" When they were gone, there was unbroken silence, the deep, torpid silence of an end of an August afternoon, until four little birds of olive brown with white

bands across their wings appeared on a branch within a few yards of Thérèse, carrying her mind back to a day of her childhood on which she had been standing at the edge of the Long Wood with her mother and Barbet and the priest They had been talking together and she listening to the migration call of these little birds, who passed in great numbers Sometimes they had come to rest near her, she had pointed and asked their name. Her mother had shushed her, the priest had not heard, and it was Barbet who had told her that they were pied flycatchers and, taking her hand in one of his, had stooped quickly down and pointed from the level of her eyes to another bird, perched high on the yellow flower of the Jerusalem artichoke, which, he had said, was a whinchat The name she remembered and the excitement of watching the sway of the yellow flower, but the bird itself she had forgotten

There was a sound of footsteps behind her She turned, expecting to ask Barbet what a whinchat was like, but it was the priest, her father, who had entered by the gateway, and she was suddenly hot, the colour high in her cheeks He had followed her to the Maison Hazard, but to encounter her alone was unexpected, and he stood before her like a guilty child, unable to take her hand until she moved forward and gave it to him Thérèse had no small talk, it was her way to break silence by an abrupt plunge into the subject of her own thought, and now she surprised the priest and herself by saying

"He has gone to feed his prisoners"

The priest nodded "You passed me on the way—in the tilbury"

"Passed you? Not on the road?"

"I was on the path, inside the edge of the wood"

"Where?"

"You stopped soon after"

She considered this "The grass snake must have passed at your feet"

And he answered "I didn't see a grass snake"

She smiled and turned with him to the chairs under the pomegranate tree "His mother was here with me She has gone in to see to supper Are you staying to supper?"

"If I am asked"

"Then she had better be told you are here."

He put a hand on her arm "No Stay. I have a standing invitation Stay a little while"

She leaned back in her chair and waited

"Then it is true, Thérèse?"

"What is true?"

"What they say"

"What do they say?"

"That he visits you in Paris. That you and Barbet—"

"Are you blind?" she exclaimed "You saw with your own eyes! It was the first time he had ever held me in his arms. . . . Do you believe me?"

"Yes," said Lancret "And what does it lead to?"

"The old question what does it lead to? Can no one live in the moment?"

"No one can stay in the moment, Thérèse. It is already past."

She shook her head "There's this evening There's still supper to come. Hours and hours and hours. All of this evening is one moment"

"Are you as unhappy as that?" he asked

"I? Unhappy?"

"If a few hours this evening mean so much to you—"

"Not unhappy Lonely," she said. "This is a special place. It isn't Paris. It isn't Roussignac. It's a special place."

He insisted no further and folded his hands.

"When you are sitting beside me, as you are now, which do you feel," she asked, "my father or my priest?" and Lancret knew that the opportunity to serve her, for which he had prayed so long, was coming to him, the test of his capacity was coming, in what form he did not know, and, without unfolding his hands, he made in his mind the sign of the cross, and prayed silently Give me wisdom Give me charity Give me words.

"Why do you ask that?" he said "To provoke me?"

"Oh no, oh no," she cried. "Why should I wish to provoke you or anyone? I am not a wild beast. I have a question to ask

I don't want your prejudice as a man I want your answer as a priest"

"You wish to confess"

"If I did I should have said so I want what I say I want, an answer to a question . . I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she added 'I sound impatient, I know"

Lancret controlled himself He put irritation from him and calmed himself "I will answer as a priest," he said "Ask what you will"

"It is this," Thérese replied "Barbet is a good man, innocent—innocent," she repeated, "almost a sinless man"

"Let us say that he is good," Lancret intervened "The word may be allowed to explain itself"

"And he is happy," Therese continued "That is why it is peace to be near him—because he is at peace himself, and, in that way, happy It's in his face And yet, sometimes—I saw it just now as he went off to feed his prisoners—sometimes his face darkens The creases at his eyes tighten, his look goes away from you—back into his own mind—the look on other men's faces Shut in Held What is it? What holds him—him of all men?"

"Modesty of spirit," the priest answered "Shyness before God"

He heard his own voice say these words instantly as though his answer had been long prepared, but when Therèse asked what he meant by them he could not at first reply It was as if he had opened a book at hazard and read these words aloud and must now seek their context He stood up and, to steady his mind, walked away from Thérese to the low wall, where he stood, looking across the river to the hills of the Grande Champagne, striving to interpret the words which, he believed, had been given him This belief he recognized as a temptation to his pride, he had prayed for words, they had been put into his mouth, he might now, if he would, turn them to his own purposes and twist them with intellectual subtleties, for he was envious of a spiritual quality in Barbet that he himself was without and to reveal a flaw in that quality would compensate him Therefore, when Thérese had followed him and stood at his side, to protect himself against this temptation and put envy behind him he

said "I love the man He is nearer God than I I will not speak against him" But as he said this, it entered his mind that he might speak of Barbet in terms of his own defect, and he continued. 'Every sin has its opposite. Even spiritual arrogance has its opposite in an excessive modesty of spirit, the remedy for one is humility, for the other exaltation Barbet is limited—or, as you say, imprisoned—by his refusal to recognize anything exceptional—any exceptional power and therefore any exceptional duty in himself He is like a man fitted to command who wishes always to remain a private soldier, or like a child of rare talent who says always, 'I am not different from the others in my class.' There was an evening when his prisoners were dangerous and he went in to them unarmed and quieted them and they obeyed him But you were there, Thérèse, you saw it."

'Yes," she answered 'There was nothing spectacular in that It happened quite naturally"

"That is why it happened at all," the priest answered, spreading out his hands. 'Barbet did not guess that he was doing anything exceptional If he had known that he was doing what credulous fools might call a miracle, he would have shrunk from it All his life is a refusal to be conspicuous—I do not mean conspicuous to others, he is not afraid of opinion, he is scarcely aware of opinion, I mean a refusal to be conspicuous in his own eyes, to claim any exemption for himself, even to think of himself as different from others He retreats so far from the introspection by which the rest of us are flattered, from all the sins of intellectual or spiritual pride which beset us, that he is bound by his own simplicity He cultivates his vines, makes his barrels, *looks after* his prisoners All these things his father did and it is not enough Barbet is not his father, but he makes his life conform to the outline of his father's as if it were in some way presumptuous to excel him, even to differ from him He compels his spirit to inhabit too small a house, Thérèse"

"Have you told him so?"

"Never, I am not his priest"

"But as a man a friend"

Lancret hesitated. "Until you asked your question," he replied,

"I did not know what I have just said 'Modesty of spirit Shyness before God' I have never used such phrases or heard them used to describe an error But it is true—he inhabits a house too small for him If, as you say, he is sometimes unhappy, it is because he is beginning to know it Perhaps it is you, not I, who can help him"

Barbet came from the house carrying a tray on which were plums preserved in cognac and a bottle of pineau Thérèse disliked pineau, the mixture of cognac and unfermented wine was too sweet for her taste; but this evening she accepted and enjoyed it Madame Hazard followed her son Supper had long been ready She scolded him for having delayed with his prisoners and at once there came into his eyes that expression of confinement and battle of which Thérèse had spoken She looked into the priest's face, wondering whether he had recognized it, but he was supping the juice of his plums

They sat down to their meal in the old kitchen now no longer used for cooking In the fireplace was an iron backing with a figure of Bonaparte mounted, and above the mantelshelf a gun supported upon a rack of goat-horns The walls were thick, having deep cupboards built into them, and the room was cool Over their food they talked of food, then of Blachère and Fontan—a subject from which Barbet turned away, then of the experiments that were being made in grafted vines, then of Paris, of Royan, of the whinchat and the pied flycatcher—a roving conversation skimming the surface of all their minds Daylight fell into this room through narrow, embrasured windows Its shafts wheeled and faded on the brick floor When darkness was near and Madame Hazard would have had them move into the parlor, Barbet said "Shall we stay here, mother? Thérèse and I will clear the table You can have your game in here" To be so little a stranger that she might carry dishes and bring cards and candles delighted Therese She and Barbet played piquet at one end of the table, Lancret and Madame Hazard at the other Their voices, falling upon the silence, seemed not to break but to accent it, and she said

"Do you always play in the evenings with your mother? At this time, I am at the Écurie"

Barbet held his cards against him and listened, then continued his game. Thérèse knew that his imagination had carried him into the cells with his prisoners, and when their game was done, the players at the other end of the table still continuing, she was content to sit opposite him, wordless, and to watch his face. As long as he and she might sit thus and the priest and Madame Hazard mutter and exclaim over the slap and patter of their cards, so long would this stage of the evening last, and Thérèse found rest in it, she did not want time to move forward into questions and action, she wanted to be as she now was, near to him and silent, still living in the very evening in which he had first taken her in his arms, not looking back upon it as she would to-morrow look back out of her own separated experience, but lodged in his life, a part of his actual recognitions Nevertheless she began soon to try to engrave upon her memory his face as she now saw it, and the attempt, because it was a clinging to time, frightened her, she lost her hold, her mind leapt forward, she wondered whether Pleace would travel to Royan with Cugnot and Madeleine and whether the wine she had ordered a month ago would have resettled well enough for Courcelet to drink it Madame Hazard's game was done and Therese said to herself The evening is over! It is all over! While the others were putting away the cards and Madame Hazard bringing out a bottle of wine with which she said, to crown the evening Therese went from the room across the covered way and into the

time like a child whose

the glasses of wine whe

a farewell perhaps th

In the courtyard un ... starry sky, she wandered, stood, looked up wandered again. She counted seven stars. Never had she achieved the counting of *seven stars on seven successive nights*, if she did her wish would be fulfilled, but now she had no heart for her habitual wish which was for herself, and no language *to* wish for him Instead she remembered *the* evening on which she had sung in the other, the prisoners' courtyard, and imagined herself again on that platform with the ribbed reflectors, and felt again the impact which had quelled the defiance in her and converted her

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Chapter 5

THÉRÈSE OBEYED HER IMPULSE TO LEAVE ROUSsignac next morning and so came to Royan before the house was prepared for her. Her maid, Charlotte, and Bridier, a cook of Courcelet's who had been sent in advance of his master, occupied it, and, as soon as they perceived that Therese was in an undemanding, almost a submissive mood, and had not the energy to quell them, they made her unexpected coming an excuse for serving her as little as possible. Rooms that might have been uncovered were left under dust-sheets, her meals were "simplified," even the milk for her morning coffee was brought without a strainer until, in a flash of rage, she sprang out of bed, seized a hair brush and would evidently have used it if Charlotte had not fled from the room. The girl returned with the strainer and began to make excuses: there was so much to do in the house before the guests came; she and Bridier had expected to have no one to wait on until Thursday. Thérèse, in bed again, did not raise her eyes. She poured out her coffee and seemed not to be listening. "Go away," she said.

That day, her third at Royan, she spent in a mood of despondency. When the carriage and the white horses she had hired were brought for her inspection, they neither pleased nor displeased her; they were part of the conversation she had had with Barbet, and, after her eyes had fixed upon them, she wrenched herself away without giving the coachman orders. He waited half an hour before driving them back to the stables.

In the afternoon she went on to the beach with a rug over her arm and writing materials in her hand. She would not write to Barbet, but she might at any rate send a letter to Frédéric, and she wrote the envelope first because her pencil was eager for the word

song She shut her eyes, struggling for the words of her song as she had done formerly, but now, when she opened them, there were no prisoners She felt her hand taken and heard Barbet say "What are you doing, Thérèse? Counting the stars?' She was glad to go indoors with him and drink the wine that Madame Hazard put into her hand

"I will drive you and Thérèse into Roussignac," he said to Lancret "It will be time enough to go the rounds when I come back'

The three of them were pressed together in the tilbury The evening was already ended Little was said

"That is where we saw the grass snake," said Thérèse

Lancret was put down at his house At the Cheval Pie, Therese would not allow Barbet to leave the tilbury She was exhausted and feared that they might stand opposite each other, trying to say good night, trying to prolong what could not be prolonged

"No Stay where you are Please stay where you are" With sudden resolution, she added "To-morrow I shall go to Royan Good-bye"

"Good night, Thérèse"

She had turned away when his voice followed her

"Thérèse, tell me something When I came out into the court yard, what were you doing? Your lips were moving"

"Oh," she said in an abrupt, hard voice, as if she were mocking him, as if she wished to sting and hurt him, "I was emptying your prison for you"

"You can't do that Only I could do that"

"That is true"

She thought he would say more, but after a moment's hesitation he said good night, gathered the reins and drove away

mission of his life to hers—a heroic resolve, so improbable in its self abnegation that she curled her lip at it She knew what would have been said of it by the girl who had travelled with Barbet in the train to Mantes or by the Thérese to whom, in Paris, Courcelet had been so skilfully applying the brilliant varnish of his own indifferentism. I can t help it, she thought, I change, that s all, and I change so fast that no varnish will stick The resolve was a true resolve—truer than her attempt to sneer at it

DEAR FRÉDERIC,

I left so hurriedly, there were so many things to do at the last moment, that I didn t properly say good bye to you You must have thought me a pig, particularly after your waiting up for me on Sunday night. I didn t properly thank you for that either The door was open, it was dark inside—as it used to be when I lived there—and when you came out of the little room on the right, the piano-room—it was a shock I didn t say much I couldn't I didn t mean to be unkind Please forgive me What had you been doing? Sitting there in the dark all that time?

The people from Paris haven't come yet I m all alone This is written on the beach I remember sitting here with my mother The paper has been lying face downwards, I suppose it has got damp and that's why the pencil writes so smudgily Do you often see Barbet? I suppose not. Do something for me—or don't if you'd rather not, I shall understand, anyhow I shan't know Tell him you have had a letter from me and thank him for Sunday Say I won t write from here as everyone will be fussing, but I will write from Paris

A little boy came to retrieve his ball which had rolled to Therèse's feet She might have tossed it to him, but held it out so that he must come near to take it

'Play with me,' he said

'Are you alone?"

No'

'Then why am I to play with you?'

He had not taken his eyes from her "I like you," he said

"Roussignac" Then she looked at the sea and tried to think of the sea, but she felt nothing, not even the pleasant melancholy she had hoped for, nothing except the bleakness of knowing that, though she and Barbet loved each other, their lives lay apart Even if he were to ask it, she must never allow herself to become his wife, trying to live at the Maison Hazard, nor must he, whose whole virtue was of tranquillity, be dragged at her heels through Paris, a lost man patted or despised as the husband of Therèse Despreux The simple escape from paradox would have been to say that, since it was so evidently impracticable that her life should be joined with his or his with hers, their love itself was a delusion, a sentimentality of opposites, and she asked herself seriously and honestly whether this was so Was she thinking as she thought now only because she was alone? When Cugnot and Madeleine came to-morrow, would her memory of Barbet be submerged in the news of Paris, in the saving rashness of their company, in her own passion to entertain? And if Philippe de Courcelet came with them, and to-morrow night—as was likely at the outset of a holiday—made his infrequent claim upon her, would she refuse for Barbet's sake? He amused her, she liked his leisurely and assured appreciation, his eyes would compel response in her, arousing desire the more certainly because, with him, it might be satisfied without commitment All this she faced and accepted, no longer as in the past, boasting to herself of her independence in morals, nor, with any reversion of sentiment, blaming herself She recognized that others would blame her and say that her preparedness to receive Courcelet was proof that what she felt for Barbet was not love but a desire to play another part this time a romantic one In face of this recognition and this self knowledge stood her innermost sense that she did indeed love him and that, though the outward conduct of her life might be unchanged, she would continue to love him Others might prove their love by fidelity of body, she also if he demanded and valued it, but he did not, and to herself the proof of her love for him and of its difference from what else she had known was precisely that she did not wish him to be jealous Jealousy was a cord by which men were bound and she would not bind him by jealousy, or by marriage, or by any sub-

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his instance, she was by the casual pass romantically dissatisfied—and dissatisfied not because he was offering too little but because he demanded of her less than she might, some day, have to give. She said, for her pride I shall have him when it suits me, and, though she would not admit it even to herself, she often listened with contempt to the beautiful voice with which he spoke to women as if he were stroking a cat He strokes and purrs at the same time, she said, but in public she praised his voice, and had long known, within her secret criticism, that of all the *mauvais-sujets* who attracted her there was none in whom she was more likely to discover some day a romantic and disastrous oblivion Some day! It was not her habit to trouble her head about the future, and their relationship had become one of light hearted postponements which gave an edge to their encounters At the station she was kissed by him with just enough excitement to make easy for her any response she chose, she made none, but put her arm in his as they walked out, with Cugnot and Madeleine, to the waiting carriage.

In the company of these three her spirits rose Cugnot, who was wearing yellow gloves, took off one of them to hold her hand and elaborately took it off again to pat her white horses—a politeness which, when they laughed at him for it, he defended with such seriousness and so good a pretence of having been wounded by their laughter that at first they laughed the more, then stopped, for one never knew at what point Cugnot made—it was Madeleine's phrase—his transition' and included himself in his own hoodwinking What were the tunes? Therese demanded. Templeraud hummed the first, she picked it up Cugnot beat time with a cane thrust into his empty glove. As yet there were no words.

I'm not a poet but I will write a new Barbet song for you," Cugnot exclaimed "Only give me a title and I will write the words!

Therese looked from face to face.

You Therese, you always have a title up your sleeve!"

She was silent and stared out of the carriage towards the sea, but at that moment she became aware of Madeleine's discerning eye upon

There could not be a better reason She rose and played with him When he had had enough, he turned his back on her abruptly and ran full tilt towards his own people

"Oh, well!" She sat down again Bon, bon, Napoléon, va rentrer dans sa maison

" *but I will write from Paris or from La Roche Guyon*"

But perhaps she wouldn't She tore up her letter, returned to the villa, sent for Charlotte, Bridier and the coachman, reasserted discipline, put her house in order Next day, when Cugnot and Madeleine arrived, she found that they had brought Templéraud with *them* He had written music for some of her songs and *wished to* write more No shadow of embarrassment touched him in coming to Royan uninvited Last night Cugnot had said, "Why don't you come too? She'll be idle there, you can try your tunes on her," and he had come, sure of Thérèse's welcome, as he was of a welcome *from all women, old or young* His golden hair and full lips gave him a childlike appearance which a square jawbone and lean, sculptured cheeks saved from childishness, he had learned how to open his eyes, which were glistening and heavily lashed, in such a way as surrounded the iris with white and gave an effect of vagueness, of dreamy intensity, of "not being there,' and this effect *was used, in* its turn, to foster the idea of a charming irresponsibility so that it was a solecism to expect him to be punctual or pay his debts or remember at what girl's expense he supped last night In this useful affectation there was an element of truth, he was naturally head in air, good humoured and spendthrift, and was a *little distinguished among* Thérèse's male and female adorers at the Écurie by his ability sometimes to produce work that others would buy and by his quality of not being slavish, of expecting to be courted—his attitude of take-it or leave it even towards Thérèse herself She was never in his company without a desire *for self-abasement*, a wish to drown herself in his casualness To drown herself—not to dip into it It was this that surprised her Whenever he had suggested that she should be his mistress, she had passionately resisted the temptation of *her* senses, for the reason, astonishing in her later self analysis, that, in

Chapter 6

"MY DEAR THÉRÈSE," SAID CUGNOT, A WEEK later, "you are bored."

She was sitting to him for a portrait-drawing. "No," she answered, "why should I be? I haven't been sitting half an hour."

"I didn't mean bored by this sitting. I meant—"

"Nonsense," said Thérèse. "If one is alive, one is never bored!"

It was an article of faith, and she determinedly filled her days. She sat to Cugnot; she worked with Templéraud at her songs, refused him, desired him, laughed at him and at herself as though this were Paris and Roussignac did not exist. She drove, played cards and submitted herself to Courcelet's latest vanity—to improve her mind by teaching her history. Fortunately he had wit, knowledge and a roving mind which could be led easily into divagation, and Thérèse, who did not believe in missing chances, learned all she could of what happened to interest her in Periclean Athens and Florence of the sixteenth century These were Courcelet's subjects Being no fool, he introduced them opportunely, so that his teaching was less a lecture than a conversation, and Thérèse enjoyed being taught. "Men ought always to teach women," she told him to his delight. "If ever I had had a tutor, I should certainly have fallen in love with him"

But though she did not permit herself [illegible] her mind [illegible] of Templ[illegible] concentrated enthusiasm, she was not carried away by them or, even for a moment, intoxicated by the idea of singing them in Paris; none of them seemed the best in the world because it was hers, because she had discovered it, she did not wake up with its tune in her

her and threw herself upon their gaiety She began to sing the tune again "What is it like? What is it like, Etienne? Not the tune, but the rhythm—it's a travesty of something?"

"I wondered how long it would take you to find that out Listen It's a variant of a very old song," said Templéraud in the caressing voice of an actor about to make a declaration of love He sang the tune again with a different stress Instantly they perceived the original and began to sing it Four lines they sang together, then, at Cugnot's signal, he and Madeleine and Templéraud abandoned to Thérèse the falling cadence

"Ma chandelle est morte,
Je n'ai plus de feu
Ouvre-moi ta porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu"

She sang again

"Ouvre-lui sa porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu"

She pulled down her veil and said "There's your title, Cugnot 'Ouvre-lui'"

"To Templéraud's tune?"

"What? No No, my God To the old tune"

"But, Thérese, however you change the words, you can't make an up-to-date music-hall song out of 'Au Clair de la Lune'"

"Can't I! Why not?"

Cugnot shrugged his shoulders "It is tender It is sad It is romantic It is dead against the fashion"

"That's why I chose it That is why I can make it succeed," said Thérèse " . This is the house Be nice to Charlotte She's in a temper"

But Charlotte was sulky no longer She enjoyed gay company and Templéraud kissed her soundly at the carriage door.

"Oh yes," said Thérèse, "he's my depravity And someone to dine with Do you think it is possible to change one's whole way of life?"

'Certainly It has been done."

"I mean—possible for me?'

"If you wanted to If you wanted to enough, it would in fact be already changed The old way would have become valueless."

"You mean," said Therese, 'that if I loved Barbet enough to change my life for him, I should drop Courcelet?'

"Oh no I m not a fool I mean much more than that In the end, Courcelet would go with the rest In himself, he's not important"

"That's something," Thérèse answered "Only you would see that. If you had another man while loving Cugnot, would that be important?"

"Bless you,' said Madeleine, "when I'm away from him, do you suppose I'm chaste for his sake? I'm chaste for my own sake I don't make sacrifices for him If I did, I should think I was ceasing to love him. What others, outside, would call sacrifices are nothing of the kind They are a part of loving him Listen," she said "This is the point They are a part of my own converted will So I believe So I feel For him—no, not even 'for' him—in him, I have become what I am"

A narrowing of the path gave Thérèse a reason to fall behind into single file. At last she said

"You aren t an actress"

'No"

"I am I am a professional diseuse"

'How much does that mean to you? As much as it did?"

"Yes.

'You say it doubtfully What is it, Thérèse? Are you contemplating giving up the stage for him?"

"Why should I?" Her voice quickened to an agitated defiance. "Why shouldn't I? Do you suppose I'm incapable of it? You make me speak as if I didn't love him. Why do you do that? You are happy It's easy for you. You are like a married woman You have

blood but had, each morning, to lead her intelligence back to an analysis of it and its treatment When she wrote words to fit the tunes, or collaborated with Cugnot or Madeleine, or produced a group of verses for Templeraud to set to music, what she produced was, she believed, good, but she had little joy in producing it or even in contemplating the surprise, the applause with which it would be received Paris seemed far away, even Royan was sometimes far away, though she was in it She wrote a long serial letter to Barbet which she did not send I am a professional diseuse, she said to herself That's my job and always will be

One afternoon, while walking with Madeleine in the woods, she said these words aloud Madeleine looked at her and answered "You said that twice yesterday You have said it three times to-day," and because Therèse was afraid to speak at once of Barbet to Madeleine, she gave no reply but walked ahead in silence before looking over her shoulder to speak of Cugnot as a prelude to Barbet Madeleine loved Cugnot, her eyes continually rested on him as if they had neither rest nor pleasure elsewhere, as if only to see him were the beat of her heart, she touched him often as though he were magnet to her steel, and, when she did not, even her holding back was touch to one who saw it, and Therèse knew that though, upon many aspects of life, Madeleine's point of view was different from her own, she might speak to her of Barbet without fear to encounter the chill of the unloving She approached her own subject by way of Madeleine's "You are lucky," she said "You come out for this walk with me and you have him to go back to When we return and come nearer the house and walk up the steps, the house will be alive for you because, suddenly, you may hear his voice At dinner, the wine won't be just wine—it will be the taste of that instant in which you see him over the rim of the wineglass And when this time ends, there's Paris You'll go back with him In the train, near him In the studio, his things, your own"

"He may turn me out He does, you know, when he wants to live alone for a time"

"Does that matter? You come back"

"Is Courcelet nothing?"

it will seem real, what I have been saying now to you will seem a sneer at a kind of life that, in fact, I want and envy. Do you see that? I'm not dramatizing myself If I am, I can at any rate see myself in both parts, and I swear I can hiss myself off the stage if I begin to sentimentalize either" She turned down the corners of her mouth "And I know," she said, "which I shall play when it comes to the point."

"Which, Thérese?"

"Not the clinging woman . Oh," she added in reply to Madeleine's glance, "it won't be a noble renunciation for his sake! And I shan't even pretend to myself that it was I've outgrown *La Dame aux Camelias*, I promise you Anyhow it wasn't really for *his* sake that Marguerite Gautier let Armand go, and if it was, it would have been better if Dumas fils hadn't said so Besides, *Barbet isn't* Armand I couldn't cage him if I wanted to When he knocks, the door opens"

Madeleine cut the air with the switch she was carrying "According to the Gospels," she answered, "that applies to all of us."

"Except that we don't knock," said Thérèse. "I signed the Plence contract this morning"

only to trail round after Cugnot and live in his studio when he'll let you 'In him I have become what I am!'—God, what a phrase! You read metaphysics, you have a phrase for everything I have my life to live and it's my own life That doesn't say I'm incapable of—Don't you understand? I have nothing of Barbet *He* won't be in the house when we get back We have never been lovers You tell Cugnot that He thinks we have You tell him that I *should like* him to know"

She sat down on a bank, her fists clenched, her shoulders trembling, and when Madeleine turned back and came near, she burst out

"All right, I know it! I know it! If it comes to the point, I shall know whether I'm acting or not!" Then she stood up and began to walk again at Madeleine's side and said in an even and quiet voice "I'm sorry I was vehement I have a pretty steady mind, I can see myself In emergency, I always behave well I know inside me that our love can never have the ordinary, natural fulfilments Not only because he lives in the Charente and my work is in Paris It isn't a question of one of us being noble and giving up a career for love We should do no good if we did And it isn't even a question of our being different kinds of human being, none of the *clichés* apply, and, what's more, we aren't so different—anyhow our fires glow to the same bellows What I think is true is that most people ask too much of love They ask everything all the time They ask the things that don't belong to their particular kind of love And what Barbet and I can't ask is to be lastingly together—a rooted happiness, home, children We might have the rest if we could forgo that I see that now—clearly enough—talking to you And I've had experience enough to know the difference between—oh, what I've had a score of times and the enduring love, however separated, that there might be between him and me But always one wants more I say now that I don't I say most people want too much and I imagine that I'm wiser than they are But soon, perhaps to-night, I shall want more I shall say 'Why is it wrong, why should it be impossible that he and I should be together?' I shall want a home—or think I do I shall want children I shall imagine that kind of life with him,

cism, and when Courcelet said she was mad, that she must at all costs free herself of the Écurie, she answered that these people understood her and were not for ever asking her to become different from what she was. 'They appreciate me!' she declared "You hate them because you are rich. You don't love the theatre."

But she had, in truth, outgrown them The comfort she gained in their company was brief, the drug no longer worked, for they did not, in fact, fool her, she despised them while they petted her and the more for being blind to her contempt Her integrity could be overlaid but not killed, and often, returning alone in high excitement from the Écurie or from a party at which, made drunk by noise and adulation, she had betrayed herself in the wildest extravagances of mood, she would gaze blank-eyed, as though it were a dead house in Pompeii, at the flat of the Île St. Louis upon which she had spent so much care, and, because there was nothing she wished to do, kick off her shoes and sit upright on the arm of a chair or on the edge of her bed in that bitter chill of lucidity which a critical intelligence creates for itself amid the heat of wine.

One night in early October, as she let herself into the flat, she saw, on the floor of the entrance passage, a letter addressed in Barbet's hand She stooped, touched it, then, in sickness of heart, let it lie She passed through the sitting room, lighted a hand lamp, looked into her mirror and sat down on her bed, thinking that she did not wish to fall asleep fully dressed, but without initiative to move The dress she wore, that had been a delight and a challenge earlier in the evening filled her now with distaste. Remembering the praises she had heard of it and the hands that had touched it, she felt only that she had exposed herself in a cattle market

After half an hour, her head nodded, she wrenched it up and turned it That's something she said, looking through the communicating door into her sitting room Her rooms still pleased her when she remembered that they were hers she had made them, she possessed them she was no more a lodger in the Rue Lilas But I was happier in the Rue Lilas! Nevertheless she surveyed her possessions They pleased her, not now by those peculiarities, those special accents of taste which the camp followers delighted in and called

Chapter 7

WHEN SHE WAS RETURNED TO PARIS, THÉRESE set her face against the weakness that had come so near to capturing her at Roussignac That she and Barbet should be lastingly together was impracticable, that she should take to herself the credit of "renouncing" him was a sentimentality of Dumas fils She was a professional diseuse, in becoming one, she had unfitted herself to be anything else Of this she was by turns proud, ashamed and disbelieving, but it was a formula to which she clung during that autumn

Having, as she then supposed, reached a decision which excluded a major change in her way of life, Thérèse, after her manner, which was as drastic and imperious in thought as in action, variously supported it, seeking desperately by every means in her power to prove to herself that it was right Her support was sometimes a plain acceptance, which lent her a new quietness of demeanour, sometimes an irony at the expense of this very quietness which, when Cugnot praised it, she swore was a pose, suggested by the demure bonnets with which she had decided "to contradict the fashion", and sometimes by a stormy revulsion from everything that Barbet stood for in her mind Then she would resume her old, scalding habit of claiming for herself a virtue of unsentimental honesty, tell lie after lie for no other purpose than to proclaim herself a liar, and lash Courcelet into bitter frenzy by glorifying whatever was weak or vicious in her camp followers at the Écurie So rapid were her twists of motive that all Courcelet's subtlety did not enable him to perceive how it came about that, by agonized contraries, she praised these sycophants because she loved Barbet and wished to drown the impulse in herself to love him In these moods, she would hear no criticism of them, who by their flatteries eased her from self-criti-

"Your hangers-on They won't like it"

In a passion of resentful loyalty, she cancelled her plans, and sprang to defence of the party from which she had come Courcelet lay back in his chair and waited She would return to her "plan," and he had a scientific interest in the process In the end what he called her "delayed wisdom" always prevailed, perhaps because she was country bred or because she had been educated by the priest, Lancret, she always permitted her sense of ultimate advantage to prevail, in the nick of time, over her follies When her flood of words ceased and he judged that she was at last finally prepared to surrender, Courcelet began

"May I speak now?"

'Certainly, if you don't attack my friends."

'Dear Therèse, I shall not attack them. I shall tell you how, in my view, your own mind works. You must not interrupt me in order to make a display of loyalty, you must contradict me only if something that I say is untrue Is that agreed?'

'I shall not interrupt," Therese answered "I like you when you are playing your own game Besides, you will be talking about me. That is always interesting"

"Very well Courcelet continued "What at root you are proud of is your French country stock and your power to live by your own work by what you yourself do or make or invent. You are a self reliant animal. That distinguished you from a harlot even in your most promiscuous days It distinguishes you now from all parasites. Others are parasites *on* you And in your heart you despise them Myself, for example. I earn my place by amusing and educating you and by my supreme negative virtue of not bothering you, but you are much less attached *to* me than you are to Het Vaderland, an old stove that you found for yourself in a remote ironmonger's, which is yours—bought with money you yourself earned—and—"

All right," said Therèse, "but leave Het Vaderland alone He's special I don't want him talked about."

Courcelet refilled his glass and, as he did so, pressed her hand "I appreciate that Children are often very secretive about their dolls I won t invade your territory"

"Despreux," but rather by those plainnesses which were the choice of an earlier Thérèse—the window of her sitting room that gave upon the river and what she called the back-garden of Notre Dame, or the flowers she had cultivated outside her bedroom window, or her stove, which had pictures of Dutch country scenes on blue and white tiles and was called Het Vaderland (which she pronounced fantastically) and was, in effect, not an enclosed stove but an open grate with a tubular flue She rose from her bed and walked from one room to the other, comforting herself with these possessions, thinking of them by the names she had given them that they might not remain inanimate

While she knelt on her window seat, the door of her flat opened She did not move but allowed Courcelet the pleasure of surprising her by putting his arms about her waist

"I thought I should find you asleep"

"Then you'd have wakened me"

"Not necessarily"

"*What do you want? A warm bed for the night?*"

"Then get into it, my dear How can you work if you never sleep?"

She undressed obediently and gave him wine "I have no supper laid I wasn't expecting you to night I can get you some"

"Dearest, Thérèse, go to bed You are exhausted I have supped. I didn't expect myself"

"Thank God you came. I can't sleep I'm not in the least tired I want to talk" She added suddenly "I've made plans"

"Look," he said, holding out Barbet's letter "I found this in the passage"

She took it and laid it on a table, face downwards

"Don't you want to read it?"

"No"

He looked at it and hesitated "Well," he said, 'what plans?'

"You are right, Philippe, I need another string to my bow than the Écurie"

"And what about the rabble?'

"You mean?"

At that she was instantly alarmed

"Every woman, certainly every actress, has a legend," Courcelet said, "and she is happy and successful whose legend is, as it were, a projection—perhaps an enlargement, an exaggeration, but still a projection—of her own nature. If her legend becomes distorted, if others make it for her—advertising touts or managers or newspapers or stupid friends and it becomes a contradiction of her nature, then she is divided against herself, her energies are split between two lives, she becomes barren and lost As an actress, a diseuse, you were entitled to make your own legend What was it? An egoist An individualist, self reliant, not clinging, contemptuous of patronage, a rebel against the big battalions. A girl who didn't bargain with her sex, who admitted her own pleasure and indulged it, but would cut out her own pleasure and anyone else's for the sake of her job As an artist, unrelenting and unswerving, never complacent, never satisfied, as a woman generous, a giver-out, a good loser sans rancune—all that, Therèse, is what you designed, and it was possible—a legend you could hold together—because inside yourself you knew yourself to be—what?—a quietist amid the din?"

She flinched recovered and said firmly "That is completely untrue Why did you say it?"

"The man you love is a quietist?"

"Ah! So you said it to test me You are cruel"

"To test your realism, Thérèse"

"Then I have survived the test. And if I m not a quietist, which certainly I am not, what am I? You are so wise and so foolish that you interest me, Philippe."

"Then you shall tell me If you aren't a quietist within the din, what is it that was to hold the legend together? What are you, Therese?"

"Natural," she answered, "within the legend"

"Ah, that will serve!" he cried, "That will serve! Now do you understand what I mean when I say that your rabble have distorted your legend? Put it no higher than professional advantage I won't say that they have corrupted you, I don't think they have, in any case, I am not concerned with your morals. What they have done

"You haven't hit on the real reason that I despise you," Thérese said, "—if 'despise' is the word."

"Haven't I?" But he scented diversion and refused the trail. "I will return to that. Meanwhile, what you despise more than me—"

"I don't despise!" she exclaimed. "It is you who despise. I love people. I love anyone who does a job of work well. I—"

"There speaks Michael Angelo! Do you remember what he said on the subject? I told you at Royan. 'I am of all men the most inclined to love people. Whenever I see one who can do or say something better than the rest of the world, I can't help loving him, and then I give myself up to *him and am his rather than my own.'* Roughly that."

"Well?"

"Only that Michael Angelo—"

"I thought this conversation was to be about me?"

"Very well, as you please," Courcelet replied, straightening himself to the challenge. "What, at root, you despise are the Hurtaux and Plences of this world, the men who don't produce but live by what others have produced, the tradesmen of the arts who are not content to be tradesmen but give themselves the airs of artists. And even more, in your heart—for Plence and Hurtaux do at any rate shoulder a little commercial risk when they fail to pass it on to dupes and backers—even more you despise the wild excitable neurotics, without my detachment or your saving, country bred sanity, who cover their failures by pretending that they don't want to succeed and that anyone who works outside a coterie—at the Divertissements or at the Variétés for example instead of at the Écurie—has sold his precious self to the Philistines. They would have formed a club to sneer at Michael Angelo when they heard that he was employed by the Vatican. How can you enjoy the company of these people, and listen to their prattle as if it had value, and say you love them and let them hold you prisoner? Do you suppose that Michael Angelo would have given himself up to them and become theirs rather than his own?"

Thérese tightened her lips but made no answer.

"They have affected your legend, Thérèse."

begins to grow—a preserved and aging callowness, an effete immaturity. They are tolerant of nothing but their own failures. They treat everyone with whom they disagree as dishonest and fortify their ignorance with their sneers, like a frightened cur snarling to encourage himself. They sneer indiscriminately and always in the same tone—at Musset, at Chopin, at governments, at rich men, powerful men, men who believe, soldiers who die—at everyone who accepts responsibility, above all the responsibility of greatness that they so easily evade. I am not speaking of the artists who go to the Écurie—men such as Cugnot—or of the people who drive out from my wicked world to gape at you and the artists, I am speaking of the gossips and hysterics of the place—Plence's slaves, your slaves for the time being—who have no place in life at all except in this coterie. It is their whole importance to feed Plence's importance or treat you as a goddess—for the time being. But you are their slave, Therese, not they yours, for they have nothing to lose except their appetites and you have put your legend in their power. You are isolated. Your whole professional reputation rests on the Écurie. If for a moment you offended the rabble, if they shrieked a little less hysterically on Tuesday than on Monday, Plence's brain would begin to wonder how soonest to be rid of you, and, as things stand, you would go elsewhere as a suppliant. You must go elsewhere at your time, not at his. Your time is now. Then you can return at your price, not his. He must become not what he now thinks he is—your patron, almost your collaborator—but a middleman who, like other middlemen, competes for his goods in an open market."

"No," said Thérèse, "I shall always ask less from Plence than from anyone else in Paris. I like him. He understands me. The Écurie is my place."

"So be it," said Courcelet. "I am not worrying about your salary."

"And I shall come back to the Écurie!"

"Then you will leave it?" he cried instantly.

She had said more than she had intended, but not more than her resolve. Should she give him the satisfaction of supposing that he had persuaded her?

is to give the impression that your whole legend is a pretence, that there is no naturalness within it, no stability or endurance, that you are one of themselves—living emotionally from hand to mouth, even your vitality a whipped up vitality, the effect of a drug"

At this Thérese moved in her chair, but he cried "Wait I will give you an instance. You can't deny it, you have acknowledged to me that your tongue is your enemy Why has it become so? Isn't it part of your nature—isn't it the life-blood of your whole legend, your image of yourself—that you don't hedge or pander to convention but speak with absolute directness?"

"But moods change," she answered "What is true now isn't necessarily true to morrow!"

"I didn't say 'speak with final truth,'" he answered, in the tone of an exacting but patient schoolmaster, 'I said 'with directness.' It was so, even when I first came to know you You were extravagant then, thank God, you always will be, you are not replying for a Government but for yourself, but then you were also naturally direct They applauded you, it was new to them, they were stung and exhilarated by it, then they wanted it, like a drug, stronger and stronger You gave it them Led on and led on by their flashy response, your tongue has acquired a habit of violence that has made a vice of your virtue Not that only You are naturally a realist You would have been one if Monsieur Zola had never been born You are so true a realist that, though you have long ceased to be a practising Catholic, I have never heard you make a sentimental denial of God, you do not suppose, as your rabble do, that, where you or they can see nothing, nothing exists That," Courcelet added in parenthesis, 'is why I love you in so far as I am capable of loving anyone, you are a more realistic sceptic than I am myself, you are not credulous, you believe very little, but you are not barren and indifferent as I am, there is nothing you are incapable of believing That is your nature—again the core of your legend, its link with what is great in the romantics—and yet you identify yourself with these little men who are 'realists by fashion and formula Their and fear of being called sentimental has confined them in the pose that we ought to cast off, if we have ever assumed it, when our beard

noisseur He was tasting it and it tasted sweetly of rejuvenation

"Very well, you shall have it," she said, coldly emphatic. "I will read it I will read it aloud to you, whatever it is."

He blinked and ran his tongue slowly across his upper lip, then, when she sat down, seated himself opposite her He took the kettle from the stove and let it dangle from his wrist, jigging it and sliding it

"You are like Victor"

He opened his mouth

"Victor Vincent," she said

She broke the envelope and began to read

DEAREST THERÈSE,

Though I expect you do not wish to be bothered with many letters, I have been promising myself to-day that I would write to you this evening As I told you once, you open doors for me, and it does me good to remember that Roussignac is not all the world. At present, as you can imagine, it is nearly all the world We have been sniffing our casks and tightening our hoops, and two days ago grape-picking began The rest you can imagine We—I mean our own vineyards—have done what would be considered moderately well in normal times, now, with the rest of the country so badly hit by the phylloxera, even that much prosperity is remarkable Anton can't understand why we are more or less immune

I had thought I might have been coming to Paris before the vintage began Now I expect I shall not see you until after the distillation. I wish you could be here again some autumn It is the time of year I love best, except that people go out shooting The swallows and martins will soon be off for the South There was an army of them on the roof early this morning Thrushes and redwing are coming from the north and, as I said, the guns are out but the thrushes know about them and take cover under the vines.

Now I seem to have written very little of you, and you will be

"You have been knocking at an open door, Philippe. . No, not always, I know To-night you have, I told you I had made plans—"

"When does your contract end?" Courcelet interrupted She would go, he had gained his purpose and would clinch it, he was indifferent to the credit, as yet His intelligence preceded his vanity

"The third week of November"

"To-morrow, then, you will send out scouts"

"No," said Thérese "None of your diplomacy! I will go to the Divertissements and ask for work No, no, leave me alone I will do things in my own way It is part of my legend Now I am going to bed"

"Thank you," said Courcelet "I ask no other reward for my sermon You have a faultless intuition But there is one question I should like to ask," he added "What decided you 'to make plans'?'

"Your wisdom," she said

"What decided you to make plans?" he repeated

She jerked out the bow of his tie

"When other women are miserable," he said, "they go out and spend money When Thérèse is desperate, she sets out to make it Both motives lead to the grands boulevards"

"Don't talk to me," she answered "I am tired Is the bottle empty? Give me some wine" She looked at the table

"Read that letter, Thérèse"

She did not move

"It has the Charente postmark Read it"

She turned it over and looked at the handwriting, the corners of her mouth falling

"Do you love him, Thérèse?"

"I don't know Yes Why?"

"Then you don't want me?"

"For God's sake don't talk," she said "Everything is killed by talk"

Was the man jealous—he, the indifferentist? He was no longer smiling His face was gravely sensual as she had seen *it sometimes* when he slept, when he dreamed Even of jealousy he was a con

'Why?'

"Why? Because I want to sleep"

'For his sake?'

Never quarrel Never quarrel with a hungry man Cover his vanity But she said

"For my own I want to sprawl."

'I am to go then?'

'Listen—" she began

'I will go," he said His recovery was admirable. "Will you please re-knot my tie? It was you who undid it."

She obeyed He took her hand and kissed it At the door, he turned

"Nevertheless, you go to the Divertissements?'

"All the more, I go to the Divertissements."

When the outer door had shut, she went to bed and turned upon her face and sprawled her limbs and slept.

saying why does he write only of the vines and the birds? what a provincial he is! But I can promise you I think often of the bonfire at St Cloud, and of how thirsty we were at La Roche Guyon The other day there was a Paris newspaper on Anton's table when I was in his room, and I saw a caricature of you What big eyes! I am always a bit alarmed if I see the name of anyone I love in a newspaper and if I saw a caricature of myself *I should feel that the world had turned upside-down* But I expect you are accustomed to it—or will be soon—and, when you are very famous, you will take no more notice of it than I do of my own face when I shave

As I must be up early, I shall now go to bed The prisoners often ask about you I tore out the caricature, meaning to show it to Fontan, but until this moment I have thought no more about it I have just found it in my pocket and am thoroughly ashamed of myself Good night, dear Thérèse

Barbet

When the letter was done, she waited, not looking into Courcelet's face His arm reached forward across her sight The kettle was set down

"The vintage," he said "The phylloxera Yes"

"Are you dumb?"

"What do you expect me to say?"

"Anything You are naturally eloquent"

"My dear Thérèse!"

Anger stirred in her again She saw ahead a scene in which, for Barbet's sake, she would stormily reject him, and the scene disgusted her "For Barbet's sake!" Dumas *fils*! She was a sane woman Courcelet's right was established He amused her He was her depravity He would serve She put Barbet's letter into its envelope, tossed it on to her desk and rose, intending to stretch out her hand to Courcelet At the same time he too rose and his feet shifted on the carpet When she looked at him, she found him breathless.

"You are enchanting," he said, "enchanting Like a girl"

She replied "I want to sleep alone"

was going to the Divertissements Plence, having something to lose, was more guarded His resentment would not strike unless she failed at the Divertissements, and he professed to be delighted by the news for her sake, she had taken, he said, a necessary professional step, he was glad to have been useful in launching a great artist who had now outgrown him, he would watch her future with affectionate sympathy, and hope that some day he would be able to buy her back for the Écurie She needed friendship so passionately that she flung her arms round his neck Of course she would come back! She would never be happy anywhere but at the Écurie It was *her* place —or was it his? She laughed and cried. "Oh, thank you, thank you for being so kind. I knew you would be! We do understand each other? We do understand each other, dear Plence, don't we? It isn't a question of money I'll come back for almost nothing if you want me I'll do anything for people if only they're *nice* to me."

'Entendu,' said Plence

She told Courcelet that he had been wrong about Plence "I don't care what people say I adore him. I have always found him honest."

Courcelet's eyebrows went up It was in his mind to say that, in less dubious men than Plence, honesty did not need to be proclaimed so vehemently and that, in any case, it wasn't reason enough for adoring a tradesman, but he denied himself the retort Suddenly he was sorry for Thérese She had promoted herself from Montmartre to the fashionable splendours of the Théâtre des Divertissements Lyriques and the triumph was empty if none would rejoice with her Anyone would do, even Plence—anyone who didn't argue or reprove or advise but would let her throw her arms round his neck It was for this reason that she needed the rabble at the Écurie, having no volition of their own, they would, like dolls, dance to any string she pulled When she was lonely, she had a habit of going to them, as a child to its toy cupboard

Poor Therèse," he said, delighted to find in himself that imaginative sympathy with a woman different from him in kind which he had often said was the hall mark of an artist "Poor Thérèse!" but as he said it and put out his hand to touch her affectionately, he

Chapter 8

NEXT MORNING PHILIPPE DE COURCELET SENT her flowers, this promptness being, she supposed, a sign of peace—a sign, at any rate, that after so unaccustomed a ruffling of emotion, he had resumed his habit of indifference and wished to announce it He rarely quarrelled, if he did permit himself so warm a lapse, he would not add to it the emotional discomfort of a reconciliation, but forget silently She was willing to be thus discreetly reconciled, it amused her to watch herself respond to his urbane good breeding as it would have amused her to prove, in his company that one need not be an aristocrat to dance a minuet But it disconcerted her when she found that, though he attended the Écurie, he was never alone, there were always friends at his table, he welcomed her but hedged himself in, and she did not know what was required of her Supposing herself to be still nominally his mistress she accepted his invitations to supper, but at these suppers she was one among his many guests, he treated her with charming intimacy but without confidence, when he drove her home he avoided any question of breach by walking up to her flat and talking to her as he had a hundred times and leaving as he had a hundred times, it was impossible to ask Have we quarrelled or have we not? Nevertheless she asked it 'Quarrelled? What on earth is there to quarrel about? My dearest Thérèse, surely we understand each other perfectly? She did not understand She felt that she was being outmanœuvred, that she was lonely and without friends

The inner circle of the Écurie, which Courcelet called the rabble was, as he had foretold, chilled against her, when having secured her engagement for the winter, she allowed it to be known that she

"Look," he said to Thérèse. "Undo it."

She undid the packet he had placed in her hands It contained a small enamelled box on one side of which was the letter T in diamonds and the other letter F

"Is it a patch box? Have you ever seen my patch box with the lilies of the valley? It was given to me in the Rue Lilas."

"It's a snuff box," said Courcelet.

"No, not the Rue Lilas!" exclaimed Thérèse "It was given to me at Mantes"

"It belonged to Fouché," said Courcelet "That is his F. Inside, you will find an inscription. There's no doubt of it The T, I'm afraid, was added by the second owner, an Austrian, who bought it in '21, after Fouche's death When I first saw it, I hoped the T might have been Talleyrand's—but no such luck We have the whole pedigree"

"It's lovely," she said "But why Fouche?"

"Because—" He stared Then, guarding himself with a smile from being fooled, quoted her own quotation.

"But why Fouche?"

"He said it."

"He didn't! I did!"

Courcelet laughed aloud as he laughed seldom This, he thought, is admirable fooling, then wondered—was it possible? Hadn't she known?

"Anyhow," she said, turning the box over, "T stands for Thérèse"

She remembered that, on this occasion, he would wish to be spontaneously kissed, and turned her head But not in the cab—it rocked on the cobbles, at the Palais Royal.

In Courcelet's rooms, she again thanked him for Fouché's snuff-box and kissed him, but his arms did not move upon her or her body slacken within them She looked at him kindly, for she was fond of him, and thought such as it was, it is over

"Well?" she said

Not pretending to misunderstand her, he smiled an old smile, considerate and patient "After all, if one doesn't make a tragedy of it, there are still good wine and good talk"

asked himself—just as the rabble asked themselves!—whether he was not being sentimental, and a look of patronage came into his face which he felt upon it and could not banish in time Fear succeeded it He thought she would strike him

"You are pitying me," she said

He answered, awkwardly and stupidly "Is that a crime?"

"It is worse than a crime It is a blunder"

Now what is one to do with a girl who, when you expect her to slap your face, whips out a saying of Fouche? Courcelet glowed with admiration His guard was down He seized her hand with the impetuousness of a lover and kissed it in delight She responded instantly This at any rate was enthusiasm It puzzled her, she didn't understand it, but it moved her heart For its sake, she would forgive anything If he would be glad, no matter why, she would be glad with him

"You are funny!" she said

"I will give you a present to celebrate that," he exclaimed "I have had my eye on it a long time The very thing! I know where we'll go! I know the place!"

Without waiting for his own carriage, he put her into a cab and gave the driver *precise instructions When they reached their destination*, a street to the south of the river behind the Quai Voltaire, he commanded her to wait, climbed out and vanished through a doorway She thought in Roussignac the distillation has begun and put the thought from her *"What street are we in?* she asked the cabman He told her A moment later she could not remember the name and dared not ask for it Why had she asked at all? I like Philippe, she thought, he's dry, he plays by the rules, but when she leaned out of the cab she found herself looking into the face of a girl who was happy The girl didn't see her She was looking beyond the tail of the cab into the street A man who had crossed the street, came round the wheel and joined her They walked away, their smiles alight with the joy of being together, he with the heavy basket she had been carrying Courcelet so nearly collided with them that he took off his hat and apologized

"The Palais Royal," he said to the cabman

rate—then separate hopes now separate despairs. It is the fate of most women who are well brought up, but, unlike me, they do not acknowledge this separateness, they hanker for a romantic unity which their own experience—the fact that their minds began to dream of raptures before their bodies had taught them how to select and fulfil their dreams—has made, for them, impossible. I am not the materialist you suppose, Therese, nor the dry sceptic I know that men and women can love But to love is an art like another, an amateur does not produce an enduring masterpiece"

"Thank you," said Therese "Then I am fortunate."

"So is Barbet Hazard"

She drew breath at the name "When I spoke of drowning myself, I wasn't thinking of him That wouldn't be drowning"

He had been aware of this, and he said "Of whom then?"

She threw up her arms and stretched and smiled "No one. I don't know Another substitute, perhaps. This time without moderation"

"Is that a reason that you shouldn't sometimes dine with me here or at Larue?"

"None unless you consider it a reason Are you proof against jealousy?"

"No" said Courcelet, "I should be sorry if I were But I do not allow jealousy to turn my wine to vinegar"

From that time onward she saw little of him He did not surrender his key to her flat but seldom used it, his attendance on her was chiefly in public, and she understood that what he required of her was that she should not spectacularly cease to be his mistress He would not be driven by jealousy or desire to force an issue with her he preferred suspense to an end, being capable of putting sections of life into brackets, his vanity enabled him to hope, perhaps to believe, that she would not be unfaithful to him, he would besiege her with his detachment and patience, he would starve her of his company, which she enjoyed In the end, if he did not formally abandon them he might recover his privileges.

Indeed, she missed him, and missed even more that steely casual

"As bad as that?"

"As intelligent as that."

"Too intelligent," she answered. "I am tired of being moderate. [illegible]

you needn't look so alarmed—I don't mean in the Seine."

"Well, certainly," he said, "I am not the appropriate person in whom to drown yourself."

She looked at him and answered slowly: "When you and I are together, each of us is always alone."

"Isn't that the charm and the convenience—"

"Yes," she interrupted. "It was. I'm grateful. You have been—"

"Thérèse, you are committing a cardinal error. You are about to say good-bye."

"Wouldn't that be honest?"

"Yes, yes," he said with good-humoured impatience. "If I were a young man wishing to drown himself in you, then it would save us both from the humiliation of bobbing heroically in the shallows. As it is—"

But he would not say "go and drown yourself in whom you please." A twinge of jealousy checked the words. He wished to retain, if not absolute possession, a suzerainty over her, and a reversion. Postpone, postpone. Anything, when one is growing old, is better than finality.

"As it is," he went on, "I understand you better, perhaps, than you wish to understand yourself. At the customary time, when you were green, you missed your experience of love. I and others have been substitutes. You produced a philosophy to explain us—a philosophy of casualness and indifference tenable by me because, in me, it is founded on disillusionment, but not by you—you are not disillusioned because until now you have never loved. Now, already sensually mature, you have fallen in love with a wine-grower. The heavens have opened to you when you are equipped to appreciate them. I envy you the experience. I fell deeply in love before I was a man. The heavens opened before I had ever watched a lady brush her hair. As a result, the two things have been for me always sepa-

a dam were broken and her whole being were released and poured out. On her knees before him, she lifted a face so transfigured that he had not the courage of it and put his hand over her head and pressed it against him that her face might be hidden. He supposed, nevertheless, that what she felt was the lust to which he was accustomed and when she spoke he did not understand that she was expressing more than this She said "Why didn't you tell me that it was you I loved? It is you I love you," and she continued in this way until he silenced her He said that he loved her, the word "love came to him out of the past as if it were the "good morning, sir' of a tradesman when a customer enters his shop, and it was not until he had lain with her that he began to understand that she was using the word as something else than common form He looked down at her face, at once startled and appeased, he stroked her forehead and was appalled by the expression of rapturous peace in the eyes that opened and regarded him Wishing to return to the piano, he moved his left foot towards the edge of the bed, but covered his retreat by smiling at her with that soft upward curling of the mouth-corners which gave to his lips an expression of great tenderness Her eyes filled with tears, she put her arms round him with the passionate confidence of a terrified child whose safety was in him

A harder man than Templéraud could not long have deluded her because, in fact, he did not love her, her eye, which was still shrewd must have seen through him, but Templeraud was malleable by devotion, and when he had ceased to be astonished, he began to live the part for which her passion cast him, to feel and breathe it. As Christmas passed and the new year came, he learned even to say to himself when he woke in the morning I love her, and to believe that this was true.

To this seeming romance, circumstances contributed—first of all that his fame sprang up with her new fame at the Divertissements. By Courcelet's contrivance—because to be her patron was his dearest vanity and because he felt that Templeraud was not at the level of his jealousy—Therese was launched upon certain draw-

ness in herself which had formerly made him sufficient to her. Until the evening on which she had driven with Barbet to supper at the Maison Hazard she had been able to sustain herself by reserved and bracketed pleasures; and now she could not. She was unarmoured and lonely. The proudest boast of her egoism—that she was clear-minded and conscienceless, that she knew precisely what she wanted—was no longer valid; if it had been, she would not have left Roussignac instantly or have forbidden herself to write to Barbet, but have stayed and used her power upon him. This weakness alarmed her; she was changing and drifting. She wished still to desire Courcelet's company, remembering what pleasure it had given her, but, in his company, found that she had lost her taste for it; her attention wandered; she smelt the hot, leathery smell of the tilbury hood or saw the swallows on the reeds or counted seven stars in the western courtyard or, striving to turn away from vain imagining of Barbet, was driven back to the moment in which, as she watched his face while his mother and the priest continued their game of cards, she had thought: this happiness is with me now, he is near me now, and had dreaded the future time when the present would have become a memory.

Sometimes during that November, when she was alone, or with Courcelet at a restaurant, or working with Templéraud at the new songs they were preparing for the Divertissements, her sense of isolation, of being rootless and out-of-touch, became so urgent that her hand, for an instant, moved in the air as though she were groping for physical contact. Courcelet watched this gesture with amiable curiosity. "You have a new mannerism," he said, "and a very becoming one. You have a beautiful left hand." Templéraud also observed it. What it meant he did not know except that she was unhappy and therefore vulnerable. One evening in his own rooms in the Rue du Paon, as he twisted on the piano-stool to speak to her, he found that her back was towards him and her hand extended, the fingers closing on the air, and he put his own hand in hers, so that, as her fingers closed, her body was shaken by the surprise and joy of a human contact. He drew her down instantly and she came to him not only without resistance but with extreme impulse, as though

Thérèse would not eat before her performance When it was over she went out to supper, seldom with Templéraud alone but always with him among her escort unless Courcelet was her host, for Courcelet, as he himself would say with a reserved and patient smile, still had the privilege of private audience. "But why?" said Templéraud "Why that old man?" "Because I *like* him," Thérèse answered "Because he is a barometer!" She knew that she had lost her head, she liked to be told so, but only from Courcelet could she endure the telling He was her life-line to sanity; as long as she held it, she could go out of her depth as far as she pleased, she could, so to speak, drown with assurance of recovery.

"But life-lines snap," said he.

If she was not invited to a private house, she supped often at an L-shaped table set in a corner of the large room at Maubant's What pleased her there was that, instead of ordinary wine-glasses, there were red goblets on spiral stems, and that the table-cloths had long silk fringes that she could twine over her wrist, and that the gas-lights were shaded by enormous tulips of red silk It gave her a sense of establishment to go continually to the same place—to feel, when a good evening came to an end, that it was one of a series, part of a routine, and that to-morrow, at the same hour, she would come to the same table There was variety enough in the company, her table became a club, whoever took her there must expect others to join them, four became a dozen, a dozen fifteen, fifteen overflowed on to little tables drawn into the L Drinking coffee herself, she would talk of cognac, of the vines, of Roussignac and the Charente, of the music that Templeraud had composed for her at Royan "We," she would say always of him and herself—a strange form of egoism, Courcelet observed, that converts itself into the plural.

It was the excitement of her company that all her opinions came from her own mint They came with an unexpectedness that seemed at first ...

morals,

from he ...

... spirit, had the consistency, not indeed of any system or external loyalty, but of her generosity, her happiness in loving and praising, her gratitude for all boldness. Ferry

ing rooms where, at that time, journalism, politics, finance and that florid aristocracy of the Third Republic which Plence had called le deluge, used artists and singers as a kind of rococo decoration Wherever Thérèse went, Templéraud, with his mop of golden hair his lifted eyebrows, his slow, vague, enchanted smile, gave her his arm Every compliment paid her, she shared with him, looking into his face, laying her hand on his when others appreciated him flaring to indignation if any omitted him from her honours Her honours were great The 'uniform" in which Cugnot had been compelled to paint her on the day of her first meeting with Courcelet—the black dress, the crimson mittens and shoes—became a mark for caricaturists as early as January '85, her dramatic monologues, the *Petits Chevaux*, drew not the fashionable only but the painters and writers of Paris to the Divertissements at the hour of her appearance there, and it was by members of her audience that she was given new subjects for brief Barbet songs and sketches which, topical as a newspaper, would often disappear from her programme after a single night It was a time of social and political disquiet The ministry of Jules Ferry was felt to be near its fall the senatorial elections at the end of January gave it an appearance of renewed strength, but Courcelet was not deceived by them, It s not the Ministry only, it s the Republic that is in difficulties' he said and Ferry is worn out Paris was insecure Royalism and Bonapartism were renewing their hopes, the Extreme Left, the surviving Communards were re sharpening their weapons, on all these things and on the trifling incidents of each day the fictitious character to whom the name of Barbet had been given was called upon to make his comment Even in these topical fragments Thérèse jealously preserved his individuality, the plainness, the directness, the absence of spite that was the essence of his own songs and because the tone of Paris was bitter and uneasy he became a unique legend precisely because his political comment was not Her Barbet songs had for a Paris surfeited with shrewdness and intrigue the delight of something fresh, incongruous, holding the challenge of truth in its innocence, and they became a fantastic oracle, to be quoted with the affectionate laughter that abides in nursery tales and endorses the truth in them

Why are you intolerant of old men? Why must I pretend to despise Hugo because I can read Mallarme?'

She had bought the Meissonier because Templéraud had admired it as they walked together through the auction rooms in the Rue Drouot, and she gave it him in a silver case, asking that he would carry it with him Whenever she saw it in his possession she was happy, it seemed to her a miracle that she should have become rich enough to buy Meissonier, and because Templéraud was by nature vague, elusive, unseizable, she began, by a rule of contraries to search her life for signs that her relationship with him was permanent She gave him little gifts of the kind that a wife gives to a husband, not a mistress to her lover, she changed the habit of her life because his digestion required a morning walk on the quays, she began to wonder whether, in encouraging his partnership with her and persuading him to write new songs, she was standing between him and his development as a composer Her admiration had the same impact as her passion, Templeraud was converted to ambition as he had been to love, and to the same extent—that is to say, he began to play the part of a young composer, he found reason to despise the masters of the generation that had preceded his own, and believed in his heart that, when his absent mindedness made him forget his appointments with Therese, he had been occupied in the design of a symphony Nevertheless there was in her a saving energy, she believed in his symphony when he was absent from her, when he was present, she made sure that he produced what tunes she needed at the *Divertissements*

Sometimes she would break away from Templéraud, from Courcelet, from her company at Maubant s, and visit Cugnot and Madeleine in their studio, because it was unchanged and because nothing in their manner bowed down to her new fame. To them it was an unimportant toy They did not despise it or blame her for enjoying it, but assumed that when she came to them she had put it away in a cupboard and wished to think and speak of other things Once she took Templéraud with her, wishing him to share with her the pleasure the sense of security, she had in Madeleine and Cugnot's relationship, but the evening was a failure, Templeraud was more

she admired, though her sentiment was in the First Empire, she admired him because he stood to his guns and, according to his lights, for France, but his friends were baulked in their attempt to make her his adherent in her songs "Why, if you admire him?" "Because," she said, "I don't want to," and would give no reason less imperious Nevertheless, when it amused her and she found a good rhyme, she would sometimes give the President of the Council a pat on the back from the stage of the Divertissements

Never had money flowed for her as it flowed now—for her, not to her Her salary was high and would increase, it dazzled her country memories, yet was not wealth But outside her flat in the Île St Louis, she spent little, and lived at the world's expense as though money were endless, investing her savings meanwhile as Courcelet directed her, selling at his command and begging him for permission, which for a long time he refused, to buy a carriage and pair of her own She slipped his guard to buy pictures—her own portrait from Cugnot, a red chalk from Madeleine, pen drawings of Caran d Ache, paintings and drawings by young men of the open air and, to everyone's astonishment, a tiny sketch of Meissonier's The naturalists had supposed her to be an adherent of theirs They bombarded her with their indignation when, one evening at Maubant s, she brought Meissonier out of her card case Plence was there He dragged his finger tips across his eyes and began to lecture her on the demerits of Meissonier with the moral fervour of a Communard on the subject of Thiers At last he threw up his hands and cried Twelve hundred francs for a visiting card' Twelve hundred francs for the Old Guard! And three times in sepulchral despair 'Why Meissonier? Meissonier? Meissonier?' "Because,' said Thérèse to prick his rhetoric he was born in the year of Waterloo Then, when Plence was being laughed at, she added "And because he can draw! And because he pleases me! Is that enough?"

"You will say next that Hugo is your poet He is near enough to the grave"

"Thank you," said Thérèse, "you have given me an idea I will recite Hugo to morrow night It will astonish the Divertissements.

with the present It reappeared for an instant as she opened her flat, for there was a letter on the carpet and she remembered how Annette's envelope containing forty one francs had been slid under her door while she was talking to Barbet. The whole scene returned, the new corkscrew, the tuft of Barbet's hair, the weight of the grapes on her palm and the recollection was so vivid, so deep a stab, that she might have taken relief in speaking of it to Templéraud, but as she stooped for the letter, he had walked beyond her into the sitting room his back was towards her, and, after a glance in his direction, she closed her lips. The letter was addressed in Barbet's writing She held it between her hands, then, in the sitting room, put it away in the drawer of a walnut desk Templéraud swung on his heel

'What did you put in there, Thérèse?"

'A letter

'But you didn't read it?

'No

"Or open it?'

"No

"You have put other letters in that drawer?'

"Yes. Unread Unopened'

He smiled indulgently 'The little wine grower? Why do you keep his letters if you don't open them?'

She was silent

'Some day you know, you will have to burn them,' he said

'Perhaps. She made a movement towards him For his sake she would have burned them. She lowered her head and pressed the backs of her hands against her dress, longing that this abject obedience this surrender of her innermost fortress, should be demanded of her by him. But Templeraud's mind had drifted from the subject he took her into his arms and kissed her For an instant, and for the first time, response was absent in her, she thought I have not burned them he is still alive, he is asleep now in his bed, then she felt Templeraud's lips upon her eyelids, desire grew upon her like a fungus on the brain Cugnot and Madeleine and Annette were forgotten the pile of letters in the drawer behind her fell from

than ever elusive; he seemed to "go away" from her. "Why did you 'go away' from me to-night?" she had asked as they drove home. "Don't you like Cugnot and Madeleine?" He had smiled and left her answerless. "Did I 'go away'? My darling, you imagined it. At any rate, I didn't know that I had." She made excuses for him. Perhaps he had been thinking about his symphony, perhaps he had been shy because Cugnot and Madeleine had not been alone; Annette had been there, Plence and two young dancers had come in during the evening.

"What did you think of Annette?"

"Which was she?"

"Annette? The dark girl who was there all the time. Not one of those who came in with Plence. You were talking to her when they came. You were charming to her, I thought you must have known who she is. She's a part of my history, Etienne. I have told you about her. Don't you remember? She was the girl who shared my room in the Rue Lilas"

"And cheated you?"

"Oh no, she didn't mean to cheat; she paid back in the end"

"And now you have been helping her?"

"A little," Thérèse admitted "And I wanted her to meet Plence to-night, nowadays Plence will do a great deal that I ask, he wants me back at the Écurie, you see"

As they climbed the stairs to her flat, Thérèse continued to chatter of Annette, describing their adventures together when they were out of work and poor "Often we were hungry, and she's poor still But it's not charity, Etienne, I like bad hats I lost touch with her for a time, but I was glad, really glad, when she turned up again She'll never be first-rate—on the stage, I mean, she doesn't care enough; but she has talent, I expect she'll marry and be happy Be nice to her, Etienne"

Thérèse did not tell him that it was through Annette that Barbet had found her in the Rue Lilas She herself had not forgotten it, but had put it a little way from her, out of the focus of memory, among the shadows which half-conceal those moments of the past that by their happiness, or by their misery, are unbearably contrasted

efficient, all right When it's a question of new work, he's efficient But he isn't patient about going back over old work—repairs and maintenance In a partnership like ours there must be repairs and maintenance."

The renewal of her friendship with Annette was a sauce with a sharp flavour that pleased her She could persuade herself that after their experience of poverty, they stood together in the world, and that Annette, because superficially a wastrel, had a kinship with her that *only* they could recognize. How happy I am! she told herself continually She was satisfied in body, the foundations of life had become firm under her feet because she was loyal, and content to be loyal, *to* one man. Not to have to lie to anyone was a peaceful experience which she enjoyed, and it surprised her that sometimes, when Templéraud asked where she had been or what she had said, the answer that sprang to her lips was not the innocent truth but a lie without cause or purpose. She would speak it and he believe her, two or three days later, when he had forgotten the incident, she would recall it and tell him that she had lied, delighted to observe that he was greatly flattered by these confessions, though they confused his brain and he did not know whether they were true or false She explained this to Courcelet "Why do I lie? Is it just a habit?" Before he could reply, she continued "That is what is so extraordinary! Men are so easy to deceive that it seems a waste of time to be true *to them* They don't really appreciate it They don't know the difference If you make a habit of confessing to lies that were obviously pointless, a man becomes so entangled that he ceases to have the least idea whether you are lying or not It's too easy"

"Dear Thérèse," Courcelet answered, narrowing his eyes in affectionate derision, 'why are you talking like a milliner's assistant in a cheap play? It's not your custom. It is true that you can so confuse a man that he doesn't know whether you are lying, but that, if I may say so with discretion, is proof of your stupidity and shallowness, not of his. To kick over a chess-table does not prove that you can play chess. I have always supposed it to be one of the profoundest honours that one human being can pay another—to care and know

her mind, the delight of subjection to Templéraud rose about her, overwhelming her in a darkness against the world.

"Do you see much of her?" he said

"Who?"

"That girl"

She opened her eyes, struggling back to recognition and understanding. "What girl? Darling, what girl?"

"Annette."

"Oh, Annette! I asked her to supper at Maubant's Thursday, I think"

He released her and warmed his hands at the stove.

"Come on Thursday," she said "You might be able to help her She has a better voice than mine A better singing voice, I mean"

He stretched himself "Sleepy? It's a cold night. I think I'll bring my things and undress by the fire"

She was always on her guard against allowing herself to cling to Templéraud Their partnership must be free, they must not be answerable to each other, and sometimes, that he might do likewise, she would refuse to tell him where she would be at a given time Afterwards, without seeming to inform him, she would let him know where she had been, but so drifting were his moods that she was never sure that he remembered the truancy she was trying to explain

He preferred always that their conversation should slide away from facts and decisions, and she found it hard to discover even what his judgment was on her interpretation of his music As professional partners, they ought, she said to Annette, to have gone regularly "into committee Then he could tell me," she added, "line by line what he really thinks"

"Well," said Annette, "that's all very well for you and me, but I don't think Etienne is that kind of artist He isn't just efficient, he's intuitive."

"And where did you pick up that jargon?" Thérèse demanded "It has been the excuse of everyone who has been too lazy to do his job since the beginning of time No Make no mistake Etienne is

consisted in his noticing with precision any change she had made in her performance If he was opposed to it, she countered his opposition fiercely, saying that criticism of detail made her self conscious and that several of her admirers had particularly applauded the passage he criticized, but more often he praised the change she had made, and she felt that he was not only a vague and beautiful lover but a constructive partner, greatly more intelligent than a jealous world supposed him to be Then she would throw her arms round his neck and they would talk of the house they would have in Burgundy They would go there between her engagements in Paris and would live in the utmost simplicity, for, if you were happy, what need was there to be extravagant? He would suggest details of this establishment—his room must be on the ground floor with steps into the garden so that, when he was composing, he could take the air without walking through the house, or there must be a canopy to her bed with stars on it—and she would feel that the house was real and that they would grow old in it together and were capable of making each other lastingly and quietly happy "You know, Etienne," she said, 'I suppose people would have thought it fantastic that you and I should live peacefully together But it isn't. Oh, my darling, I love you! I want no one else."

But she could not help being a little surprised as well as gratified that he, the least observant of men, should have become capable of noticing every change of timing or attack every detailed twist of her performance in which she happened, at the moment, to be particularly interested She had decided that an improvement might be made in the way she took a curtain call She would be moving towards the audience, so that the curtain should seem to fall between her admirers and their expectation and provoke them to more applause The forward movement, she explained to Annette, would have to be judged with the utmost precision, if it were too slight, it would seem hesitant and miss its effect, if it were advanced too far down stage, the curtain would seem to have fallen clumsily in her face She had shown Annette what she intended, the inclination of her body and the angle at which she would place her forward foot 'Like a mouse," Annette had said stupidly

At the Divertissements she used this method with success, win-

when he is telling the truth If you destroy the knowledge, in the end you destroy the care"

Thérèse began to laugh "All right All right," she said "Don't be angry with me It's not true

"What is not true?"

"That I lie to Templeraud Why should I? I love him I have nothing to lie about"

"No," said Courcelet, "and yet you do lie"

"Sometimes, perhaps for the fun of it"

Courcelet walked away from her and looked out through his window over the arcades of the Palais Royal

"Rain," he said with a sigh, "I am tired of it I am growing old. I want the sun to shine Then he turned to her and said in a flat voice without emotion "Isn't it the whole problem of existence to overcome the difficulty of communication between one human being and another? Without lucidity nothing is workable It is the virtue without which women are dull and art meaningless And yet loving this man as you say you deliberately confuse your relationship with him by lying for the fun of it! That seems to me an odd habit in an actress who doesn't mumble on the stage As I am your audience and not at present your lover could you give me a true answer to one question?"

"Yes

"Would you lie to your vine grower?

She did not answer

"When does he appear in Paris again?

"I don't know

"Doesn't he write to you

"Yes, he writes

"Well?

She shook her head Even to Courcelet she would *not confess* to her hoard of unopened letters

How happy I am! she told herself for gradually Templeraud was persuaded into a partnership as she understood it, and would often "go into committee on repairs and maintenance" What had produced this docility in him she did not know or stay to ask It

insisted in his noticing with precision any change she had made in her performance. If he was opposed to it, she countered his opposition fiercely, saying that criticism of detail made her self-conscious and that several of her admirers had particularly applauded the passage he criticized; but more often he praised the change she had made, and she felt that he was not only a vague and beautiful lover but a constructive partner, greatly more intelligent than a jealous world supposed him to be. Then she would throw her arms round his neck and they would talk of the house they would have in Burgundy. They would go there between her engagements in Paris and would live in the utmost simplicity, for, if you were happy, what need was there to be extravagant? He would suggest details of this establishment—his room must be on the ground floor with steps into the garden so that, when he was composing, he could take the air without walking through the house; or there must be a canopy to her bed with stars on it—and she would feel that the house was real and that they would grow old in it together and were capable of making each other lastingly and quietly happy. "You know, Etienne," she said, "I suppose people would have thought it fantastic that you and I should live peacefully together. But it isn't. Oh, my darling, I love you! I want no one else."

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At the Divertissements, she used this method with success, win-

ning for herself, even on Monday night, two more curtains than were customary on Monday nights. When next Templéraud "went into committee" with her, he asked if he was not right in thinking that she had changed her method of taking a curtain-call, and praised her skill.

"Of course," he said with an air of wisdom that she found enchanting, "it may be dangerous, Thérese. You can't afford to be a fraction of a second wrong. If you didn't move far enough, the thing would miss its effect. If you are even a few inches too far down-stage—"

She smiled with delight. "You are a darling, Etienne, to care so much. You have thought it out as if it were your own performance, not mine."

"Naturally. But you know, Thérèse, there's one thing—"

"Now," she cried, "don't spoil it all. What?"

"No, I'm not criticizing. One thing that I particularly admired. The angle of your foot—looking out from under your dress like a mouse."

Words leapt to her mind. It was Annette who told you that! she would have said, but was silent. Everything you have said was told you by her! but the words had no sound except in her brain. She looked at his smiling mouth, the wide eyes expectant of her customary praise for the acuteness of his observation, the golden hair that grew away from his forehead like the flick of a pennon in the wind, and she thought that it was, after all, natural that he should have noticed how important it was to time that curtain-call accurately. The likening of the tip of a woman's shoe to a mouse looking out from under her petticoat was common stock; there was no reason to assume that it had been borrowed from Annette. She decided to say to Etienne, quietly and without emphasis, that Annette also had happened to speak of a mouse, and see what reply he made. But she said nothing and turned her mind away.

Afterwards her memory called up from the past the many conversations in which she had analysed her work to Annette and Templéraud's repetitions of them. How was it possible that, until the word "mouse" had forced the connexion upon her, she had not

suspected it? The connexion was evident, but she would not allow herself to blame Etienne Soon, she thought, he and I will laugh together over it, and was glad that she had not embarrassed him by at once blurting out her discovery Time enough, time enough! There was no harm in his foolish trick—nothing to blame him for, *nothing to fear* Nothing to fear, she repeated Was it not charming and childish in him to want so much to please her that he cheated for her sake, like a boy using a crib at school? She felt no resentment against him or against Annette said nothing on the subject to either of them and relapsed into the joy of having two friends who conspired to flatter her work and evidently discussed it when absent from her Nevertheless, she decided to give Annette no more material for conspiracy The decision stood for a week After that Annette's purring adoration of her proved irresistible, she poured out her plans, her amendments, her triumphs and misgivings It amused her to count the days until Etienne dutifully repeated them She gave him a new nickname.

"My little parrot!"

"But why parrot?" he asked, examining himself in her long mirror He had been trying on for a second time the renaissance costume he was to wear when he and she went together to a ball at Monsieur Gaillard s house—a fantastic house, 'un château de Blois nouveau modele wrote a polite journalist celebrating the approaching festivity, but Therese was pleased by her invitation to it and by having secured one for Templeraud How handsome he looked! She turned him about and gave a twist to his cloak as though she were dressing a child for a party, and kissed him suddenly with tears in her eyes. Why? Because he was hers, because, whatever happened between them, she would never again be able to look into her long mirror without remembering that it had held his reflection in this costume which her hands were now touching and from which there came to her nostrils the thick, exciting smell of a costumier's wardrobe

"But this," he said taking the head dress in his hands. "Is it right? I mean, does it belong to the rest?"

She had to confess that it did not Courcelet had suggested their

wearing renaissance costume and had approved her choice for Etienne, but the head-dress, a velvet cap with a fall of velvet at the side, she had chosen afterwards. "Give it to me," she said. "I will make sure. I will show it to Philippe."

An appointment with Courcelet was made. She would have lunch with him on Thursday, bringing the cap with her, and she looked forward to the discussion of renaissance dress that the cap would provoke, to being shown the new Tissot Courcelet had bought, and to leading him into one of those shrewd commentaries on public affairs which gave fresh material for her performances. It was his pride to give her, whenever they met, at least one idea on which to build a topical verse; he delighted in an opportunity to display his knowledge of the by-ways of history; and when she invited herself to lunch with him on the pretext of Templéraud's head-dress, she had no sense that she was wasting his time. But before the day of their meeting came everything was changed. On Sunday the 29th General Brière de l'Isle's despatch from Hanoi threw the city into alarm and Thérèse contrived for the Divertissements a new verse, bidding her audience

"Be at ease,
The bad Chinese
Are not *at the gates of Paris."*

But she was too late. Jules Ferry could not weather the storm. His majority, seeing the elections a few months ahead, deserted him; on Monday the Government fell; a scramble for office began, an inelegant scramble above all for the Ministry of the Interior which would control the official candidatures, and Courcelet, himself independent of office, a broker between all parties, the man above all others who was believed to have his ear to the ground, received a stream of callers at his rooms in the Palais Royal. On Thursday, a note from him said: "Noon impossible. Forgive me—impossible all day. Please come very late—after your supper at Maubant's."

Afraid of disappointing Templéraud, she showed him the message. If, after supper, he would go straight to her flat, she would follow him there when she left the Palais Royal. "You always come

first," she said, "and if you'd rather I didn't go to Philippe, I can easily get out of it After all, it is he who has changed our appointment. I can easily say no?"

She said this with eager questioning, but he replied that Courcelet must not be disappointed "He must be desperately busy If he makes time to see you in the middle of the night, it wouldn't be courteous—"

"Then you mustn't stay awake for me. Go to bed and go to sleep I have never come in and found you in my bed, asleep"

Templeraud put his arm round her "As if we were married?' She took breath.

'But in fact," he continued, "I think I won't go to your flat to-night. I have work to do in the morning I must be up early, and it would do me no harm to work late."

"You mean you won t come to Maubant's?"

"I think not, Thérese Not to-night I ll go home and have some supper on a tray Then I can work on steadily"

'Of course,' she said 'You must always do that independently of me. What is the work to be? My songs or the symphony?"

He replied that he would work on the symphony, he had found that it was always best to do so in long stretches, late at night

I m glad,' she said. "I like to think of you working in that way I shall think of you as I come home from Philippe's Shall you be working then, I wonder?'

That depends on what time you leave him."

She put her hand on his arm 'You re not jealous? You don't mind?"

"But, my darling, why should I be jealous?"

She enjoyed her visit to Courcelet It renewed the spirit in her to observe the gallant detachment of this man whose worldliness was the armour of his acceptances. He was capable of acerbity, of an ironic lightness at her expense, of an extreme vanity, yet in all things he was temperate, a possessor of himself who chose even his faults as a man chooses a vintage, and in whom, it seemed, anger and self pity and jealousy, all the resentments of life, had, like once-

jagged stones, been worn smooth by the drip of experience. Even in his dressing gown and slippers he preserved the effect of one who had been a young dandy under Louis-Philippe and who had spent his life in cultivating a sense of proportion. In the past, in this room, she had come to him as his mistress. Any but he might now have appeared to suffer or have fallen into a mood of romantic melancholy. Courcelet, instead, when he had shown her his Tissot, talked eagerly and at once of the costume of the Renaissance, pulled out books from his shelves and spread their illustrations before her on the hearth rug; he settled the problem of Templéraud's cap with authority but not in haste, and, when she thanked him, replied simply that everyone liked being consulted on his own subject.

"But you have others," she said, running her hand over a pile of newspapers that lay on a stool beside his chair.

"Politics?" he answered. "Ah, that reminds me. I have an idea for you. You may know—or indeed you may not—that the Gambettists are hanging on Freycinet's doorbell. They think that, when the smoke clears away, they will find him at the head of the Government. Probably they are wrong. He will be a member of the Government, but what he wants is the Foreign Office for the time being. I wish you'd chip the Gambettists a little; they're a good target for a verse. Would this do—or something like it?"

She took the piece of paper he handed to her and tried the words silently with her lips. "Yes," she said, "it's good—and it's in character for Barbet. It's the angle from which he'd look at the thing."

"Who?"

"Barbet," she answered in surprise. "I said Barbet."

"You did, Thérèse, I know. But which Barbet? I gave you that scrap of paper, you read it, you used his name. Which was on your mind—your own vine grower or the fictitious character you have created in your songs?"

"Oh, I was thinking of the songs."

"I see. That was what I wanted to know. Is the man forgotten?"

"No," she answered, "but why do you speak of him?"

"Because it's so long since you spoke of him, Thérèse."

She answered with fire "I was a fool about him long enough Nothing could ever have come of it. I am happy now. Why spoil that?

Tolerance and good manners were always stronger in Courcelet than a desire to press for the truth Intellectual curiosity would tempt him to probe into the minds of others, but, unless they were politicians, he would cease instantly if they winced Now he turned up the collar of his dressing gown and settled more deeply into his chair, allowing his thought, as he watched her troubled face, to proceed unexpressed No mistress of his had given him so much pleasure, and none stirred in him so profound a compassion

'You and I, Thérèse," he said at last, "we dramatize ourselves For years I cast myself for the wrong part At root I am a historian, as you know, a historian of the past or the present—it makes no odds, but I saw myself as a statesman without having the capacity, the bluntness, the thickness of skin, without having even the taste for it For a time diplomacy was a substitute, but still I was cast for the wrong part. And now, this room People say I'm mad to live here. 'Above the arcades of the Palais Royal' they say, 'how do you hear yourself speak? And it is true that a military band in the garden can be irksome on a summer's evening when it is too hot to shut the windows and you aren t in the mood for it. But the other side is quiet as the grave and I don't want both sides to be quiet as the grave —that is to be premature I like my Palais Royal and the glitter of the arcades and the foolish pop-gun they fire at noon This is my setting Thérèse—books, pictures, you at near two in the morning to ask about a renaissance cap and all day the would be statesmen—the great men whom everyone will forget—have been coming to me Why? Because I don't compete Because I don't want office. Because I m no one And because I know I am the barometer And why do you suppose, I know? Because they tell me. I am the best informed newspaper in Paris Why? Because I don t publish my information I have power Under any government I can have what little things I want—any *little* thing, a post for one man, a privilege for another, any *little* thing because all I want is little things. Oh yes, still I am dramatizing myself I love to sit here and

watch them come to me. I take care that, in going, they shan't meet on the stairs, as if this were a well-regulated brothel, and I remark with interest the weakness of human nature which, having come with such secrecy and gone with such discretion, so often leaves its gloves behind Those are young Monsieur Clemenceau's gloves on the marble table He was my last caller I haven't put them away. The gloves of Waldeck-Rousseau are already safely in the drawer I keep them all as Lord Byron, I am told, collected locks of hair from each of his mistresses You see? Yes, I am dramatizing myself still But in my true rôle at last I sit here History and beauty come to me And you? But that, you will say, is not my concern—and indeed it is not"

"I have often wondered," she said, wishing to avoid the discussion of Barbet to which, she feared, he might return, "why you bother your head with Clemenceau and Waldeck-Rousseau and the rest"

"Because, Therese I do not wish to be ambitious, and there is no surer corrective to ambition than to watch politicians scrambling for the boats when the ship is sinking And in any case I am sometimes given an opportunity to serve France, though, if one is mixed in politics, one must do that by stealth But what the world will remember me for—if it remembers me at all—is that I bought Manet when others didn t and was your lover for a little while when others weren't And I shall be remembered for that collection of gloves. How strange it is," he added, his eyes on the ceiling, 'I have been talking for the sake of talking and you have been silent for the sake of being silent, and the little vine grower, whom we have been so considerately avoiding, has been present in both our minds" He leaned forward now, the cord of his dressing-gown dangling from his extended hands 'I assure you if that door were to open and he to walk into the room, it would seem to me the most natural thing in the world"

Thérèse looked at the door "I must go," she said "Before I go, may I write a letter at your table?"

"So late? But certainly"

"I shall deliver it on the way home"

She wrote to Templéraud

My Darling,

I want to think of no one but you I have been talking to Philippe—I am in his rooms now, just going—but I have been thinking of you at work No one wishes to be disturbed at work, but I know that if I had been working alone for hours with no prospect of seeing you, and suddenly a note from you tumbled through my letter-box, I should be happy and work better because I wasn't lonely any more So I shall drop this in at your door on the way home to say I love you

Thérèse

When she had finished this, she found that there were tears in her eyes, and she turned abruptly to Courcelet, intending to say "Oh, that is nothing—tears. It means nothing, they come so easily I can turn them on," but she had taken longer to write than she had known, and Courcelet, when she looked at him, was asleep An idea that amused her came into her mind. She was wearing long kid gloves which she had turned back at the wrist Now she drew them off and laid them across Courcelet's knee As she stooped, a tear, the existence of which she had forgotten, ran down her cheek When she stood up her great eyes were sparkling, and the temptation to disturb Templeraud at his work and go in to him fell upon her with the force, the delight, the quickening of mortality remembered To go to him now, contrary to her expectation or his, would have the joy of being given a present for no reason or of sitting down at a cafe and sharing a bottle of champagne in the middle of a hot summer's morning The taste of that champagne was on her lips and the chill of the glass under her fingers as she walked cautiously down the stairs of Courcelet's lodging and, with a hug of her cloak round her shoulders let herself out into the Rue Montpensier

It was dark and silent, but there was spring in the darkness Near the Français a cab was standing, she hesitated, but the cabman was asleep, the horse rolled his eye at her, the white of his eye swam gigantically in the beam of a street lamp, and she laughed aloud as he turned his head to stare after her—he was a horse by Caran d Ache And on the way here, my darling, I met a horse by Caran d'Ache!

watch them come to me I take care that, in going, they shan't meet on the stairs, as if this were a well-regulated brothel, and I remark with interest the weakness of human nature which, having come with such secrecy and gone with such discretion, so often leaves its gloves behind Those are young Monsieur Clemenceau's gloves on the marble table He was my last caller I haven't put them away The gloves of Waldeck-Rousseau are already safely in the drawer I keep them all as Lord Byron, I am told, collected locks of hair from each of his mistresses You see? Yes, I am dramatizing myself still But in my true rôle at last I sit here History and beauty come to me And you? But that, you will say, is not my concern—and indeed it is not

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"So late? But certainly"

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but it was a smell that pleased her because it was in coming to Etienne that she had grown familiar with it She moved quickly and with her eyes fast shut

As her fingers were turned by the first bend of the hand rail, she heard the street door close. Whoever had entered began at once to climb the stairs and Therèse advanced more quickly, if she were overtaken she would have to make her presence known in the dark ness but if she kept her distance ahead, the new comer would turn aside into a flat on one of the landings below Etienne's The new comer did not turn aside. The footsteps passed the first landing and the second Their advance was regular and assured Therese thought suddenly This is a visitor for Etienne

There was a remaining possibility that this might not be so a third landing on which lived two families, a young student with his father and mother, and, opposite them, a widower with two small daughters. The student might be returning late. Thérese hesitated. If she went on he might vanish behind her and the footsteps cease. She wished to believe this but could not The *footsteps* were a woman's. They were drawing nearer, soon Therese would be visible from below and she wished only to be hidden A weak oil lamp was *burning* in a wall bracket. It illumined a curtain, hung on a semi-circular rail, which was used to conceal an earthenware sink, now partly exposed The tap was thinly running Behind this curtain Thérèse hid herself

When she saw Annette's face rise above the stairs, she remem bered that Templeraud had once said of her 'She is like you,' and her left arm and her leg and the whole of her left side began to ache, the pain ran up to the base of her skull and she closed her eyes, hearing the footsteps pass and go upward, then a tapping on his door a signal the door opening their voices, the door shut It was she who had *entered* *she felt* his arm about her and the warmth of his lamp she was beginning to hold out to him the letter she had written at Courcelet s and to say, as she had imagined herself saying, "You see, I am my own postman," when she found the letter in her hand it was wet and her hand was wet, she must have held them near the tap and she opened her eyes

Should she go in to see Templéraud or drop the letter and be gone before he opened his door? Perhaps he had done his work and was already asleep Perhaps he was working still and her coming would be an *interruption* *I ought not to stay! I will slide the letter in quietly, so quietly that he will not even come to the door* As she walked down the Rue de Rivoli, past the Oratoire, her mind was so firm against temptation that she was able to enjoy the virtue of having resisted it, but when she turned into the Rue des Bourdonnais and knew that one lamp only divided her from the little street that she called the Rue Etienne, though its name was Rue du Paon, it seemed to her foolish to have walked nearly a kilometre, to be almost on his doorstep and to run away

The winter is really over, she thought, next Sunday will be Easter Day, and the long spring and summer flowed into her blood, the warm nights that were coming, the drives out of Paris to drink milk in the Bois at five in the morning, the scent of trees at daybreak when the sun was slanting up into their branches Soon the vine buds would be opening at Roussignac, swelling through their woolly covers, and showing the crimson points of their tiny leaves On the edge of the vineyards, the cherry-trees would blossom, the Guigne de la Maurie which was her own cherry tree because she remembered her mother telling her its name nearly twenty years ago at St Brice. There was a stinging in her throat because she was so happy, and she longed to sing, to dance, to stand on tiptoe and stretch out her arms as though she were awaking from a rapturous sleep She stood still, raised herself on tiptoe and parted her cloak that the air might be on her throat and breast, then, hearing footsteps in the Rue des Bourdonnais approach from the direction of the river, she said to herself They'd think me mad! and turned rapidly into the side-street

She had her own key to the building in which Templéraud lived His lodgings were on the top floor Far above her there was a gleam of illumination, perhaps from the little wall lamp on the third landing, but the lower flights were in darkness She began to climb slowly, her hand on the rail

The woodwork gave out a musty smell as though it were sodden,

but it was a smell that pleased her because it was in coming to Etienne that she had grown familiar with it She moved quickly and with her eyes fast shut.

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Except the trickle of water, there was no sound in the building She seized the tap, but the brass was hard on the bone of her thumb When she looked at the stair-head, where Annette's face had been, there was no face So she is in his room She has kicked off her shoes and is on his sofa, he is taking the lobe of her ear between his lips But it is not true He was surprised by her coming She came with a message I will go up and knock But Annette must have had the key to the outer door

Thérèse began then to remember the many assurances and tokens of love that she had given Templeraud and the happiness they had shared and the work they had done together What had been became merged in what would have been, so that all her life appeared to be found and lost in him, and this spring and summer were cut off, and time was drained away like water from a basin I will go away, I will go away, she thought but she dreaded the street, the Rue Etienne, where she had been happy, and she listened and listened, saying to herself that truth would turn suddenly as a dream turns, his door would open, Annette come out, the spring and the summer and the pulse in her blood return She listened, but heard only the thin trickle of water in the sink

There is no one belonging to me It is a long way to the Ile St Louis, the flat will be empty, letters on the floor On my dressing-table in the theatre I left my brooch In his pocket, on the chair beside his bed, within reach of her hand, is the card case, if she stretches out her hand she can take it and open it and see my Meissonier, which I gave him And he will say Thérèse gave it me' But not so, they are asleep, hours have passed light through the slats is crawling on his arm He will say Therese gave it me,' but she will be clever, she won t laugh she will say it is beautiful and yawn and stretch herself

Thérèse moved on to the landing and looked about her There was a window on the staircase which she had not seen before, a streak of oily smoke blackened the chimney of the wall lamp, which was dying Soon the caretaker will go down and open the door, she thought, and steadied herself on the hand rail of the stairs She was glad of the smell of the lamp because it was outside her brain and

called her out, away from nothingness, to touch and smell and thirst. After two flights she could not hear the water, it was gone, but two flights lower she heard it again

It was morning in the streets Soon she saw under her eyes the stone steps of a church, people in black were going and coming, she went in and found that it was Good Friday She wanted only to sit down but when she sat the pain in her head returned, and she said I am not waiting for anything Why am I here? I don't know this church. She started up I am in evening dress I have nothing on my head She drew the hood of her cloak over her head and thrust her cheek into the cold silk Outside, a cab was standing The man, who had driven her before, smiled and recognized her, and she asked him gratefully what news he had of his son in Tonkin

Chapter 9

When next Templéraud wished to come to her flat in the Ile St. Louis, she did not refuse, nor, when he took her in his arms, did she resist, but she told him that he must no longer think of himself as her lover.

"Why, Thérèse?"

"Because it is over."

He did not argue or protest. A smile moved on his face He looked at her with a moment's curiosity, but was careful to ask only:

"Have we quarrelled?"

"No. We shall work together unless you are a fool."

At supper at Maubant's she stretched her arm across the table. "Etienne, please give me my Meissonier" She did not return it or he ask that it should be returned

Never by any word of hers should he be allowed to guess the reason for her having rejected him She must have some part to sustain her, and the discipline of continued intimacy with him and Annette gave her strength; it demanded a continual effort, a fierce pride, to behave in their company as if she were blind to their desire for each other.

With Templéraud, she went in her renaissance dress to the bal Gaillard. As they arrived, the painter Jacquet swaggered into the Place Malesherbes on horseback, wearing a costume of the period of Henri III, a white pourpoint embroidered with gold, a sweeping plume to his hat, a sword at his side; and the crowd waved and laughed and shouted "Vive le Roy!" Her hand tightened on Templéraud's arm. She was delighted by Jacquet; his was an absurdity after her own heart; in a moment, she too would have been waving;

she and Templeraud would have been gay together. But suddenly she was lonely and the more lonely because he was near her

April and May were hard months, the harder because she would not permit herself the relaxation of sorrow, which she condemned as self pity She drove herself to work and pleasure, and permitted herself no slackening in the pace of her life. Her table at Maubant's began to change its character, it became harsher, more strident, richer, conforming more nearly to fashion, less to personal taste Men came there, and attached themselves to Thérese, men whom she despised but now invented reasons to admire 'Why these?' asked Courcelet 'The poor rabble of adorers at the Ecurie was better than these! And you take them home with you and sit up all night? Is it true?

Yes."

'Why?"

'Because there are some miseries that make one fastidious, Philippe—so fastidious inside that what happens outside doesn't matter a damn. I could go to bed with all of them in turn and make each believe it was an adventure and that I hadn't a trouble in the world!'

"In fact, you don't?

In fact, not yet You had better be the first if it pleases you"

He smiled the insult away, and tried both to draw the truth from her and to steady her, not by sympathy but by a deliberately incurious lightness of heart It was his attitude to all suffering bound in by silences, in the end, he had found, the silence broke, the story poured out but now his method was unavailing—she was an actress who could play comedy the better when her world was in ruins

And how closely she was bound to her comedy, her tragedy, her seemingly brilliant and various life? The theatre, the restaurant, her flat on the Quai d Orleans—her flat, the restaurant, the theatre! "But you she said "you and your politics—your circle is as narrow!" He examined himself, it was far from being true, he could shut out politics to-morrow and still have a full life History, the theatre, a little racing, friends—friends whose lives and whose families interested and amused him apart from any bearing they

might have on his own fortunes "Ah," she said, "that is because everything has come easily to you You have a family and a background You have never had to fight Or at worst you fight with your back against a comfortable, reassuring wall I have no wall I fight in the open I am surrounded"

It had long been his purpose to draw her out of this desperate encirclement, but whatever diversions he planned, whatever invitations he contrived, she took her encirclement with her and could sustain interest in nothing that was not, directly or indirectly, a battle for or against Thérèse Despreux Now more than ever was this true She seemed scarcely to listen to news he brought her from a world outside her own unless it was news that could be turned to a verse Even Victor Hugo, he found, was grist to her mill

On a Sunday morning with his carriage at her door to drive her into the May sunshine, he stood in her sitting room beside her walnut desk, looking sometimes with critical approval at the reflection in her mirror of the upward wave of silver above his ears, and sometimes at the clear sky above Notre Dame

"*Notre Dame de Paris!*"

She too was beside the desk, going through her strange ritual, into which he had long ceased to inquire of dropping into it yet another unopened letter from her vine grower of Roussignac

"Why do you say that?"

"Have you ever read the book?"

"What book?

"Victor Hugo *Notre Dame de Paris* Victor Hugo is dying," he said, rolling the head of his tie pin between forefinger and thumb and stretching his neck which though a trifle loose in the collar, was still he decided not the neck of an old man

"Dying?" she exclaimed Are you sure? Is that true?"

The note of personal alarm in her voice surprised and gratified him

"That touches you my dear? It will touch all France"

She locked the walnut drawer the key clicked into a porcelain vase "You see, I use verses of his I shall have to change them"

"Bless you," he said, "so you will The choice of new ones ought not to be hard. 'Sombre' was a favourite word of his " And having summoned her interest, he persisted, he would enjoy a discussion of Hugo as they drove out together, and he told her that on Thursday, after a dinner in honour of de Lesseps, Hugo had been taken ill. Slow heart, congestion of the lungs Yesterday no worse, but no better

"Oh, the old fellow is a lion. He will fight on, but he knows where he is going He said to Lockroy 'My friend, it is a dead man who is talking to you.'"

By this time Therèse was ready to set out.

"We will drive to his house and drop a card," Courcelet said

They were not the only visitors In front of the little house a carriage was already drawn up when they arrived, two others awaited their turn

"There will be a book. I will write my name and return to you"

"Can I write my name?"

"Certainly" He was glad not to have hesitated

By the time Thérèse had stood under the scalloped canopy that stretched out over the door, and had examined the lamps set in the wall, and had waited until outgoing callers had squeezed past her, and had written her name in the book, she had acquired a personal, an almost possessive, interest in the poet lying upstairs Beside the house, tall trees looked out over his garden wall

"I hope his room is on the garden?"

Courcelet nodded.

"Then he's quiet," she said "I'm glad You know, he might recover even though he is so old"

She was silent as they drove on

"If not, she said unexpectedly, "it will be history Wouldn't it be strange to know, when you were dying, that that day would be remembered because it was the day on which *you*, Victor Hugo, died?"

Courcelet patted her hand "I doubt whether he cares"

"*I* should!" said Thérèse Then she sighed "Oh dear, do you ever have your feelings hopelessly mixed? At one moment I feel like

all the poems ever written about ambition, and I wish I could die in a small house with a garden, and people near me who love me and prop themselves against walls with handkerchiefs to their eyes or kneel at the bedside and hold my hand And that seems much better than being famous Then I think suppose they *did* love me and hold my hand and dangled wet handkerchiefs, and I *wasn't* famous —I should have failed, and I should say 'I'm dying, there isn't time to make good' And I should sit up in bed and say · 'I can't die yet I'm not ready I can't die a failure I'm not ready Bring me some soup! Bring me some *strong* soup!' When I die, come *to my bed and tell me I am famous, Philippe If you tell me I have* succeeded, I shall believe you I suppose," she added, staring at the coachman's back, "Victor Hugo has it every way—fame and love as well, a home and the Pantheon Will they give him the Panthéon?"

"This Government?" said Courcelet "I wonder It would be almost too much to ask them to make up their minds They might offend some part of their majority But he ought to have the Panthéon"

Thérese meditated in silence, the taut silence in which her plots were hatched

"*Now listen,*" *she said* "*I like Victor Hugo I have recited* his poems often and often since Plence scoffed at him, and now I have written my name in his book I am sure there's a poem of his about the Panthéon?"

"There is Alphonse Nourrit sang it in the Pantheon in '31 Five hundred choristers, my father told me The Marseillaise, the Parisienne of Casimir Delavigne and then the Hymne of Victor Hugo He can't have been thirty"

"Yes, yes," said Thérèse impatiently, "but how does it go?"

"I can manage the first lines I haven't your memory, Therese

> *"Ceux qui pieusement sont morts pour la patrie*
> *Ont droit qu'à leur cercueil—"*

"'*La foule vienne et prie!*'" cried Therèse She ran through the stanza at high speed but did not find what her memory echoed

'Somewhere is the *word* 'Pantheon'! That is what I want!" She shut her eyes and clasped her hands Then at last—

> "*C'est pour ces morts, dont l'ombre est ici bienvenue,*
> *Que le haut Panthéon élève dans la nue,*
> *Au-dessus de Paris, la ville aux mille tours,*
> *La reine de nos Tyrs et de nos Babylones,*
> *Cette couronne de colonnes*
> *Que le soleil levant redore tous les jours!*"

She put up her parasol with a click "'*La ville aux mille tours le soleil levant redore tous les jours!*' More inspired lines have been written Still, there he is in that little house waiting for the Panthéon, and he shall have it You must pull strings too'

'Does it matter, Therese?'

'Well,' she said, the Panthéon may not matter to him and it may not matter in itself, but it does matter if I am going to sing about it!

He smiled for he knew that she was trailing the coat of her own egotism he smiled then, but afterwards his lips set. How impossible it was to draw her out of her own encirclement! Hugo had interested and touched her, and yet, in jest or in earnest, her thoughts were back to the Divertissements within a quarter of an hour

He wished to help her, but it was easier to let her have her head It touched his vanity to know that what he thought of as his privileges were restored, though he did not avail himself of them except in allowing the world to believe that Therèse Despreux was his mistress, and it was a part of his dandyism, a part indeed of his fear of old age, not to preach to ladies. Preaching, he thought, is a privilege of romantic youths who can't be suspected—or suspect themselves—of being capable of nothing else. But he remained unquiet, he could not hide from himself the bleak and barren desperation of her mood, and one evening more than a week later he ...

... in the cemetery of Père Lachaise,

the Government was fluttered and politicians were running hither and thither Courcelet had little energy left to struggle with a woman, but he was stubborn, her refusal piqued him, he insisted "You have always told me that at least I have first claim on you"

"You are content on those terms?"

"That is not the point They are the best I can get until you sicken of the others"

"I have sickened long ago"

"Well?'

"They are—oh!" she cried, "what do you mean by talking of them to me? They are not things to be talked about You who are discreet, who are not a jealous boy, once you knew when to be silent! And now ' She clenched her fists in the effort of control 'Philippe, I'm sorry," she continued when she could allow herself to speak again, 'I'm truly sorry, you are kind and generous, you have a right to think what you please and do what you please, but, for a little while do not always say what you think"

But Courcelet would not be led from his purpose, though it was against his nature and his breeding to be importunate

"Listen Therese I am not asking to be your lover to-night I want to talk'

"Why to night? Why at all? What use is there in talking?"

"Because' he said 'I choose to night '

"You are being a fool Very well As you choose I was trying to save you from humiliation Someone else will come"

"Then, Therese, you will send him away"

"Ah," she said with a smile that hadn t occurred to me How clever you are! You have provided my entertainment for the eve ning"

In her sitting room, she gave him wine sat down and waited This was her rigid defence and he admired it She knows as well as I do, he thought that it s not in my part to lecture actresses for the good of their souls and though I wait all night, she'll not give me a cue or take one He smiled at his own discomfiture and looked at her over the edge of his glass hoping that she too would smile, accepting his surrender, and that their conversation would flow on with

its accustomed ease. But her lips did not move or her eyes answer She regarded him fixedly, with expectation and, he thought, with fear Her body had slackened, he saw her as she might be when she was an old woman, and he said to himself What the girl needs is a priest.

'Now that you are here—" she began "I am listening Have you anything to say worth saying?"

'No, Thérèse I beg your pardon. I haven't the character You need—"

"What?"

"A priest"

"Because I am dying?"

He turned from the truth in that, rose, clasped his hands behind him and walked across the room to the window "I beg your pardon, Thérèse I am of no use to you It makes me ridiculous, and it's my special folly that I'm afraid of being ridiculous I wasn't born to play in tragedy"

'Weren't you? I have never known you play in anything else. Isn't it tragedy never to be simple, to be always afraid that you are 'playing the wrong part,' to be everlastingly bargaining with yourself and cheating yourself—to be incapable of loving?"

'All that is true," he answered. "I said 'I haven't the character'"

She followed him to the window and put her hand in his "Poor Philippe! Poor Philippe!"

He turned swiftly I came here to comfort *you*!"

'Poor Philippe! You hadn't a chance. I have played you clean off the stage.'

Seeing the trap and delighting in the skill with which she had baited it he struggled yet "That is why I said you needed a priest."

'Oh, my father is a priest. A priest is a man"

"That isn't true.'

No," she answered, "it isn't, but it was something to say"

'You despise men?"

'Not more than a good barmaid despises humanity But *one* ob-

serves that they all come for the same thing You know Philippe, it's interesting—they don't all *begin like that*, but with me they all come to it It's something in me, I suppose, it's my fault I can't resist it—at some point I turn on the current, just to see the manikin hop and make sure that he hops like all the other manikins Then I pay for it To him it becomes more and more important All the men who appear at my bar become drunkards—except you."

"I—"

"Ah, you are different, of course!"

"To how many others have you said that?"

"How many, do you think, have asked me that question? But you *are* different, Philippe Do you know why?"

"Yes," he answered "I know why Because I am old"

"Because you do love me—in so far as you are capable of it Or the fault may be mine Perhaps I should say 'so far as *I* am capable of allowing any man to love me' Oh, that wouldn't be true if the man were my equal or if he were *more* than I am, but no man ever is They are all like actors who don't know their parts I have to carry the scene—I have to, it's true, they are so little"

"Even Templeraud?"

She would say nothing against Templeraud "He was a baby," she said "Rather a greedy baby Do you remember that night—I suppose it was only two months ago—when I came to talk to you about his costume for the bal Gaillard? That night I—"

"What happened, Thérèse?"

She shook her head "I was only going to say that I remember he tried the costume on in front of the long mirror in my bedroom"

There was a quiet, secretive knocking on the outer door Thérèse stiffened, and Courcelet put his hand over her wrist

"Let him knock, child, whoever he is We understand each other, you and I *Don't be frightened Don't be ashamed*"

She whispered "I will tell him that—"

"No, let him knock"

The knocking was repeated

"From the street he may have seen the light in my window"

"And if so?"

"I mean, he won't go away"

The knocking was repeated

"For him," she said, "it may be like the tap running"

What she meant, Courcelet had not an idea, but he answered, "Not in the least, that is altogether different," and tightened his hold on her and forced her to sit down, seating himself on the sofa beside her

There was one more knocking, loud, abrupt, angry, then a long silence.

"Go to the door and look."

She obeyed, returned, stood before him like a child that is come into a strange room.

"He is gone," she said and, falling on her knees beside the sofa, clutched her face in her arms and began to cry with hard sobs, rending and slow, as though her body would break.

"It was not Templéraud at the door," Courcelet said "You have forgotten, Thérese, my dear It wasn't Templeraud"

"What was it, then? You see, you see, you don't know."

She sat back, shameless of her distorted face.

"It wasn't he, Thérese."

So sure was he of his cleverness in having discerned the twist of her mind and the substitution it had made that he repeated like an old nurse "It wasn't he at the door, it wasn't Etienne."

"Oh no," she answered, "certainly it was not Etienne."

The need to take charge of her, to command her without regard for her resistances, appeared to Courcelet. He had lost his bearings and feared that, if she were left to kneel in mid floor, she might break into ungovernable hysteria. No tears were on her face, her sobs came singly and at long intervals He stared at her, his action paralysed some echo in his brain uselessly telling him that, if a woman became hysterical, the way to shock her out of it was to slap her face. I couldn't, he said to himself, I couldn't, she is too lonely Why did I come here? And now, how the devil do I go away? He decided that, if she were in bed, then he could safely leave her

"Thérese," he said, "drink this." He gave her the wine in his

own glass She swallowed it and held out the glass, which he refilled, she drank again—the glassful—without pause for breath

"The music-master in Angoulême," she said, "threw his glass against the wall I wonder what has become of—"

"Go to bed, Thérese"

"Yes" But she did not move "Don't be frightened, Philippe. I shall be sane again in the morning I'm only acting I'm lonely I want to be sure you don't go away"

But Courcelet had heard that mad people were so adroit that they would pretend to be sane to elude the watchfulness of others and he said stubbornly

"Get up and undress and go to bed, Thérèse"

The corners of her mouth went down but she obeyed at once. He waited until there was silence in her bedroom, then entered The bedclothes were drawn high, he could not see her face, but knew from her breathing that she was asleep He blew out her candle, returned to the sitting room, cautiously gathered his hat, his cloak, his stick, walking on tiptoe, extinguished the lamp and went out

No sooner had the outer door closed behind him than she leaned up into the darkness and felt for matches She was careful to do all that she did without haste, noticing everything, feeling everything, the gilt on her swan's high wings the cool linen under her leg as she slid forward, the down in her slippers as her feet entered them Candle in hand she went to the walnut desk, shook out a key from a high porcelain jar that stood on it, unlocked a drawer and, with a swift movement of her hand gathered to her the bundle of letters it contained Then, as though she had committed a theft, she ran to her bed, the candle-flame flat and streaming and lay on her back, her breath audible, her heart apace

When her breath was quiet, she turned on her side, intending to read the letters in the order of their dates She had a simple hunger for the news they would contain of men and places familiar to her but external to her present life, and she began to read with the undivided joy of rediscovering a story not forgotten though put away But before the first page was turned, she became aware of herself reading, her fingers released the paper, her eyes came up as though

she were being watched. Even to read these letters seemed false to her now.

Her fear of sentimentality, her abiding distrust of whatever gentleness of motive in herself threatened to loose the armour she wore against the world, suggested to her that the intuitive tenderness with which she had safeguarded these letters was a lie, and that she had deliberately hoarded them so that, in such a mood as this, she might dramatize the reading of them. Her memory, seeking the instant in which the decision to read them had been made, drove her back and back, mercilessly pursuing, beyond her pretence of sleep while Courcelet was blowing out her candle, beyond what appeared now as her pretence of suffering and her pretence of madness while Theuriet was knocking at the outer door, to the spectacular and designed candour of her likening herself to a barmaid and saying, with the dagger of Templeraud's indifference twisting in its wound, that men became drunkards who— She tossed in her bed and sat erect, her hands pressing upward the flesh of her cheeks. It had been then, in the midst of the contrived brutality of that speech, that Barbet had appeared in her mind; her imagination had swept her on until she had believed, and not believed, that it was he at the door, until she had known that to-night, when she was alone, a fascinated spectator of her own repentances, she would fall into a luxury of self accusation, and at last, dragged upon the in turning spiral of her self-criticism, sleep.

She lay down on her side again, supported on her elbow, restless and confused, scorning her confusion—a stupidity, she had always said, of idle women who made pets of their consciences, and took them out and combed and frizzed and wept over them and put them away again. Her remedy was in her job, in action, in the challenge of a new task, a new struggle, a new appetite that summoned the decisive energies of her mind. In action, she knew, she was swift and fearless, robust in the whole experience of the senses—hungry with joy, thirsty with joy, a tigress for work, undaunted, unfailing. And now she lay here without the will to read the letters or to put them away between night and morning, fingering the candle wax, without appetite even for sleep. She jerked herself upright in the bed

Thérèse Despreux, you are a professional diseuse! But she could not rally, the old incantation was dead Thérèse Despreux! Thérèse Despreux! She slid down on to her pillow, sick at heart of this stale trick of calling herself by name If only there were a being on earth to whom it was not a name on a placard, to whom she belonged, who would seize and hold her, whose faith in her was stronger than her own distrust! Since her mother died, she had not known any such reassurance Her father had not recognized her Learning to shrink from his timid approaches, she had fallen away from the Church All her nightmares had been of isolation, and she had fought them by her genius to compel the attention of strangers to herself, by the challenge with which she cried her wares, by her boldness, her humour and anger, her refusal to be put down She had not dared be tired lest her protective self-reliance should fail her, but she had learned to mock, that she might not pity, herself, and this mocking voice, her own, turned to ridicule the impulse she now felt to surrender, to abdicate her prides and powers It seemed to her that, in remembering her father and mother and the unconsoled nightmares from which she had awakened, screaming, in the Cheval Pie, she was only playing the part of a little girl, and playing it because to do so put a gloss of pathos on her failure to hold Templéraud Was even her desire to read Barbet's letters a sop thrown into the same tawdry drama? She raised the letters by thrusting her hand under a pile of them, and with indifference, almost with contempt, allowed them to slide from her palm She stared at them, yellow on the sheet

One night at Royan, the night after her walk through the woods with Madeleine, Courcelet had spoken of George Sand, the conversation had run to music and to Chopin, and Templéraud, echoing Plence as Thérèse now perceived, had attacked the Romantics, saying that they were sentimental, that they lied Cugnot had taken fire, not in defence of the Romantics, but in counter-attack upon those whose catchword for all feeling but hatred was "sentimentality" He had asked which was the greater lie—to be sentimental or to be paralysed by the fear of sentimentality? Was it not better, in art, to be wrong in boldness than wrong in fear? And Courcelet had said "If I may be allowed to speak with authority, as one whose whole life

is a lie and certainly not a romantic one, I suggest that the greatest of lies is by self-consciousness to freeze the heart To be incapable of surrender is the final cowardice. The priests call it spiritual pride"

He is clever, my poor Philippe, Thérèse thought, there is point in everything he says, but it takes you no further. What he said then is true—perhaps it is true—it seemed true and I remember it, but, though it sounds like an answer, it is, like the answers of all clever men, only the question repeated, it is a phrase he has made, it goes on in the head. "To be incapable of surrender is the final cowardice" Poor Philippe! Poor Thérèse! You are pitying him because you dare not pity yourself If for a moment you were to cease to deafen yourself with your own name, you could not endure the silence.

Thérèse Despreux! Thérese Despreux! The name written on schoolbooks The name she had given to Plence when she was unknown What is your name? Therese Despreux. The name, on the hoardings, of the woman they paid to see at the Divertissements. Her own name and yet not hers The name on the envelopes "To be incapable of self-surrender is the final cowardice" Poor Philippe! The name of the girl lying in the great bed A name to freeze the heart

'If only I could stop arguing," Barbet had said, "then I should know what to do"

When did he say that? Perhaps at some time when he had been speaking to her about the glow worms in the prison She could not remember It is almost morning, she thought, the candle is down There was another beside it, partly burned, she lighted it and extinguished the first.

From the envelopes the plain handwriting looked up at her—her own name, the heavy Q of the Quai d Orleans, the word "Paris" in great capitals, as though it were the name of a foreign country The thought of his undemanding patience in writing, week after week, to her who did not answer, quieted her She began to read No letter was of great length, for Barbet kept near to his observation, the birds he saw and heard, the changes of river and hedgerow, the prog

ress of the fields, the vintage, the distillation Against this background the familiar figures appeared—his mother, "who becomes more gay as she grows older, and happier too, I think", Anton, who 'isn't such a villain as you suppose, Therèse. It's a bad day if I can't make him laugh at his own bluster", and "your father, who calls on me more often than a heretic has any right to expect, wanting news of you but never asking for it I would volunteer it if I had any' There was never a stronger hint than this that he required an answer "You have your own reasons for not writing, some day you will tell me what they were and I shall seem foolish not to have understood

Though he wrote seldom of himself, his letters produced in her a feeling of his presence in the flowers, the animals and even in the people he spoke of for he recognized no division between himself and them His mind was neither self abnegating nor self assertive He did not think the Others and I, he did not think I and the Others but seemed to be unaware of any opposition or boundary between himself and what he perceived To follow with him page by page the movement of the year brought to Thérèse a peace that she might not have known if she had read each letter when it came for their continuity included her even when he spoke of himself and her, one in Charente, the other in Paris their separation was of place only and accidental when he said that he loved her, his love was not an intensification of their two separated individualities there was no stress in it or crying out against the distance between them or possessive jealousy of her life remote from his, and she, who had believed a loving covetousness to be a sign and part of love itself, saw for the first time that there was an alternative to it that was not indifference—a fullness of recognition, a calm and passionate acceptance of unity within the ultimate unity of all sentient creatures

Understanding of these ideas came to her slowly as she read They were nowhere expressed in what he wrote but were instinct in the warmth and modesty of his writing His descriptions were not of external things towards which he looked outward but rather of a natural and, because natural a miraculous world of which he and she were a part He told her in January how on New Year's Day the children had followed the custom she knew well, going from door to

door in Roussignac for pennies, and in his writing he himself seemed to be one of the children—"Each door has an expression," he said "Some are wolves' doors and frown, and you have to be brave to knock" He told how the fire brigade, in uniform and brass helmets, had come out even to the Maison Hazard to serenade him with bugles and drums how, when all the men had received their five franc pieces and their glasses of wine, he and they and his mother and old Quessot had clinked glasses together—

Bonne année, bonne santé
Et le paradis à la fin de vos jours

—"the old greeting," he said, "which I knew you wouldn't forget to give to your audience at the Divertissements It would be good and please them and draw them in Some people in an audience seem to need a lot of drawing in, just because they have paid and sit where they do, they behave as if the footlights were a wall" "I know that! I feel that!" Thérese exclaimed under her breath as she read, for he spoke in terms of her experience as though it were his own, as though he also had stood on a stage and felt the tug of an audience like the tug of a fish on a line, and her heart beat faster as she turned the page, for had it not been on the morning of New Year's Day itself that she had remembered the old greeting and resolved to use it, proud then of so apt a trick of showmanship?

As his letters passed on through the winter into the spring, her sense of isolation fell away from her, her heart lightened, but, when her eye fell upon the page he had dated Easter, 1885, the venom and anguish of those days struck at her afresh. "I feel separated from my prisoners," he wrote. "I am ashamed that it is so and feel it to be wrong You told me once that, in my relation to them, I seemed to you to be a prisoner myself, and I am sure that is true and that it is wrong But I feel that, since they are condemned and must be prisoners somewhere, I should be only a coward and do no good by washing my hands of them. Can I not help them and be of some use? That is my dilemma. I am hedged in, I argue, I think too much about myself—whether I should be doing right or doing wrong to give up the prison—and so I make myself important and separate,

from which nothing good can come Now if you were in a prison I should let you out if I could, and if a wild bird were in a cage I should open the door, and if an animal were in a trap I should release it That is simple enough But I can't stop arguing about the prisoners because, even if I were to give up the prison, that wouldn't set them free "

When she had done reading this, she put down the letter and looked at the envelopes that were as yet unopened Thérèse Despreux Therese Despreux It was no longer an isolated and warning name, an insane emphasis had been lifted from it She read it tranquilly as she might have read a name not hers I will read the others in the morning, she said to herself, and knew, as she lay down to sleep, that her first waking thought would be of gladness that she had still to hear of Roussignac in April and May In the darkness she remembered that more than a week perhaps a fortnight, had passed since a letter came from him Her memory was accurate at will, she *could turn it backwards, day by day like the pages of a book, and* she remembered that, as she was putting away the last letter she had received, Courcelet, beside her at the walnut desk had been saying to her that Hugo was dying ' And to Lockroy he said 'My friend it is a dead man who speaks to you ' ' It was on a Sunday, it was two Sundays ago To-day was Wednesday the 27th She counted on her fingers ten days Sometimes there were intervals of more than ten days between Barbet's letters, but she sat up in bed again and relighted her candle She would read the last

It was dated Thursday May 14 It told of buttercups in the meadows and of the little green bunches of the montpellier maple 'full of bees " 'I went to see your father as I came home from Roussignac The wallflower on the church is out I told him I should soon be in Paris so that he might send a message if he wished He said 'Ask her, if she has a holiday to come here in the summer ' I shall see him again before I leave but I expect I shall not write again There is always much to be arranged before I go on these journeys, particularly now that Pierre dislikes so much coming near the prison It is not only that it takes him away from other work but that he positively dislikes it He has to be persuaded He seldom comes even into

the house if he can avoid it, except on special occasions when we invite him, though he and Renée are always glad to see me if I visit them. I shall go to the Hôtel Bagnolet as usual, arriving probably during the afternoon of Thursday 28."

She imagined him in his corner, his head on one side, asleep in the train.

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"Ah, yes! Now, let me think. Surely I have heard that name before?"

"I sing and dance," said Thérèse. "Perhaps you have seen the name on placards"

The lady at the desk evidently had not. She shook her head and pursed her lips "No . . No," she said, "it was—it was in some connexion with Monsieur Barbet—it was—ah, yes, one day he asked me—" She threw a wild glance at Thérèse and broke off, blushing in hot confusion "Oh dear, oh dear, I was very foolish that day! Let it pass, let it pass, we are all foolish sometimes" She mustered her control. "I beg your pardon It is an honour to know Mademoiselle Thérèse Despreux"

"And you?" said Therese.

"And I, mademoiselle?"

"You are not Madame Bagnolet?"

"Ah no, indeed no! . There! As you are a friend of Monsieur Barbet's, and as it was his father who gave me the name, you will not think it wrong if I tell you that I am always called Mademoiselle d'Austerlitz." She sighed and clasped her hands. "It is strange. Gentlemen forget that I am Mademoiselle Plon I have had letters addressed to Mademoiselle d'Austerlitz."

"It is a gallant name," said Thérèse. "And I notice that you speak of him as Monsieur Barbet?"

"Did I do that? Well, I must be forgiven I have known the family so long But I am afraid," she added, with that unexpectedness which Thérese had come to expect in her, "that Monsieur Barbet will never marry and have children It would have been a pleasure to prepare a room for his son when he himself is gone."

"Gone!" Therèse exclaimed "He must be less than thirty-five"

Mademoiselle d Austerlitz smiled pleasantly. "Yes, indeed," said she "I suppose I must be very foolish I forget that even I shall not live for ever And now Victor Hugo is dead."

"You will go to the funeral?"

"Ah no, mademoiselle. The hotel is full. They say that there are

Chapter 10

THÉRÈSE WALKED ACROSS THE RIVER NEXT morning to the Hôtel Bagnolet and left there a note asking Barbet to come to her theatre if he reached Paris in time. She gave it into the hands of the lady with yellow hair whom she found at a desk near the foot of the stairs. At her question, this lady flicked the pages of a time-table and replied without looking at them that Monsieur Hazard was expected at three o'clock. His room was prepared.

"Every gentleman," she said, "has his own little ways. No doubt you have observed that, madame?"

"Yes," Thérèse answered with a smile that the shadows of the passage concealed, "that is very true. I have often observed it. And yet," she added, unable to resist the temptation to argument with one whose knowledge of men was probably as extensive as her own, "and yet I have observed also that, from another point of view, there is a remarkable sameness in gentlemen."

The time-table was put down and patted. The silver bangles tinkled merrily. "That may be. That may be. But in a hotel at any rate their differences are more important—for example, Monsieur Hazard likes his bordeaux in half bottles, and, on the mantelpiece, pencils sharpened, and, in the cupboard, bread and cheese. And, do you know, madame, I have always a feeling that he is a very happy gentleman. That, you will agree, is rare. Whatever happens, he is always pleasantly surprised. For example, the pencils. Always I put them there, but he is always pleasantly surprised as though I were giving him a present. But you know him well, madame?"

"All my life," said Thérèse. "Perhaps you will tell him I brought the note myself. Mademoiselle Thérèse Despreux."

'Bonne annee, bonne santé
Et le paradis à la fin de vos jours

Is that a good song?"

"My God," he said, kissing her hand again, "what *has* happened to you Therese? When you're in this mood, you would enchant the rebel angels. And look at your eyes!"

She examined them in her mirror "Yes, they are good to-night. They always become larger when I'm very happy or very unhappy"

"And at the moment?"

She jumped up and threw her arms round his neck. "Darling Cugnot! You must go now Come back at the end You'll know why"

But Barbet did not appear Late in the evening she sent a boy to the front of the house he returned to say that the ticket she had left at the box-office in the name of Monsieur Hazard had not been called for Cugnot and Plence being in her dressing room, she said that after all she would sup with them Because, throughout the evening, she had declared consistently that she would not be supping at Maubant's no one followed her there, but in the restaurant itself there were enough who knew her they stopped at her table on their way to their own they broke off from their parties to visit her, they loitered sat down lighted cigarettes, beckoned their companions over, and soon her table was full—ten men and two of their mistresses—the talk mounting like the stakes at a gambling table, voices and emphasis increasing and Therese found herself holding the bank with the same heady excitement that would have gripped her if the table had been glittering with gold pieces The room was hot, and heavy with smoke and the scent of flowers. She threw off a black lace wrap and felt a new heat of the air on her bare shoulders On the bald head of the banker Schnetz little beads of sweat were forming, she watched them gather and run like raindrops on a window pane, saw his silk handkerchief stick on his forehead and his lips suck at his champagne He and Eugene de Quergnon, a young man with a long pale moustache who had the interesting ambition to make

three hundred thousand visitors in Paris Some say even more. We have people who are not our clients, people we have never seen before"

"Then Monsieur Barbet was lucky to get his room"

"Ah no, mademoiselle, that is understood"

Thérèse held out her hand to say good-bye "Tell me, why are you so devoted to him?"

Mademoiselle d'Austerlitz emerged from her shadows and her little feet hissed down the passage towards the door "Devoted? Yes. Are you surprised? It is—now, how shall I put it?—it is that he and I, Monsieur Barbet and I—" She broke off, smiling in defeat and took Thérèse's hand between her own "Voyons Il est toujours content de la vie"

It had so delighted Thérèse to come upon someone who knew Barbet and would talk of him that she at once allowed her imagination to transform Mademoiselle d'Austerlitz into a fantastic and legendary creature, who had known all the generations of Hazard and who would live for ever under her pile of yellow hair I will send her tickets for the theatre—but does she ever come out? Thérèse wondered Does she ever sleep or eat? Or does she live always at that desk with the colours of the fanlight on the tiles at her feet? At a florist's she bought two bouquets of roses and addressed them to the Hôtel Bagnolet—one "For Mademoiselle d'Austerlitz," and the other "For Monsieur Barbet's room"

She cancelled an engagement for supper and that night refused all invitations

"Thérèse," said Cugnot, seated beside her dressing-table while she made up for the stage, "what has happened to you? Your eyes are shining Are you up to mischief or have you been making good resolutions?"

"No mischief," she said, "and no good resolutions, I don't believe in binding the future But I feel like the New Year!"

"In May?"

"If you kiss my hand, I'll sing to you" She stretched out her hand "Now come close I'll sing in your ear

broadened into a smile As though no one was staring at him, he reached for Plence's hand and shook it warmly

"Bon soir, monsieur Enchanté de vous revoir"

At this moment he saw Therese. His face lighted, but he moved towards her without haste, a little bow to right and left asking first that his interruption might be pardoned Then he took her hand, drew up a chair between her and Schnetz As he did so, he saw Cugnot, leaned over the table again and shook his hand as he had shaken Plence s, then sat down, unembarrassed and unruffled, taking stock of those around him

"I am sorry, Therèse, not to have come to your theatre I found your note but I had an evening appointment with a merchant from Berry—rather important as he is leaving Paris to-morrow morning He was surprised, I can tell you, to find flowers in my room. Such beautiful flowers too Thank you, Therese. And Mademoiselle d Austerlitz asked me to convey her thanks—and her apologies for not having known who you were'

"And who is it that doesn t know Therese Despreux?" Quérignon interjected

"A friend of mine,' Barbet answered "You see, she works in my hotel She seldom comes out—but there's a great deal she does know I assure you" He turned again to Therese. "My visitor stayed I came late to the theatre. You had already gone. But they told me you were often to be found at Maubant's."

A waiter asked him what he would drink

Thank you he said "I am not thirsty," but, when Schnetz poured him out a glass of champagne, he raised it politely and drank a mouthful Thérese went through a form of introducing him, casually waving her hand and murmuring a name here and there. Carefully observant, he bowed courteously to each His eyes were clear, his hands on the table-cloth had the cool brown of long exposure to weather and he held his body erect and at ease.

"I hope I haven t interrupted an interesting conversation," he said. Everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves"

The interesting conversation was resumed The wind was out of Quérignon s oration and he started on a new tack. But his invention

Thérèse a royal mistress as soon as the Bourbons could be restored and whose attitude towards life was, in all other things, at once as solemn and as frivolous, were debating with Plence, who had thrown the subject across the table as a handful of coins to be scrambled for, the value of continence and its opposite as an incentive to endeavour The coins bounced, the company fell upon them History, scandal, reminiscence were called in evidence Plence recited an elaborately detailed form book of the Écurie in which his leading performers were considered in the language of Auteuil, Querignon's reigning mistress, Suzanne Druat, contributed an aphorism on convents, Querignon himself drew his cuffs down over his long, thin wrists, took a deep breath and began an oration by Bossuet on the death of Therese Despreux As his eloquence approached its climax, he rose in his place, stretched out his arms and was about to address all Maubant's on the perils of chastity when old Schnetz leaned across the table to pull him down, lost his feet, floundered and could not return There he lay among the fruit and glasses, rolling on his belly, vainly slapping the table cloth with hands too weak to raise him. Querignon instantly leapt on to a sofa and, supporting himself on one foot, put the other neatly on Schnetz's shoulder You see before you," he cried, one whom virtue has brought low, and on whom this epitaph shall be written For him a bed was a place of pilgrimage and a supper table his grave For him—'

His sentence was broken by a roar of laughter Thérèse removed his foot and rescued his victim Poor Schnetz was so near to crying that she kissed him, his gallantry responded, he began to laugh breathlessly, then stopped 'Good God, look at Plence!' he cried

Plence was standing in his place, his arm raised, his forefinger extended

"Behold," he said, "the man who came out of the mirror!"

Those whose backs were to the door turned in their chairs All Thérèse's company, and indeed the whole company of Maubant's gazed at the man who now stood, hat in hand, momentarily dazzled by the blaze of light He stood firmly moving neither hand nor foot, and turned his head He was neatly dressed in grey trousers and a square-cut jacket buttoned high At recognition of Plence his mouth

broadened into a smile As though no one was staring at him, he reached for Plence's hand and shook it warmly

'Bon soir, monsieur Enchanté de vous revoir"

At this moment he saw Thérèse. His face lighted, but he moved towards her without haste, a little bow to right and left asking first that his interruption might be pardoned Then he took her hand, drew up a chair between her and Schnetz As he did so, he saw Cugnot, leaned over the table again and shook his hand as he had shaken Plence s, then sat down, unembarrassed and unruffled, taking stock of those around him

"I am sorry, Thérèse, not to have come to your theatre I found your note but I had an evening appointment with a merchant from Bercy—rather important as he is leaving Paris to-morrow morning He was surprised, I can tell you, to find flowers in my room Such beautiful flowers too Thank you, Thérese. And Mademoiselle d Austerlitz asked me to convey her thanks—and her apologies for not having known who you were"

'And who is it that doesn't know Thérèse Despreux?" *Quérignon* interjected

"A friend of mine," Barbet answered "You see, she works in my hotel She seldom comes out—but there's a great deal she does know I assure you" He turned again to Thérèse "My visitor stayed I came late to the theatre. You had already gone. But they told me you were often to be found at Maubant's"

A waiter asked him what he would drink

"Thank you' he said "I am not thirsty," but, when Schnetz poured him out a glass of champagne, he raised it politely and drank a mouthful. Therese went through a form of introducing him, casually waving her hand and murmuring a name here and there Carefully observant, he bowed courteously to each His eyes were clear, his hands on the table-cloth had the cool brown of long exposure to weather and he held his body erect and at ease.

I hope I haven t interrupted an interesting conversation," he said "Everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves"

The interesting conversation was resumed The wind was out of Quérignon's oration and he started on a new tack But his *invention*

failed, he lost the table, and at the farther end of it, a thin man like a white ferret raised his head to say that he knew a woman who went three times a year to Pere-Lachaise where she laid flowers on the tomb of Abélard and Héloïse because she regarded it as a monument to disappointed love

"Héloïse and Abélard, my dear friend," Schnetz cried, eager to dispute which of the two should be given precedence, but the discussion swept past him, the old story was embellished, as an example of chastity enforced, with modern instances from the drawing room and the coulisses, the Church was criticized, the virtue of Héloïse suspected, her competence examined, her love doubted, and Abélard was considered as a schoolmaster, a prig, a fool, a coward, a hero, a hypocrite—all this in a gay, cruel dialogue that ran from tongue to tongue like flame over dry sticks until the whole table crackled with the lies of wit Therèse, taking her part in it, accepting each challenge as it came, parrying it, turning it to her profit, became aware that Cugnot had contributed nothing and was not listening to her He was watching Barbet, she also turned to look at him, as she did so Quérignon said with malice, so that the provincial who had interrupted his oration should be embarrassed and befooled "But you, sir, have said nothing!" A silence fell, Suzanne Druat began to titter, Schnetz rolled his eyes "What would you say," Quérignon persisted, "—that chastity is productive or barren? And if it is not voluntary but enforced—what then? What do you say of Abelard and Heloïse?"

"Only that they were happy and that they suffered," Barbet answered

"No more than that?"

"And that they were brave," Barbet said, as though he were answering questions in school

"But all that is obvious," cried Quérignon "You needn't be so cautious, my friend You may speak openly We swear to keep your secret Come, they are safely dead"

"Oh no," said Barbet, "for a long time they have been standing behind your chair"

Quérignon's shoulders twitched, he cast a swift, fluttering glance

down the table as though to beg from his own kind the support of their ridicule, then, throwing up his head, let out a solitary and shrill laugh like a cry, and gulped and was silent

Barbet was astonished His words had sprung naturally from the *impression*, which had gathered in his mind while the others were talking that they considered Héloïse and Abélard to be divided from themselves by impassable barriers of time and individuality—barriers that for him had no existence, and what he had said was not a reproof to them but a spontaneous expression of his own feeling, a short cut to his long silence But having alarmed Quérignon, he at once did what he could to put him in countenance again

Do not misunderstand me," he said "I did not mean that I had seen their ghosts—only that while you were speaking—while you were all speaking and I was listening—I thought that, when they were in Paris, we were less real to them than they are to us, and that nevertheless— But there, I feel that I have upset Monsieur de Quérignon by what I said"

"Not at all not at all, said old Schnetz, "I'd have said it myself if I d thought of it"

What precisely he meant by this remark no one knew, but everyone felt that there was something absurd and childlike in it Schnetz found himself being laughed at without hostility and was as pleased as a boy when the world encourages him Now what *did* you mean? he was asked and replied with a seriousness which, as he was a little drunk, set them laughing again "Really, bless me, I'm not sure that I know But the world *grows* over one like a crust The English have a rhyme about blackbirds who were shut in a pie under a crust of pastry And *then* you know, there comes a moment when the crust breaks and the birds begin to sing!"

The tension was slackened and Quérignon given time to recover his poise He looked at Barbet without resentment but with curiosity and said "I *understand* Yes, I understand very well But you also *must* understand something we talk for the sake of talking While I talk, there is always something quite different going on in my mind For example, if I were to tell the truth I should confess that ever since I first *read* the letters of Héloïse—ever since then I

to sing" He touched Barbet on the arm and continued "You know, my dear friend, it was you who broke the crust Can you tell us why blackbirds sing?

'Certainly," Barbet answered obligingly "That is my own subject. Certainly I can tell you why birds sing" Then he smiled a wide, easy smile. 'But I won't begin at this time of night"

Schnetz nodded with sleepy affability Except Thérèse's table, Maubant's was empty

"Thérèse, my dear, we have said so many *foolish things to-night* And the cock is crowing Sing us a song to make us forget them"

Often she had [illegible] Now she [illegible] have been given your cue!"

She did not understand smiled shook her head *He whispered* soundlessly, making with his mouth words for her to read

"Ah yes! Ah yes!' she exclaimed. "But that is Barbet's own song!' And she turned to him.

"What song Thérèse?'

She put her lips to his ear, then asked "May I sing that?"

'But certainly"

"Here? Now?"

Schnetz came suddenly to life. "Is your name Barbet, sir?"

"Yes, said Barbet.

"Bless me,' said Schnetz, "and it is to you we owe her songs. Barbet this and Barbet that! Barbet at the races. Barbet at the Elysee. Barbet at the Salon Barbet in the Chamber Barbet in the country And we thought you were a stranger My dear sir, you are as famous as the Eiffel tower"

"But less conspicuous,' said Barbet.

Schnetz struggled for the bottle, splashed champagne from glass to glass, then forgot the toast he had intended

'Sing Therese,' Cugnot said

Therèse straightened herself and laid her fingers on the table's edge. She sang to Barbet's own tune as Fontan had written it down.

'I said a stupid thing I wish I could unsay it But you alone can

have felt that she and I—no, let me finish, Suzanne, let me finish—that she and I had a secret in common I mean," he continued with an unarmoured simplicity that Thérèse had never before known in him, "that the book became more than a book to me. I used to turn back to her letters as if they were my own and I used to judge others by their appreciation of them And every word I have said against her to-night—" He looked round as though seeking refuge from the necessity to say what he was about to say Then his eyes returned to Barbet's and he continued "Every word was a denial of—of—I heard myself speaking them you know—a denial of—not of her, but of myself"

"And then, bless me, the cock crew three times!" said Schnetz. "It is always crowing, that's the devil of it Now if you could tell us, Monsieur Hazard, how to wring the neck of that cock, you'd make life a deal easier"

Thérèse had been content to be silent She had been watching the faces of those before her, and feeling the presence of Barbet at her side Conversation had become eager again, but its temper was changed The white ferret was describing a great disused granary among the outbuildings of the country house in which he had been brought up—a room, he said, that had seemed to him as large as a cathedral "I used to creep out of the house at night and creep back in the morning before anyone was awake There was no adventure to compare with sleeping among the straw My father sold the house and when I went back there the granary had been pulled down and something else had been built in its place" "What had been built in its place?" Plence asked "That is what is so extraordinary, I can't remember what had been built in its place I can see myself standing there and deciding precisely where the granary had been and thinking, if only the place had been left vacant it would be better But I can't remember the new building" "You could go and look," said Plence "Oh no, oh no, I shall not go there again It makes the cock crow, my dear Plence" And this tale of the granary was capped by other tales of times past which revealed the tellers to themselves as they had forgotten that they were Old Schnetz cocked his eye at Thérèse and said "When the pie was opened the birds began

"I promised Pierre."

She listened to the small, clipped phrases. This is Barbet, she thought. This all we say. Soon I shall be alone in my flat, we shall have said good night and he will be driving on to the Hôtel Ragnolet. But she began to smile in the darkness, for the phrases pleased her by their plainness and brevity

"Four whole days," he said, "five perhaps."

"But one night nearly gone."

He came near, wishing to kiss her. Because the cab was rocking, he had first to steady her face between his hands, and she smiled at his unpractised care and delighted in it. "We don't have to count hours, Therese."

"You make me feel that's true," she answered. "That's why I love you"

They were crossing a bridge and, in reply to Barbet's question, she said "He's taking us by the Île de la Cité. We are very near. Look—look up through the little window at his side!" But the cab turned left into the Quai aux Fleurs, houses shut out the towers of the cathedral and the high stars, in a moment, they had crossed another bridge—her own bridge, Therese said, the Pont St. Louis—and were drawn up at the corner where the Quai d'Orléans sloped up to Therese's door

"Different from the Rue Lilas," he said, looking up from the pavement.

"Less than you think."

"You were hungry then Thérèse. It was like a fairy tale to watch you eat food and to take you out on the river and lie about on the grass at St Cloud and now—"

"Barbet dear I can't be permanently hungry—though it's almost true that I am."

He hesitated still. "I want to go on steamboats," he said. "I want to go to Mantes and find the Gabrielle d'Estrées. She still starts at the same time."

"Did you find that out this afternoon?"

"Mademoiselle d'Austerlitz did."

"Bless her," said Thérèse. "I love routine." She began to laugh

talked at ease, their intimacy being the closer because it was of the kind that no one, considering them in their separate lives, could suspect Even Courcelet wondered at it. After his first meeting with Barbet, he said to Thérèse "It is even odder than I had believed I had thought that to you he was a kind of toy, a pet animal, a pet sentiment—what you will, but that man is no one's pet animal I suppose I am as near to being a complete materialist as any intelligent man can be and you are as near to being a complete egocentric as any intelligent woman can be, and in both respects he is at the opposite pole, and yet I like him and you love him, and he loves you, Therese. He talked to me of you There again I was wrong I had expected a virtuous provincial rescuing you from perdition But not at all He isn't aware of your perdition"

"Oh yes," she said, "he is."

"He appears not to mind"

"Oh yes," she repeated, "he does"

Courcelet spread out his hands to protest against these interruptions. "At any rate," he said, "he doesn't condemn you and he isn't jealous of you And he isn't resigned and, above all, he's not indifferent. That's what fascinates me. A tolerance that fails to distinguish between one way of living and another is only a form of laziness It's not a virtue of the soul but a vice of the intellect—and one that I indulge in But to see a distinction and to see through it, to see that I am an old dandy who wastes his life and that you—well, my dear Thérèse, you shall write your own label—to read the label, and understand it as he does, and not to stop there but to say 'No I can see through the label I can see through the bottle. I know that the wine—' And the odd thing is," Courcelet continued after a pause, "that in fact he *says* nothing of the sort He has no theories Most of what he told me about you was told in the process of saying that he was going to take you down the river Again I had thought this little provincial imagines that he's taking a girl from his village inn out for a treat. But not at all He's fully aware of who you are and what you are. He's by no means an ingenuous fool And then, do you know, Thérèse, I took upon myself the delicious rôle of a father of a family I asked him what his intentions were"

at herself, because only in his company did she observe her own contradictions "I hope the time of the train hasn't changed What time is it from St Lazare?"

"Ten thirty-one"

"I shall remember"

"And not be late?"

"I meant I shall always remember"

"I was afraid—"

"Of what, Barbet?"

"That you might not want to come"

"With you?"

"Dearest Thérese!" he said gratefully "But the Gare St Lazare at ten in the morning and the Gabrielle d Estrées You are a famous star, Therèse You aren't a hungry rascal any more"

"I am," she said, and took his arm "Don't say good bye yet. You are quite near home—over the next bridge and you're at the end of the Boulevard St Germain Come to the edge of the river Oh, Barbet, I'm happy We are planning what we are *going* to do It's still ahead Shall we go to La Roche Guyon? When shall we go?"

"Sunday? Monday?"

"Both" Then she added "I was doing something on Monday What on earth was it? I know I was burying Victor Hugo Philippe has a window in the Rue Soufflot"

"Sunday then"

She nodded "When we come back we can dine in peace I have *no* performance It would be *no* good anyway The whole of Paris will be at the Arc de Triomphe for the lying in state And no performance on Monday"

"Are you dining with Monsieur de Courcelet after the funeral?"

"I was I'm not But Sunday," she added, "that's far away Look!" She turned him round so that his back was to the river "At the corner, just beside my outer door, do you see—a restaurant? To-morrow? Noon?"

Next day and on Saturday when they met briefly in the intervals of their work, the strangeness of their separation was gone They

Chapter II

"DO YOU REMEMBER OUR LAST JOURNEY TO Mantes?" Thérèse asked as their train moved into open country.

"I remember that you were nearly late and that you had violet tops to your boots."

Glad that he remembered, or chose to recall, no more of that bitter journey, she was content to allow the country to slide past, but at Mantes she tested his memory again "This time," she said, "I have a parasol."

"Good," he answered. "It will be hot But we can go leisurely. There's plenty of time between the train and the boat."

They loitered through the streets of Mantes At the landing stage there was still time to waste, two intending passengers were sitting placidly under the awning of the Gabrielle d'Estrées, but there was no other sign of life in her except a twist of smoke rising into the windless air, and they seated themselves at a rickety table, nursing glasses of coffee on their knees Henri, the skipper, was at a table near by, turning over a bundle of papers and checking them by a list.

"Bon jour, majesté," said Thérèse, and in a moment he was on his feet, remembering them, welcoming them, asking if they had again seen his friend at St. Cloud who first had taught them to call him Henri Quatre He had told them more than that, Thérèse replied He had told them that Henri Quatre would allow her to work the engine room telegraph.

"And so you shall, mademoiselle, but not going out of harbour. How far do you go? La Roche? Good, you shall work the telegraph as we approach La Roche."

As the steamer drew away from the landing stage, Thérèse was

when they came close to shore, he must take the telegraph himself, but, so prompt was she in obeying the orders he gave in mid-stream to test her, that he let her be, and, when the Gabrielle d'Estrées was safely alongside, he patted her shoulder and said "A seaman, mademoiselle!"

"Oh no," she answered, "just an actress There's no part I can't play if I give my mind to it," and, as she went ashore with Barbet, she pointed out to him with pride how clever she had been, as if Henri Quatre were Plence and had praised her performance on the stage.

You see," Barbet said, 'nothing is changed I remember, when we were here before, you said we were here for the *first* time, and there is the tree with the initials carved on it!"

'And this,' she replied, 'isn't the last time. Barbet, let's make sure of it! Make up our minds now that we will come here *to-morrow*'

"Yes," he said, 'but how you cling to time, Thérèse! How you divide it into days and hours!'

'I cling to happy things. I treasure and hoard them."

Their plan was to eat at La Roche and to spend the day there as they had done before, but first they strolled back to the landing stage and leaned against the parapet of the bridge, looking down at the Gabrielle d Estrees. They would wave to Henri Quatre as he set *out down river* The hours lay *ahead of* them, it was pleasant to be idle with the warm, rough stone of the bridge *under their* hands

Thérese!"

What?"

Look, she's casting off Let's go on in her" Without waiting for answer he hailed the *skipper* 'Wait! we are coming with you" They made haste over the track to *the* waterside and over the tufted grass The gangway was held for them

But you told *me*," Henri Quatre *called* from the bridge as though they had accused him *of having marooned* them, "*you told* me that you were for La Roche."

"You are quite *right*," Barbet answered, a little breathless and

visited by the desire which struck her always in Barbet's company—never to come back, the same fantastic desire, sprung seemingly from a part of her nature ordinarily asleep, which, two years ago, when they had watched swallows and starlings among the reeds of the Charente, had prompted her to beg that they might not return, that she might postpone, even by half an hour, the parting from him which would be a re entry to her normal life Now she reproved herself for idle romanticism which if she gave rein to it, would make her sad and poor company for him, and to give him pleasure she said "Do you want to play piquet? Have you brought cards with you?"

He clapped his hand to his pocket "How stupid! How stupid of me! Now we shall be all day without them, unless we are able to buy a couple of packs at La Roche But even that will not be the same"

"I have brought some,' she said "Clever Thérèse!"

He smiled and held out his hand

"Say Clever Thérèse!'"

He repeated the words obediently and, taking the cards, began to shuffle them

The game was a delight to them, not for its own sake only but because it was a ritual shared, nevertheless they did not prolong it, the sun, the air, the excitement of each stopping place, the monotonous placidity of the water moving astern when the froth of their paddles was out of it the stump stump of the feet of Henri Quatre on the bridge overhead—all these were things to savour, almost to touch as Therese touched the rail of the bridge ladder with her bare hand *for the joy of feeling the sun's heat come to her from the sparkling brass I will remember! I will remember! she said to herself,* and would have asked him if he also would remember but forbore If he was living in the present, let him so live These were their minutes together She would not count them for him

As they came near to La Roche, Henri Quatre remembered his promise His head looked down from the ladder and he called her to the bridge. There, at once, she was intent to obey, determined to surprise him by her competence He began by warning her that,

lived near at hand and at this hour was always prepared for what visitors he might send, but if they went elsewhere—well, he would not be responsible. The wait at Vernon was not a long one, the Gabrielle d Estrees must make the locks in time and be at Mantes before nightfall

When they landed at Vernon, even Thérèse was not hungry After the hours spent in the boat, she wished to walk, and they wandered idly through the town until they came upon a great avenue of poplars that led them back to the river not far above the bridge Here was a stretch of grass, the little park of the town, with a few shaded benches where women sat with their sewing while children played near by Thérèse and Barbet walked down to the water's edge and there lay on the sloping bank to watch three boys chase one another in the water and come out gasping to dry themselves in the sun

They talked desultorily and at ease, not caring to choose or to press any subject, not observing silence when it fell—happy in the release of being together and alone. One of their silences was broken by Barbet s saying

Do you remember Blachère?"

"That night when I sang in the prison—I *remember him then* "

"*He* is the most intelligent of them all Once I thought he was stupid Then he found out my weaknesses, and now—"

What are your weaknesses, Barbet?"

Well he said for example, if someone persuades me that I'm afraid *to do something* I always want to do it to prove—perhaps to prove him wrong—more likely, to prove to myself that I'm not afraid

Is that a weakness?"

Isn t it? A thing doesn t become right because I'm afraid *of it* "

She considered that, running her fingers through the grass "And Blachère? she said *What has* he told you that you are afraid to do?"

Get rid of the prisoners "

"Are you?"

Oh Therese' *he said*, *I wish* I could see that clearly I feel as if I d been puzzling over a sum for years and had become so muddled

holding up his hand as a signal of goodwill. "I am sorry. It is we who have changed our minds"

"I didn't, you know," Therèse said. "Mine was changed for me. If I hadn't followed you at once, you would have been here now and I should still have been on that hot stone bridge Now that I have my breath again, I shall stand up and wave to *me* on the bridge." She rose and waved "Au revoir, Thérèse! Au revoir, La Rochefoucauld! We shall come back! Now," she said, "let's eat and drink There's food on board, I have smelt it But first we will sit here—no, *here,* in the sun, and drink a glass of wine"

He brought her wine

"I'm sorry for La Roche Guyon," she said, "—not to have us this afternoon But she will wait We will tell her about it when we come back Where are we going, Barbet?"

"I haven't an idea," he said "We can get off when we want to"

The small, tumpy hills by which they were passing had the glaze of the sun on their rounded slopes, a glaze broken only by blue shadows, curved on the curving earth, and, near Tripleval, by white cliffs sliced out of the hillsides with an easy knife In contrast with the cliffs' whiteness, everything green threw up the yellow that was in it Even in the hot stillness, the trees shone with blue and gold, glistening above their reflections which the passing of the Gabrielle d'Estrées disturbed, and as the afternoon went on and breezes began to stir, turning the poplar leaves, making all shadow and all light quiver, the yellow in the landscape deepened, the great barges themselves—Ventoux, Phébus, Paul Dermoz—running a sparkle of gold from their decks as they went by At the locks the Gabrielle d Estrées was given precedence, between them she was proud of her speed, but there was delay at the lock of Port-Villez Barbet and Therese were drawn to the little village which they saw beyond the railway line and were in doubt whether to disembark there, but Henri Quatre would not let them go Now that they were so near, they must come to Vernon, he said "At Vernon one eats well but at Villez—no" He would show them where to eat, if they went where he directed them—to the inn belonging to his sister-in-law, they would have time enough to eat comfortably before the return journey began, for she

"I didn't say 'hand them over.' I said 'let them go.'"

But Barbet's mind had sheered away. Though he had heard what she said, he had not received her idea. She was about to repeat it, to force it on him, but checked herself, remembering that, when she was rehearsing, people who thrust ideas upon her before she was ready for them did more harm than good. "But I haven't *come* to that yet!" she would say, and now, unpersisting because she loved him, she stretched her body on the ground and smelt the grass and turned over to spread out her arms and gaze at the sky.

"You will know what to do," she said, "when you are ready to do it."

She sat up, her arms clasped about her knees, and he beside her. Beyond the bridge heavy smoke rose against the woods of the opposite hill, the nose and the barred S of the Gabrielle d'Estrées appeared through one of the arches. Her lowered funnel swung into position again as she came upstream

"There is Henri Quatre," said Thérèse; "do you think he will be angry with us because we didn't go to his sister-in-law's?"

She would have sprung up to wave to him.

"Don't wave," said Barbet, "he might stop for us"

They watched in silence until the Gabrielle d'Estrées had passed out of sight By this time the swimmers had dressed and gone, the water's surface was unbroken

Their return was made not through the avenue and the town but along the river's bank. When they left the open ground in which they had been sitting, their way narrowed, passing between a walled garden and a low parapet of stone on which men and girls were sitting in pairs, discreetly spaced, then broadened into a road, flanked on one side by houses, on the other by a broad, grassy bank, wooded at first but soon becoming open ground studded with bol- [illegible]

[illegible] of the town, and here, included in the curve, were the hotel and courtyard of the Trois Couronnes. Looking out over the river was a bal[illegible]

by it that—" He smiled at her "I would push it at you and say 'Do that one for me, please,' but it happens to be a sum that one can do only for oneself You see, it doesn't become right to get rid of the prisoners because Blachère tells me I'm afraid of it."

"It doesn't become wrong"

Barbet turned over on his back, supporting his head with fingers interlaced so that he might continue to watch the river

"Blachère can have no interest in the thing, one way or the other," he said "Whether I rid myself of my prison or not, he will remain a prisoner until his time's up And yet he goes on and on, tempting me to be rid of them"

"I think I know why," Therese answered "I know about devils. He tempts you because he knows that you will resist the temptation The more he presses you, the more you will resist—the more you will say 'I mustn't do this because I should be doing it to prove that I'm not afraid' And so you'll keep your prison, and Blachère will have you imprisoned with him That is all"

Barbet did not answer at once After a little [illegible] see, more hangs to it than [illegible] or not It's like a gate [illegible] Do you understand?"

"What happens the other side of the gate?"

"I should have ceased to be the master of anyone whose labour I don't share I should have ceased to use force I shouldn't any longer be kind and patronizing as people are who go and work among the poor To help people isn't enough To teach prisoners how to make barrels isn't much good of itself It leaves you separate from them and that's a kind of death If a bird perches on my hand and I feel 'Here's a bird perching on my hand,' then I am separated from him and all the feeding and stroking in the world makes no odds, but if at that moment I feel also 'Here's a hand for me to perch on,' then—"

"Then why don't you let the prisoners go Barbet? What stops you?"

"Hand them over to another prison? Tell my own conscience to go to sleep and be comfortable? Like a man who feels that to own property is wrong and makes it over to his wife?"

such a performance, such spirit, such invention—an I be a playgoer of fifty years' standing ' In Vernon they laugh at me They say I am too old for playgoing They say it is a waste of time and money—and it does cost money if you add the train fare! But my old mother understands. I was born in Paris, mademoiselle It was she took me first when I was a boy, and until a few years ago she and I—off we used to go together Now, even she is too old"

"Then she has never seen me?"

"Alas no mademoiselle! But if mademoiselle will allow it, I should like to let her into the secret—I mean the secret that Thérèse Despreux is dining with us to-night? I have spoken of you to her so often! It would give her such pleasure!'

'But why not? Therese answered "It isn't so deep a secret But thank you monsieur for your discretion It is only that people stare and news spreads Once, in a little restaurant very like this, when people found out, they began to sing my own songs and clapped their hands and asked me to sing to them And then it may do harm if you refuse. They say that you are too proud, that you are ungenerous.'

Monsieur Jugiaud had stopped on a half landing outside the door to which he was conducting Thérèse.

'There, mademoiselle you will find, I think, everything you need

When she came out, she found that he had gone up three or four stairs and waited for her I thought that mademoiselle might care to see— and he went forward, assuming that she would follow him At the [illegible]

[illegible] this roo

It was not large, but a sloping roof and a wall curving down a pair of steps to a second door at its farther end gave it a rambling character of its own In the window boxes geraniums had been planted out. Though a bed and a dressing table occupied the greater part of the room, there was space for a sofa and a small armchair of red plush beside the broad, low windows Kneeling on the sofa, Therèse looked out at the barges, at the wooded island beyond, and,

Barbet and Thérèse rounded the building, for the entrance to it was from the main street They found themselves in a dining room which contained eight tables and was decorated with painted mirrors and artificial flowers Two of the tables were occupied by family parties, at a third a woman in black with a child beside her, was playing cards with an ancient and benign witch whose white head was draped in a black woollen shawl On the right, between a varnished staircase and a zinc bar dressed with a regiment of bottles, was a high enclosed desk like a pulpit from which a stout man with spectacles thrust up on his forehead and a blue cap on his head gazed at the new comers Their entrance had set a bell jingling and all heads were turned A baby belonging to one of the family parties climbed on to the seat of his chair that he might have an uninterrupted view of the proceedings

On one of the mirrors painted among festoons of roses was the name A Jugiaud and when Barbet had said good day and the man at the desk had said good evening Thérèse said Monsieur Jugiaud? a little interrogatively but with that implied recognition in her tone which she knew melted the ice of masculine vanity

Monsieur Jugiaud bowed It was he admitted his name Then he lowered his spectacles on to his nose and examined Thérèse more closely Come come he said unless I am mistaken—

Thérèse shut her eyes tight frowned a little protruded her lips, then opened her eyes and smiled It was a signal that Monsieur Jugiaud understood the lady did not wish to be recognized, he was silent and momentarily disappointed Then he rubbed his cheek and entered into the conspiracy Bon he said Parfait and turning to Barbet he began to discuss with him the problem of dinner He came down from his stool and out of his pulpit the three of them sat down together at an empty table to drink an aperitif while the mullet was being prepared and when Thérèse said she would like to wash and his old mother clasping her shawl under her chin moved to accompany her he waved her aside begging her not to disturb herself and himself led the way upstairs As soon as a turn of the stairs hid them he seized Thérèse's hand and shook it again and again Thérèse Despreux! Thérèse Despreux! Never had he seen

stead of taking the Gabrielle d'Estrées, we could hire one of them and be out in her all day"

Thérèse hesitated Should she tell him now that they could not return to Paris tonight? She felt that it would trouble him, that he would hold himself responsible, that his pleasure would be spoiled, and she said only

"If there's wind enough, we could sail"

"A whole day," said Barbet. "Then we would come back and dine here, on this balcony Thérèse?"

"Yes, Barbet."

"This, too, is a first time, not a last?"

"Why should you doubt it?"

"I don't doubt it," he answered "But I have to be careful You see, there's one thing in which I know I'm unusual—my surroundings make very little difference to me Seeing what a countryman I am, you might think that Paris would get on my nerves or that I shouldn't be able to sleep or that something would go wrong, but it is not so I seem not to have any nerves. I'm healthy anywhere and I sleep like a top And it's the same about coming to a *place* like this. Maubant's and the Trois Couronnes are all the same to me. But to you—"

"Do you mean, she said, "that you think this isn't grand enough for me Now, listen—"

"*No, no*" he interrupted, "I don't in the least mean that. I know that you are happy—well, because we are together, because it's a change from Paris and the paper flowers and the painted mirrors and old Jugiaud have a taste of their own But everyone has his own way of living You have yours And this—though it may be a change—doesn't fit into it. Nor do I, for that matter"

"But Barbet, the whole basis of your life is that human beings are not separate, that you aren't separate from the birds or the vines or your prisoners or from anything in Nature. Why should you feel separated from me? Or is it that you think I feel separated from you?"

His eyes held her own steadily, but his face was troubled. "I don't muddle myself into thinking that, in this life of the senses, I am the

to her left, at the great curve of the Seine where it swept on towards Rouen.

"The Gabrielle d'Estrées left early this evening?" she suggested, turning her head to look at Monsieur Jugiaud.

"Early? I think not, mademoiselle At about the same time as usual Indeed, we say always that we could set our clocks by her whistle"

"Anyhow, we missed her"

"That, if I may say so, has been my good fortune, mademoiselle"

"But how do we get back?"

"Back?"

"To Mantes To Paris"

He gazed at her, evidently doubting her intention "There is a train in twenty minutes' time"

"I mean after dinner"

He shook his head knowingly and rubbed his hands together. "There is no other train until four in the morning, mademoiselle"

"Mon Dieu," said Therèse, "then we shall have to stay with you to-night"

Monsieur Jugiaud did his utmost to appear astonished In the circumstances, did the room please mademoiselle? Thérèse surveyed it with new eyes and praised the window-boxes It was, she said, a beautiful room, then added in a voice of alarm that Monsieur Jugiaud, as an appreciator of good acting, discreetly admired "But I must discuss it with monsieur And in any case we should want two rooms"

"Entendu, madame And now I think that if madame would give herself the trouble to go downstairs, she would find the mullet awaiting her."

Barbet was already on the balcony They sat down to their meal together, and Monsieur Jugiaud, after a little discourse on the cooking of mullet, poured out for them an open white wine from a carafe

"Look, Thérese," Barbet said turning in his chair and pointing over the rail of the balcony "Down there below the barges—do you see those boats? To-morrow, if we came straight here by train in-

'Was it a good smile?'

'I have seen happier"

She wanted to say to him Barbet, let's be plain with each other Let us be sure that, if ever we go to bed together, we don't do it out of politeness to each other But at the thought of herself saying these words she burst out laughing, then suddenly was silent, afraid that he might think that she was laughing at him. Monsieur Jugiaud was coaxing the cork from a bottle of Haut Brion

'There, madame, he said carefully wiping the lip of the bottle, "when red wine comes with laughter there seem to be no problems any more.'

Seem'' Thérese answered, that s an ominous word! Is that a proverb?

'No, mademoiselle No, madame It is only a little saying of mine. Or rather of my father in law s. You will find that we have it printed on the wine-list I will show you"

As he was going away Barbet exclaimed 'Bless my soul, I had forgotten to ask. What time is there a train for Paris?'

Don t worry said Thérese swiftly I have asked about that"

From behind Barbet s back Monsieur Jugiaud threw towards her a glance which said that in all things to the end of his life he was on the side of Therese Despreux. To prove it, he vanished Barbet pulled out his watch

Oh dear he said I should have liked to have time to loiter over coffee. I remember during my military service, on the last eve ning of leave I used to think suppose a miracle were to happen now, suppose a message were to come or I found that I had miscounted the days—anyhow that I didn t have to go back to-night! How long have we, Therèse? Time for coffee? When is the train?"

'The miracle *has* happened she said "There is no train '

Do you mean we needn t go?

I thought it would worry you Barbet."

I suppose it ought Isn t it strange?" he said. Here have I been assuming quite steadily that we must go back to Paris to-night When he brings coffee, I thought the evening will be over Still I said to myself not quite over—there ll be the train, and I had made a plan

same with the birds or the vines or with you, Thérèse. Men are not equal. Certainly they are not the same. It is—it is far back—far back behind our lives here—that the unity exists. Only there. Here you are—a famous, brilliant girl and around you there is a glitter of—"

She waited, but he did not continue. He picked up his knife and fork. "I am talking too much," he said. "We must enjoy our dinner."

"And around me," she persisted, "there is a glitter of—of what?"

"Of being courted. Of being desired."

"And spoiled?"

"Not for me. Not if I remember who I am and what I am, and what you and I really mean to each other, and am not such a fool as to play—or want to play—other men's parts."

Thérèse pressed the discussion no further, but turned it to subjects that did not disturb or trouble him. Never before had she cared deeply for the peace of any man's mind. If by giving or denying, if by any vanity of her power, she were to torment him, whom she loved selflessly as she had loved none other in her life, her anchor would be gone, and she summoned all her strength that she might be to him as, in his deep heart, he needed her to be.

That he desired her she knew. His desire was communicated in her own. Since while we talk of other things, she said to herself, and are divided by the width of this table, the evening air is yet a mutual touch between us, shall not our hands touch also? Since in this way, we desire each other, though without the pain, without the wild avarice of extreme desire, shall he and I hold back? But she feared that, if he came to her, it might be with misgiving. He thought of her as belonging, except in the special relationship that already existed between them, to a world not his, in which, as he had said, she was "courted" and "desired." If he came to her, would it be in part, because he felt that she expected him, in that sense, to court and desire her? And if I come to him, she asked herself suddenly, will it be, in part, because I am saying to myself that what others have had, I will not deny to him?

"What are you smiling at, Thérèse?"

not to return to Paris had given him release, was able to admit Thérese to his mind more fully than ever in the past He did so by telling her stories of her own childhood and his, of her father, of the country's battle against the phylloxera, and through them all appeared the tranquillity and the zeal of his own life.

"Does fame never tempt you, Barbet?"

"If it came, I suppose I should learn how to live in spite of it; but I would rather be without How can a man who is very famous help feeling 'I and the others The others and I'? You must feel it yourself, Thérese."

"Yes."

"And you want to feel that?"

'Should I fight for it if I didn't?"

"That," he said, 'isn't an answer Do you *want* to feel separated?"

"Yes, yes, I do," she replied "I see life as a battle I want to feel that I have won it I was everyone's drudge when I was a child 'That girl, Thérese Despreux, will never come to any good!' I didn't believe them I *liked* Thérese Despreux. And I still want to prove to them that I was right and they were wrong That's all there is to it.

If I were you, I should use all my brains so that I might be the *one man* who had overcome the phylloxera Then I should teach others how to overcome it, and they would all say 'Clever Thérèse!' I should tell the newspapers. I should come to Paris and—"

Barbet leaned back in his chair and laughed "Your father said to me once that, when you were a little girl, you used to tell him how you would have behaved if you had been Mary Magdalene"

"That was natural enough. That was because I am always playing parts,' she exclaimed "I *can't help it. Is* it wrong? Is it wrong, do you think, to be an actress at all?"

"No," he answered, 'but some employments are better than others —they make it less difficult to live well One might think the job of a soldier would make it difficult, but I found that wasn't true—anyhow," he added with a grin, "not if you are a Frenchman as well. You do what you are told, but you don't make gods of your officers or cease to have a life of your own However keen you are as a soldier, you are still a vine-grower at heart Soldiering has a motive while it

—we were to drive a long way in Paris and sit on a pavement and drink cognac before we parted And now—Thérèse, the evening is beginning. It is scarcely half-past eight "

Their table was lighted only through the window of the dining-room from which a wide beam fell across the balcony As they continued their dish and drank their Haut Brion, the ancient witch, Madame Jugiaud, came out with two candlesticks While she was fumbling for matches in the pocket of her apron, Barbet produced a box

With the authority of age, she laid her fingers on his wrist "No, no, monsieur Allow me My son has told me his secret It will give me pleasure to light a pair of candles for Therese Despreux "

When it was done, Therese took her hand and kissed it "Thank you, madame They burn brighter because you lighted them "

Madame Jugiaud looked at her hand and with the other covered the place that Thérèse had kissed "That will be something to remember,' she whispered, "when I am old "

After she had gone, Therese said "That was friendly That was kind "

' Don't you expect people to be friendly and kind?"

"I'm glad when they are Barbet, why did she say that? Why did she say when I am old'? '

"Sometimes ' he said, ' just for a moment, my mother, too, thinks that she is young again '

At first they had little need of candles but the river was becoming luminous among the meadows and above the opposite hill between north and east the sky, empty now of the mirrored sunset, had that transparency of water that low gleam of pearl, over which darkness at last suddenly flows in On the ridge of the forest, against this sky, a detached group of trees stood out the gleam appearing between their trunks and between their branches Thérèse made Barbet look at them with her "They are like— but she wished not to liken them to anything, but to see them as they were, in their own form and endurance

When their coffee was brought darkness had built walls about their candles, and Barbet, as though the knowledge that they were

"That is how I should like it to be," he answered

'But it is not?"

'Not now Not all the time."

She asked 'Is it Blachère?'

After a long silence he said "I ought to *know* what to do To keep the prison or to give it up Instead, I argue I listen to Blachère. I try not to dislike or fear him And I fail I argue It ought to be as simple as a man's opening his eyes"

"Barbet, I think it will be. Verlaine said once 'If I go to sleep, it will come'"

'I know,' Barbet said "But it needs faith to sleep Quessot has it. I wonder—has Verlaine?" and, hearing a step behind him, he turned to find that Monsieur Jugiaud had come on to the balcony to ask if they had dined well Their rooms were prepared. As they had brought no luggage he and his mother had taken the liberty of putting into their rooms the little things they might need

When they left the balcony the dining room was empty Monsieur Jugiaud climbed into his pulpit and handed out two keys. On the ledge, candles were standing

Therese began to climb the stairs. "Bon soir, monsieur Bon soir, madame.' At the turn of the staircase, she stood aside that Barbet might go ahead with the light Down the passage," she said "My door has steps leading up to it.

At the steps he paused, comparing the numbers of doors and keys, then, having opened her door for her, himself went forward She entered her room in darkness and waited Soon a gleam of light, shining up the stairs that connected her room with his, curled upon the rounded section of her wall and threw a narrow wedge, like a sword s blade across her ceiling She remained silent, knowing him to be as yet unaware that a door was open between them As her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, her mirror and bed appeared, she moved across the room and, opening her curtains on the river, sat at the window and leaned out.

She listened to Barbet s movements in the adjoining room So quiet was the night that she heard the winding of his watch Two nights ago she thought I lay in bed self pitying, clutching his letters,

and smiled at it, and saw it as a scene of tragedy and smiled at it again It had been in her mind to ask What can we ever be to each other, you and I? but she feared that the question was in his mind also and dared not speak it.

To-night, to-morrow and to-morrow night, she said within her Shall we ever again be together so long? To-morrow they would cross the river and go up the hill into the forest of Vernon To-night Hugo was lying in state under the Arc de Triomphe, to-morrow he would be buried, her place would be empty in the Rue Soufflot. It seemed that she had been many weeks absent from Paris, and she remembered from afar the day on which she had signed her name in Hugo's book. She remembered it so clearly, seeing her pen move across the page, that she felt again the solitude of Barbet's absence and suffered again that greed and pressure, that stress of the brain, which had been her passion for Templéraud. In Barbet's presence were sanity and reassurance.

"To-night, to-morrow and to-morrow night—"

"Why do you say that, Thérèse?"

"I'm sorry," she said with a smile. "My old sin—counting the hours All to come! None yet in the past! Oh, Barbet, how little you know me! I [illegible] ll love you alw[illegible]"

He took h[illegible] and silenced her "You and I will not make prisons for ourselves, Thérèse."

She shook her head "You are strange," she said "So be it I love you, Barbet."

making a tragedy of my life, and he was awake in the train, he has not told me the true cause of his wakefulness This evening, when perhaps he was about to tell me, Monsieur Jugiaud came, and he accepted the interruption as patiently as he accepts all things. Searching her memory for indications of the truth, Thérèse believed suddenly that she had come upon it "Everything you did," she had said, "was once as simple as a man's opening his eyes when daylight comes" He had answered that this was how he wished it to be And she had asked "But it is not?" and she had asked again "Is it Blachère?" To this he had not replied, and it seemed to her now that he had guided their conversation away from Blachère—always, always, whenever that name had been spoken between them, it had been allowed to fall away, its challenge unanswered At that moment she heard his door move on its hinges

"Thérèse!"

"Barbet"

"You are in the dark"

So relieved was she by the sound of his voice, which in its calmness seemed an answer to all her fears, that she began to laugh and answered "Of course I am in the dark You stole my candle"

"I'm sorry Here it is Are you in bed?"

"How could I be in bed with no light to undress by? I have been staring out of the window"

He advanced up the stairs and stood before her, candle in hand, barefooted, wearing a great coat of Jugiaud's—a comic figure at which she began to smile, but there are moments at which no man wishes to be thought comic, though he is loved the better for it, and she turned to the window and said

"Look, Barbet On the skyline You can still see our trees"

He knelt beside her on the sofa his hands deep in the pockets of his coat, and with a sudden, gentle movement laid his cheek against hers She held firm, resolute to say nothing and do nothing

"Thérèse, if I am to go away tell me to go But she was silent "Thérèse!"

"What am I to you?" she said "What can I be?" And, regarding the little scene from outside herself, she saw it as a scene of comedy

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love you al[illegible]

He took [illegible]

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She shook her head "You are strange," she said "So be it I love you, Barbet"

Chapter 12

THÉRÈSE HAD DRAWN BACK THE CURTAINS BEfore they slept and it was by the sun, flowing in over the hills and across the river from the direction of Giverny, that she was awakened The slope of her ceiling surprised her, she sat up, found a head on the pillow next to hers, and saw that it was Barbet's. Now that is very odd, she thought, and put her hand out to touch his head, then withheld it that the daylight should awaken him also when he was ready

This morning in the sunshine, the sadness and misgiving of last night were gone, she was as light hearted as she had been in the Gabrielle d'Estrees and knew that, when Barbet awoke, she might, if she did not guard her tongue say flippant, unmeaning things that were even now running over the surface of her mind like will-o'-the-wisp over the surface of a lake It had long been her intuition to play early-morning scenes as light comedy, only thus might their monotony be broken and men who would always take their tone from her, be turned aside from embarrassing attempts to renew, when the retreat was sounding, the passionate assurances of attack They would say, if they had not Courcelet's discretion that she differed from all other women, or even as desire reawoke in them, would mumble into her pillow that no experience of their lives had been equivalent with this. Light comedy farce even poor farce were she had found, welcome alternatives to this tarnished ritual

She turned away from Barbet for he was no part of these recollections and she wished to empty her mind of them And yet, in what other words than those she had too often heard might she express the truth that no experience of her life had been equivalent with this? This had differed from other experience not in the degree of its

pleasure but in kind Poor Thérèse has no man ever had the wit to say that to you? It had differed because, now, if she dared to look over her right shoulder instead of her left, she would see the man whom she loved and whose love for her was not an undermining but a reinforcement of her citadel, which was his own, neither by his capture nor by her surrender, but in the nature of that singleness which they had last night discovered . Foolish Thérèse —and yet, why foolish? It isn't foolish to be surprised, even by love When word or fortune changes its meaning, the only folly is to cling to what is old, to turn one's head away from the changing wind . She looked at him again, impatient that he should awake and speak to her, desiring that he should sleep in peace. Of course, she thought, if he stays in my shadow, he will go on sleeping, but, if I lean back, the sun will shine in his eyes

She leaned back he stirred and his eyes opened He sat up, pushed the hair back from his forehead and recognized her

Bon jour Barbet '

"Bon jour, Therese"

'Enchantee de faire votre connaissance"

He opened his eyes wide 'Honore, mademoiselle."

A little silence followed 'I m not used to the sun yet," he said "Why are you looking awed, Thérèse? While I blink, you are entitled to laugh at me"

"That s all right' she said, "as long as you laugh too You see, five minutes ago I felt like light comedy And then I didn t. And then you woke up And then we met, and you said 'Honore, mademoiselle. Why did you say that?"

'Well, I was just awake enough to take my cue"

'And to know I was playing a scene?" Then, in a different tone, she added We are playing it still '

Wh[illegible]

" [illegible] "Because I don't know this [illegible] it's unrehearsed [illegible] And, apart from that," she added with deliberate lightness and so quickly that he could not interrupt her, I do like you in the morning Were you surprised to see me?'

He smiled 'As a matter of fact," he said, 'I had seen you before.

I woke earlier. I think it was the noise of the barges getting under way."

"Didn't you notice me? I must have been on that pillow."

Again before he could answer, she continued her stream of talk, putting out a foot into the sun and letting herself down from the bed. She went about the floor barefoot, and seated herself at the mirror to brush out her hair. Barbet rose and, having stayed by her for an instant, checking her hand that held the brush and turning her face to him, went to his own room. She called to him that she had no bell; if he found one, he was to ring it. First, coffee; hot water in an hour.

"An hour? Does it take an hour to drink coffee?"

"An hour and a half," said Thérèse. "This is a holiday."

She returned to bed and propped herself with pillows Barbet found her with the tray of coffee at her side Everyone else, she thought, has surprised me too little

"You surprise me," she said, "every time you walk into the room."

"But why?"

To this there was, in words, no answer but one of the many answers too often heard for her to speak them She stretched out her hand to him and said · "Admit that it is odd, Barbet For you too. When the barges woke you, where did you think you were?"

"The barges told me. Then I saw you"

"And you said to yourself 'That is Thérèse.' And then? Be honest. Last night, when you came to me—before we knew, I mean, what we know *now*—weren't you then, in part at any rate, being *kind and charming and*—" *She laughed into the eyes that were* looking at her over the rim of the coffee-bowl he was holding in both his hands "Like asking a lady to dance?"

"I loved her, Thérèse"

"Ah yes Thank God That as well But admit that then—" She held out her bowl "Please give me some more coffee."

With her fingers closed round the bowl, she leaned back on her pillow and smiled.

"Isn't it true," she said, "if we see it in the sunlight of morning, that we were being extremely polite to each other?"

Beyond her window boxes a barge was making its way slowly up-river shaded by the poplars and willows of the island "They are drinking coffee too," she said, and because there was nothing she did not wish to experience in Barbet's company she suggested that some day they should make a journey by barge from Vernon to Mantes; from Rouen to Paris, she added, her plans increasing, from Rouen to Paris would take how many days? She did not wait for the answer he could not give, for her mind had reverted to the boats they had seen from the balcony where they had dined Was there wind enough to sail? There was no wind, not a sway in the poplar branches, even the blades of thin grass that had sprung up among the flowers in the window boxes were still until a pair of sparrows came to peck, and flew away, and returned, and flicked their tails, and pecked and stared.

"Friends of yours, Barbet"

His eyes were already on them She watched the quiet and gentleness of his face.

Do you know, Therese," he said, as though giving answer to all she had said, an answer reserved and considered while she had been chattering, 'I suppose it is, as you say, rather odd—you and I, sitting here with our coffee cups. Look. Come nearer You can see us in your *mirror*'

"A most improbable picture," she said

"Well,' he answered, 'I suppose it is I suppose we ought to consider ourselves as improbable a pair as ever awoke on the same pillow—is that what you meant by our having been 'polite' to each other?—and yet, whenever we are together, it seems to me always the most natural thing in the world"

She caught her breath, then steadied herself His words, spoken without emotional emphasis as though he were stating a fact, plainly evident to him, which he had expected her to have recognized, filled her with such happiness that she bit her lip to drive back tears, then laughed to conceal them and pretended she was laughing—at what?

'Only your bewildered face! Do I bewilder you, Barbet?"

She put the coffee tray out of danger "Come and look at the river Then we will dress"

Below them when they leaned out, was the roof of the balcony on which they had dined Monsieur Jugiaud's head appeared He hailed a man in the street who was trundling a barrow piled with vegetables, and the man looked up, called his reply and turned his barrow into a yard at the side of the Trois Couronnes. Far down-river a small boat loitered with slack sails.

'Poor Victor Hugo!'

"Well, there's fame if you like," Barbet answered

"Still" she said, 'I m glad I'm not being buried to-day, even in the Pantheon. Why are you looking at me like that? Why are you laughing at me? There should be a law No one should be allowed to be buried on the 1st of June"

BOOK FOUR

The Doors Open

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading—
It vexes me to choose another guide—
—EMILY BRONTË.

Chapter 1

WHEN BARBET RETURNED TO THE MAISON Hazard, he found it less easy than in the past to bend his mind to the problems of farm, vineyard and prison. Pierre gave him a satisfactory report of work in progress, but said no more of the prisoners than that they had been fed and exercised. Barbet did not press him. The subject was one of which he himself had no eagerness to speak and he took over his duties as a gaoler with an effort of will. Fontan, welcoming his return, asked if he had any fresh tunes in his head; Marcotte, with a child's pride, brought out for his admiration the new foremast he had made for his ship; Balze and Heim, still talkative and inseparable, demanded news of Paris; but Barbet knew that he disappointed them all, he had no tunes for the mandolin, and found that he praised the ship, as if it were separated from him by the glass case of a museum, without sharing its owner's delight in his craftsmanship. Blachère's critical gaze, his long silences, his sudden bursts of contempt for the small pleasures upon which the others depended found Barbet vulnerable. His relationship with his prisoners was less spontaneous than it had been. He felt that he was being cut off from them and had deliberately to gain mastery over himself that he might not shun Blachère or be unjust to him.

In all else he was happy, but with an urgent happiness rather than the happiness of settlement and continuity. He was tempted more and more strongly to postpone what he could of his administrative work and to go into the fields and vineyards—to labour with his hands. That's natural enough, he said to himself; June is the green month, who wants to sit at a desk in June? But in other Junes the business of owning the Maison Hazard had been taken in his stride. It had been an accepted part of his existence and had not stood

On the way he came upon a man hoeing, and stayed to talk to him The heavy clumps thrown up in April had become friable and were crumbling, the heaps of earth between the rows were being spread and the soil replaced at the foot of the vines, where the men had done their work the earth was again flat and evenly distributed The vines themselves were in a condition that Barbet loved On the main branches, the young shoots had grown fast and their green was luminous against the black of the wood They had not yet spread horizontally and the hoeing was still easy Tiny green flowers with yellow stamens were opening on the small bunches From them came a gentle scent, more elusive than that of lime-trees in flower, more delicate than the sweetness of mignonette, which had for Barbet the special power to cast upon the daytime an evening enchantment, for it was on June evenings that, as a child, he had learned to know it How often, while he lay happily awake long after he had been sent to bed had this fragrance come in to him on the warm, light air! His room his voyaging mind, and at last his sleep had been filled by it. Ever since, it had been for him an evening scent, and there was expectation in it—perhaps because during those nights of childhood it had been most perceptible when a breeze moved under the threat of thunder

What s the vintage to be?" the labourer asked, and Barbet, observing the number of flower bunches on the vines, said he feared it would be a poor vintage. In making his estimate, he used his judgment and applied his experience as carefully as ever in the past, but his interest was *professional*, not personal, as if he were giving advice on property not his own

At the edge of the vineyard he was met by Pierre, who was in so good a humour that even the pieces of paper that came from Barbet s pocket did not cast him down They went on together over a fold of the ground, and the cottage came suddenly into sight, set in a garden full of roses As they walked Barbet held out the papers one by one and Pierre instantly recognized each of them Though he could read and write if *he took* pains, he had the memory of the illiterate

Thank you,' said Barbet when he had the information he

against or impoverished his deeper, personal life of field and wood Now he had to compel himself to its tasks When he asked himself why, he knew that the answer was not in Vernon or in Paris but in himself He was not hungry for Thérèse or distressed by jealousy in his absence from her That they loved each other was a source of peace, not of disturbance in him His feeling of increasing detachment from his ownership of the Maison Hazard was independent of Thérèse

He had often told his mother that, if ever she saw him neglecting the place, it would be her business to keep his nose to the grindstone, and often she had twitted him for some small neglect of his father's rigid practice It was a joke between them which gave her a privilege he valued, and he was a little surprised that she did not now exercise it Lacking her reproof, he reproved himself, took off his jacket and settled at his desk to make up arrears

Because he disliked account-keeping above all else, it was the wages-book that he drew towards him In the three workings of the earth—the April digging in clumps, the June hoeing and the light hoeing in July—a labourer earned thirty-two francs for each "journal" or third part of an acre At each working, one man did not regularly cover the same ground, and instalments of pay had to be nicely calculated Pierre had made payments on this and other accounts during the days of Barbet's absence His records of them were written, if written at all, on odd pieces of paper accumulated on the desk Many of these scraps had on them a group of figures in sprawling round-hand and little else than figures, only Pierre himself could know certainly to what they referred Though Barbet's knowledge of what business was in hand, aided by a name or a date here and there, enabled him to make sense of most of them, by some he was defeated, and these he clipped together intending to summon Pierre and call upon his memory But the prospect of spending even an hour of a June morning with Pierre sulkily biting a pencil among a pile of account books was a sad one and Barbet knowing that he ought to stay in his chair started up from it, and, with all the delight of a boy escaping from school set out across the vineyards to find Pierre and tackle the job in the open

"But he oughtn't to need such a memory," Renée objected at once "Only day labourers have such a memory as that"

"Nonsense," Barbet exclaimed. "His mother has a better memory than any woman I have ever known He inherits it from her."

Renée was not sure whether to be pleased or displeased by this suggestion "Still," she said, "if one is going to get on in the modern world and be a master and not a servant, one can't be afraid of pen and ink. To grow wine is one thing, but how can you market it without understanding accounts?"

"We were talking of that on the way here," Pierre put in.

"Ah," said she. "I'm glad of that. I'm not the only one to tell you."

"Come, Renée It wasn't I," Barbet said "It was Pierre himself who was anxious about account-keeping He's completely in agreement with you, or I'm mistaken"

She gave her husband a vigorous glance of command and affection

"That's true, I'm willing enough to learn," he replied, pulling at the lobe of his ear because he was embarrassed by the discovery of so much virtue in himself "It's not only what Renee says. It's when you are away in Paris that it comes home to me. Isn't the hoeing being done as it should be? Aren't the arrangements for the haymaking made as well as you could have made them yourself? I could run this place, Victor says, if it weren't for the prison and the accounts"

At the word "Victor" Renee had frowned warningly but too late Having stumbled on to the end of his sentence, Pierre fell into the sheepish and apologetic silence of a man whose wife's wits are readier than his own. So Victor too is behind Pierre's ambition, Barbet thought. When Anton has become owner of the Maison Hazard, Pierre is to run it—as what? as manager or as tenant? In either case, there will be good pickings for the Vincent family

The plot ruffled him The Maison Hazard was his home and his mother's, the système Vincent was over-reaching itself

"Yes," he said, "but the prison and the accounts remain, Pierre.

needed, "that is clear enough. But why don't you write it down at the start? It would save trouble."

"I know But it's dull, all that writing, for another man's accounts"

"Duller than work in another man's vineyard?"

"That's different," said Pierre. 'There's pleasure in that Besides, in the vineyards I see the thing through from beginning to end I have as much to do with them as you do yourself—more, if it comes to that But the accounts are yours"

"You are welcome to them, I promise you"

"That may be," said Pierre, answering Barbet's grin with his own "But I couldn't do the accounts if I tried Everything else I could—the vintage, the hay, the harvest, everything—"

"Distillation?"

'Well, I grant you, you're my master there, and you're a cooper and I'm not, but every vine grower needn t be able to make his own barrels, and, as for the distillation—I learned a lot last winter You have to set to and learn when you re a married man and a child is coming"

It was thus that gave Barbet the key to Pierre's new mood Renée had stirred ambition in him and was converting him from oaf to vine-grower, the intelligence of the Vincents, long retarded was now emerging And if I hadn't been so stupid as to decide that he could never be much more than an animal, Barbet thought, I might have noticed the change long ago, there have been signs enough—he has begun even to take a pride in his clothes, the cottage is neat, the garden is cultivated for flowers as well as vegetables Pierre and Renee are on their way to becoming proprietors in spirit, though indeed there's little enough they own

With a politeness clearly intended to mark her rise in life, Renée brought chairs into the garden and a dish of plums She carried them past the oleanders growing in great wooden boxes against the south wall, and set them down in the shade To explain his visit, Barbet brought out the papers from his pocket and laughed at Pierre for the excellence of his memory

'But still, it is always a good thing to learn," Barbet interrupted, 'and if Pierre wants to learn, I'll teach him Anyhow, there are the books. They are all open to him For the most part he can teach himself"

As he said this, he remembered that his mother had warned him long ago against giving Pierre access to the books. "His brother will always be looking over his shoulder," was her way of putting it. 'We don't want the Vincents poking their noses into our affairs" It was just comment, his mother knew the world, there could be no greater commercial unwisdom than to contribute information to the systeme Vincent, perhaps it was, in a measure, true that Pierre had been deliberately discouraged from meddling at the desk Well, thought Barbet, it shall be true no longer, and he wondered what his father would have said—what his mother would say when she knew

'And now," he continued, 'tell me. As a proprietor, Pierre—shall we need all our hay this year or can we sell some of it?"

But Pierre would not commit himself "It looks a good *crop* but who can tell what we shall get in?'

If Madame Hazard noticed that Pierre now came more often to Barbet's workroom, she did not speak of it. The increasing heat made her sleepy and often, during the period of the labourers' afternoon rest—the time chosen by Pierre for his visits, she was asleep in her bedroom The deaf woman, Madame Garbut nodded in a wicker chair at the kitchen door Until Pierre rang a hand bell at half past two, no one stirred in field or vineyard

The haymaking prospered Every night the drying grass was gathered into great heaps in the meadows for protection against rain and every morning re-spread in the sun, but the thunderstorms, when they came, were neither heavy nor prolonged and the grass dried quickly Having time to spare, Barbet knew that, before the harvesting of barley and oats was upon him, he should take his opportunity to visit Angouleme His annual agreement with Anton was waiting to be renewed and there was other business to be done with his lawyer Every evening he said to himself I must go to-

And so, for that matter, do I Or had Victor thought of buying a vineyard for you elsewhere? Heaven knows, they are to be had cheaply enough in the Grande Champagne—the best vineyards in France for the price of a mud-heap I may be mad—Anton thinks I am—but I believe they will recover It would pay a man to buy and wait"

Before he had finished saying this, his feeling of resentment against Pierre was gone, and he turned from the subject to praise the roses, Paul Meyron and La France

"If you are going to be proprietors," he said, "you should have a pomegranate and a fig And if you are to have a pomegranate, you must have a high stone wall for it to look over And if you have a stone wall, you must have a gateway, Renée"

At last she saw that he was laughing at her and, because she liked Barbet and had always liked him, she smiled in return

"To buy a place in the Grande Champagne," she said ' I wonder! We might be able to borrow the money"

This, Barbet knew, was a diversion She had no intention of buying across the river—money or no money

"Even there,' she added, "Pierre would have to know about accounts I think it isn't fair to shut him out from them He ought to be given a chance to learn"

The glorious insolence of persistent women!

"Shut him out!" said Barbet "Bless my soul, have I shut you out from them?'

"No," Pierre answered stubbornly under Renee's eye, '*but now* I should like to learn"

For a moment Barbet hesitated What an innocent they must suppose me *to be! he thought, and in his mind he heard Victor* saying to them You must get to understand the whole business so that when Barbet goes you can fall into his place Renée's denial came pat

"You mustn't suppose that we have our eye on *this* place, she said in a tone intended to comfort and disarm 'You are comfortable here and your mother too—and, of course, there are the prisoners It is out of the question But still—"

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Among the lucern at the roadside patches of ox-eye daisies shone the brighter in the fading light but the blue of the meadow clary had deepened into its own purpose and was already a ghost, receding into the darkness of the green vegetation. Barbet drew up the reins and the pony was still

"What is it, Barbet?"

"A nightingale, I thought. Almost the last we shall hear of him Perhaps the last."

Madame Hazard listened, but there was nothing to be heard except the reeling of a nightjar from within the wood and the noise of the field crickets She touched her son's arm "I should have liked to hear him," she said "Are you sure you heard him?"

"Yes, mother"

"Quite sure?"

"Quite sure"

"That will serve," she said cheerfully "Good bye, nightingale Now let us make haste home. I wouldn't miss the first gleam of the bonfires"

They sat in the garden together to watch the sky deepen over the hill of the Grande Champagne and remained for a long time silent In the opposite villages on the ridge, points of fire appeared, at first so small that they vanished and came again as men walked across them, but steadily increasing His mother, recognizing the villages, spoke each name quietly but made no other comment

"Barbet," she said presently, "don't wait for me."

"But, mother, I shall go to my workroom in any case for a little while First, I will see you to bed"

"I am not talking of bed"

"Of what, then?"

"Of this place. Home. What a fuss I made before you pulled down that wall! In your father's time, we sat outside the garden to watch the bonfires And now the wall is gone and I don't miss it Is that growing old?"

"Most people cling more and more to their possessions as they grow old."

"Do they?" she replied. "That is what the young think It isn't

true, Barbet And what, may I ask, have you done this year about your agreement with Anton? Have you been to Angoulême?"

"Not yet"

"Has Victor been at you again, wanting you to sell?"

"Not at me," said Barbet, "but really Victor sometimes behaves as if I had sold already" Thinking it better that his mother should be told than that she should be made suspicious by Pierre's coming to his desk, he gave her an account of his visit to the cottage. The effect upon her surprised him

"Well," she said calmly, "it is time he learned" She watched the fires, turning her head slowly "Burning down I'll go upstairs now, Barbet I like to see them from my room" He gave her his arm "You must go your round of the walls, my son"

"Yes, mother"

At the door, under the vine, she stopped "Do you want to sell, Barbet?"

"Why should I, mother?"

"When you were younger, I didn't know you very well," she answered "Now you and I are closer to each other I know when you're going on a voyage"

"And if I sold, where should we live?"

"You mean where should I die? Is that it? I shall not die in this house Nor you I am becoming lighter" She put her arm round his shoulder and made him stoop down so that she might whisper in his ear "I said good bye to the nightingale" She began to chuckle "Think of that! Just think of that! If I were to say 'nightingale' to Emilie Vincent, she would quote for half an hour If I were to whisper in her ear, she would go mad It was Thérèse Despreux who whispered in her ear Don't wait for me Good night, dear Barbet Here is my candle I shan't need it I can find my own way to bed"

Barbet went to his workroom and turned up his lamp On his desk were sheets of paper covered with Pierre's laborious sums When he had corrected them, he began a letter to Thérèse in which he told her that he had driven home by the road on which they had met the grass-snake, but at first said of his mother only that she had enjoyed

watching the bonfires and had now gone to bed Then he added "I wonder if you will understand what she meant when she said to me that she was 'becoming lighter' I think she meant that she felt less bound—to the past, to the Maison Hazard, to everything It must be good to grow old like that It isn't that she's afraid of dying I am sure she is not On the contrary—less and less afraid It is just that she is weighing anchor"

The next words he wrote were "Suddenly there was a great bump and flutter against the window pane I thought he was gone but a moment later he found the open part of the window and was in the room He shook the lamp and fell on this paper, a huge moth I had to blow out the lamp He was on the paper still I suppose he was stunned, for he let me put him out on the sill with scarcely a flutter I closed the shutters and pulled the curtains, as I should have done before I sat down to write. But all is well I have just been outside and he is gone Look how big he is I will draw his outline on this paper where he rested It isn't every day that a Great Night Peacock sends his visiting card to the Quai d'Orléans."

Under the heat of July, Pierre abandoned arithmetic, he would begin again, he said after the vintage Meanwhile, though all work but light hoeing had ceased in the vineyards, he had enough to do with the harvesting, and Renée s desire to assert her independence of the family of Hazard was satisfied by her taking a conspicuous part in the celebrations of the Fourteenth of July from which Madame Hazard, as a good Bonapartist, abstained Anton compromised, flying the tricolour from the office of Hazard and Vincent but not from his private house As mayor, he lent his countenance to the torchlight procession on the 13th, and next afternoon Bette gave away prizes to winners of sack races and of competitions on the greasy pole but it was Barbet who, by a custom of long standing, presided over the boys swimming competitions in the Charente The routine was invariable His mother would enter a formal protest against his going at all, standing at his wheel as he mounted the gig, and he, as she expected, would wave his whip and drive off Having put up his pony in a comfortable shade at the Cheval Pie and re-

"Oh dear, I suppose you are right, Emilie," said Madame Hazard with a laugh and a sigh. "But I was thinking of the price of fireworks, you know I hadn't given a thought to the liberties of France. Now, Barbet, we had better be going home. Good night, dear Emilie. How noisy your swifts are!"

"But we have not finished our game," Madame Vincent objected firmly "We were in the middle of a game when the fireworks began, and I was winning"

"I will give you the game, dear Emilie."

"To be given a game is not the same as having won it You know that, Chouquette."

Madame Hazard knew it well She hesitated between the joy of cheating Emilie of a victory and her private desire not to go to bed

"We could take another glass of wine in the parlour," Madame Vincent suggested encouragingly

Madame Hazard cast about her for an excuse to accept "It is true,' she said, "that last Monday, though it was my birthday, I went to bed at my usual time," and, putting her head on one side, she yielded to temptation

This gave Madame Vincent so much pleasure that she generously asked the question that her guest expected of her and to which she had long known the answer

"Of course, Chouquette Your birthday Were you sixty four or sixty five?"

"Now Emilie, you have so good a memory, you ought to remember that When I was born, the Emperor had not been three months in his tomb"

When the last sheaves were being taken from the cornfields and a yellowish lustre had begun to appear on the swelling grapes, Barbet had more time to spend with his prisoners. He kept pitchers of water for them in the passage leading to their courtyard, and took it to them often, fresh and cold Once, while sitting with them under their ilex, he looked up, to find Blachère standing beside him. His first impulse was of revulsion He turned to the other prisoners and spoke to them as if Blachère did not exist They talked to him and

'It will be hot even in the wood"

But he was determined to go He wanted to put a distance between himself and Blachere and to be possessed again of his own mind It was a silent and torpid day, too heavy for the song of birds, and the night, when it came, would be blanketed by heat, even the field crickets would have exhausted their chorus and darkness would be scraped by the dry vibration of locusts. This afternoon nothing was to be heard but the cirl bunting—not a blackcap, not a yellow hammer the dry meadows and the woods seemed to be empty, and the cirl bunting was part of the dryness of the air It must be poor fun to be a bird and make a noise like a locust, Barbet thought, and a smile broke over his face, his heart lifted, and there before him, for once content to be visible, was a golden oriole He sat down and watched it.

among themselves, excluding Blachere, who at length walked away and sat down alone Determined to remove a barrier for which he felt himself to be, in part, responsible, Barbet went over to Blachere and tried to talk to him, but the attempt failed

"Why do you waste your time with me?" Blachère said at last "You have nothing to give me I don't want kindness from you I want a life of my own"

Barbet knew this to be true, but, with a pride of spirit that Blachere alone could provoke he began to justify himself The others were by nature pacific men, there was no principle of evil in them, beneath their differences was a sense that they were part of the human community, their suffering in imprisonment was that it exiled them from common life Blachère was in his own nature and by his own will an exile and a rebel and imprisonment was to him what a cage would be to a bird of prey I am being as great a fool as I should be if I were to set about the taming of a vulture Barbet said to himself I have nothing to give him because he is my enemy and hates me

Or had he nothing to give because he was growing to hate and despise his prisoner? He came humbly to Blachère and almost begged for his friendship but the humility was false Even while he struggled to override the differences between them he nursed them and became proud of them and decided that there was a principle of evil in this man which removed him from the community of men

Probably Barbet decided the truth is that certain men cannot associate together without damage to each other and Blachere and I are two such men Of all men on earth I am the least fit to be his gaoler

In the end he left Blachere and returned to the other prisoners but he was exhausted as though he had lost blood and was glad when the time came to give them their supper and leave them

I am going into Roussignac he told his mother

"For what, Barbet?"

"For the walk

"I should wait until later in the evening It is still hot

"I shall go through the wood

ubborn undertone, the heart had gone from his playing but he ;ared that the others might despise him if he ceased Blachère has ie power to sap the pleasure from whatever a man does, Barbet iought, by planting fear in him Marcotte was hollowing out a life-oat for his model ship and fitting into it a thwart so tiny that he ould not manipulate it with his fingers but coaxed it into position vith the tip of a penknife He loved this work in miniature and had only one fear—that he might break his spectacles Barbet had given him others, laboriously matched in Angoulême, but Marcotte had rejected them, there were not, and could not be in this world, any spectacles but his own, and now, when the time came to return to barrel making, he looked up over them at Barbet with the expression of a man who had been disturbed in a dream Heim shouted to Blachère that work was beginning again and Fontan laid down his mandolin

Since he had led the riot that failed, Blachère had never refused obedience His method of opposition to his gaoler was more subtle and personal, a slavish, inhuman docility was part of it, and he came now from his cell with a dragging submission, as though he wore chains. From the level of the courtyard two steps mounted to the floor of the shed. As he came up them, he stumbled and his right foot shattered the wood of the mandolin

"No! No! No!" Fontan cried, his voice rising to a shriek of impotent fury

Blachère disengaged his foot. His cheeks rose and seemed to swell under his eyes. A storm of excited comment broke out, Heim saying again and again "I was facing him I saw what he did," and Marcotte rubbing his hands together and uttering quick, shrill sounds like those of a frightened bird

"I stumbled," Blachère said at last, and the cries against him were renewed. He looked at none of his accusers, but at Barbet steadfastly

"Why did you do that?"

"I stumbled You didn't see."

It was true that Barbet had *not seen* but it was necessary that he should judge He knew the futility of punishment and, at the same

Chapter 2

IT HAD BEEN A PECULIARITY OF THE BARREL-MAKing in the prison courtyard that, though Blanchère had learned the use of osiers and was at least as skilled as the rest in other branches of the craft, he had not been entrusted with the chip-axe. He had not asked for it and Barbet had not offered it to him. Each was aware, and knew that the other was aware, of the omission, and that it was unreasonable. The cooper's hammer, the adze, was as formidable a weapon; the chip-axe itself could have been seized from the hands of another if Blachère had been minded to attack. Nevertheless, having felt at the outset an ill-defined reluctance to put an axe into Blachère's hand, Barbet had never taught him the use of it. Sometimes Blachère picked it up, turned it over in his great hands and passed it on, under Barbet's eye, to Balze or Marcotte.

One September morning, during an interval in their work, Barbet and his prisoners were sitting together in the cover of an open shed on the west side of the prison courtyard. As soon as tools were laid down, Blachère had gone, as he often did, to his own cell, for it pleased him that eyes should follow him as he went and gaze at him curiously when he returned. Meanwhile Fontan brought his mandolin, which had been standing against the trunk of the ilex, and began to feel his way into little tunes, looking to Barbet for recognition. From his cell, Blachère shouted to know if they were never to be free from this everlasting strumming. "He hates it," said Marcotte with relish. "It's like a fly biting a horse." Encouraged by Balze to continue, Fontan, because he was afraid, steeled himself with the defiance of weak men and stood up, facing the cells, and shouted his song.

Blachère slammed his door but made no further protest. Fontan's defiance spent itself; the thrumming of his mandolin continued in a

its bars He appeared to have established for himself a routine which he followed strictly When the other prisoners were at work or exercise in the courtyard, he watched them for a great part of the time and they became aware of his head always occupying the same position in the aperture, as if it were a dummy on a stake At moments of the day which they were able to foretell, the head vanished It was to be presumed that Blachere slept, but Barbet never found him sleeping When he was visited, he was always in the same position, lying on his left side on the planks that were his bed raised on his elbow, his head supported by his hand, his fingers embedded in his loose scalp, his eyes on the door He did not stir, but allowed his food and water to be put down beside him, and did not reply if he was spoken to or himself speak until Barbet was about to go Then he would say You would suffer more if you were in the rat hole It is hot and dark ' Or he would throw out his challenge "You can't put me in the rat hole, I have broken no rule." At each visit, he used one of these phrases No other words passed his lips If another prisoner spoke to him he did not answer During the whole daytime, no sound came from his cell

After midnight between one and four each morning, he kicked his door and howled at regular intervals of four minutes Each night there were thirty six of these outbursts—twelve to the hour Each lasted for a minute The kicks were slow, methodical and evenly delivered, as unemotional as the swing of a pendulum They resounded through the courtyard and through the window of Barbet's bedroom which overlooked it. In the whole proceeding one element only was uncertain Except by counting, it was impossible to know whether, on each occasion the pendulum would swing thirteen or fourteen times At their work next day the prisoners would dispute whether thirteen or fourteen was the right number They could not be sure even that the number varied or that they had not lost count That he might be sure, Fontan gathered fourteen corkscrew shavings of Limousin oak and took them into his cell, but next morning fourteen had become sixteen, two of the corkscrews having broken, and his count was discredited The prisoners pretended that the subject was of no importance to them and made a joke of the counting, but,

time, that he must inflict it He knew also that, if he punished Blachère, he would be submitting to Blachere's own will and design

He said "You will be punished. Go to your cell"

"It is unjust," Blachère replied, not in angry protest but in an even, penetrating tone "You know it is unjust because you did not see me."

"I have no doubt of what you did"

"Nevertheless,' said Blachere, 'you are punishing me because you are afraid not to punish me"

Barbet again ordered him to his cell and when he obeyed, followed him and took away his mattress his table, his candle, and locked him in He determined not to relax the rule of punishment, to exercise Blachere briefly and alone, to withdraw all his privileges of food and of freedom within the courtyard As he turned away from the locked door, Blachere said

"It is you who are inside, Monsieur Barbet"

In the time of Julien Hazard, each cell had in its door a narrow grid, normally closed, and only one other source of light and air—a window set high in the outer wall and barred These bars were tested each night by Barbet, leaning across to them from a grassy ramp which brought him to their level and was divided from the prison wall by a deep and narrow ditch When control of the prison passed to him from his father he had enlarged the existing grid or spy hole in each door to an aperture at head level through which the cell's occupant might look out into the courtyard These door holes were barred and each was fitted with a glass shutter to be let down in cold weather Through the door holes and the external windows a draught moved that helped the prisoners during the great heats of July and August Only one cell, set apart from the rest at the northern end of the courtyard was not so fitted It was less than half the size of the others its external window was a thin slit, its door had no aperture but the old grid Called by Julien the rat hole it had not been used in Barbet's time

While under punishment Blachère made great use of his door hole. His face was continually and for long periods to be seen behind

"What made you do it, Barbet? Were you angry with him?"

He had not yet asked himself this question and reflected before he answered it.

"No, I wasn't angry He had broken Fontan's mandolin—I am sure deliberately. No," he repeated, "I wasn't angry with him. I punished him because what he had done was a challenge that had to be met."

"Did he suffer?"

"Yes."

"Barbet," his mother said after a moment's pause, "I wonder if it has done any good That other night when you went in and quieted them, you didn't punish them then"

"No"

"That was a challenge"

"Yes," he said, "that was a challenge."

She went about the parlour with her feather brush as though their conversation was ended, and afterwards disappeared into the kitchen. Barbet went to his workroom and sat down to his desk His mother presently came to his door

"I want to ask something, Barbet"

"Yes, mother, what is it?"

"It was yesterday, Friday morning, that you let him out?"

"Yes, Friday"

"Your father would have been armed"

"I was armed"

"Is it true? You are not saying that to comfort me?"

"I was armed," he repeated.

"And now?"

"Yes, when I go into the prison"

"Does he know—Blachère?"

Though he knew that he was misunderstanding his mother, Barbet answered with a laugh not his own and in a voice not his own. "Are you afraid, mother? What are you afra[illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] imprisonment. Holding out some [illegible] in his hand, [illegible] asked, "Fourteen or thirteen?" [illegible] and passed them to [illegible]. The [illegible] to [illegible] them. [illegible] with a smile. The [illegible] to [illegible], who [illegible] them [illegible] to the ground.

[illegible] with [illegible] I [illegible] punishment [illegible] the prison so that I [illegible] punishment cell [illegible] the prison so [illegible] the punishment cell [illegible] mind and I [illegible] it and be [illegible] of a [illegible] in having [illegible] it.

On [illegible] of the [illegible] did [illegible] On the [illegible] [illegible] continued.

[illegible] had so [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible]

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it fr[illegible]

though they laughed and spoke of other things, their conversation always returned to Blachère and his imprisonment Holding out some pebbles in his hand, Marcotte asked "Fourteen or thirteen?" Fontan intentionally miscounted them and passed them to Heim The prisoners began to giggle over them like schoolgirls with a secret The pebbles were handed to Barbet, who threw them on to the ground

At night Barbet argued with himself in this way Blachère is disturbing the prison so that I may be tempted to reduce his punishment to less than six nights Blachere is disturbing the prison so that I may feel this temptation and harden myself to resist it Blachere is disturbing the prison so that I may transfer him to the punishment cell Blachere is disturbing the prison so that the punishment cell may enter my mind and I reject it and be conscious of weakness in having rejected it

On the first, the second and the third nights, the kicking of the door began at one o'clock and continued three hours Barbet did not speak of it to Blachere After the third day, whenever he was visited and had spoken one of his two phrases, he added that he was hungry It was true, he was accustomed to eat voraciously, low diet was a cause of suffering to him and he was tormented by need of the tobacco that was allowed to prisoners in the courtyard On the fourth night, he preserved his routine, but on the fifth, he lost the resolution to continue his disturbance regularly He began as before but soon after two in the morning his uproar became rapid and continuous, then ceased On the sixth night, he steeled himself and returned to his former custom His punishment had now run its course and on the morning of Friday the 11th of September he was given a full meal and taken out to work

In the past Madame Hazard had had so little sympathy with Blachère that Barbet had expected her to protest long ago against this new disturbance of her nights, but she said nothing until Saturday morning when, after a quiet night, she inquired

"Is the punishment over?"

"Yes, mother"

wood with glow-worms in his pocket, but not with the same impulse. His leaving it now was not spontaneous, but an action designed to evade Blachère's will and, therefore, conditioned by it He was without lightness of heart, he felt that he was in a trap; and he said to his mother·

"I left the pistol behind, but I was still thinking about it"

She looked at him with so pitiful an expression that he supposed her mind to be wandering or that she had not understood him Then she said as though she were reproving some rashness of a child

"But that is dangerous, Barbet. Better keep the pistol Better stay in the boat Oh yes," she continued 'Half and half is no good Still thinking about it is no good That is how Saint Peter sank"

She spoke so gravely, so lightly, with such an abrupt and ludicrous leaping from idea to idea that Barbet was fascinated

"After all," she said, "it is not surprising A man is walking on the water and it is easy Then the idea comes into his head—'I am not sinking,' and at once he sinks"

"I know," Barbet answered with a grin, "I tried once."

His mother was quietly interested "When was that?"

"When I was a boy"

"You never told me"

"Well I sank Perhaps for the reason you suggest"

"That may be," she answered, 'but of course there are other reasons for sinking"

"Anyhow, he said, "I have gone into the prison armed and I have gone in unarmed One is as valueless as the other"

"Yes she answered, "but when you are ready, Barbet, you will know what to do '

He heard the echo The words had been spoken to him before, but he did not remember the circumstances If only I could stop arguing If only argument would sleep But it needs faith to sleep

'You look tired,' his mother said "Don't work tonight Go to bed early and sleep"

It appeared to Barbet that he had been wrong in withholding the chip-axe from Blachère and he began to teach him the use of it Blachère asked no questions—not even why now for the first time

"Do not let him guess you are armed"

"But why? But why?" Barbet asked in the same pretence of mocking her fears, in the same tone of falseness and patronage.

"Do not let him guess, Barbet," she said "It would please him"

When she was gone, Barbet picked up his pen and tried to work; then went into the open and sat on the bench above the pine-trees from which he could see the river Patches of bracken had begun to rust, their yellow shone against the rosy colour of the ling in flower, and the Lombardy poplars were drawing their first golden lines in the valley An early year, he thought, we shall have the grapes in before the month ends, and he tried to keep his mind on the vintage But he saw Blachère lying on his side staring at the door of his cell, and his mother's words could not be driven away He remembered the time when she had thought him foolish and impractical and there had been affection but no understanding between them He remembered the phase of her life in which she had supposed, with a part of her mind, that she was the mother of a saint and had expected miracles of him, she had become childish, as though she were greatly older than her years, and there had seemed to be no other course than to humour and indulge her It was with this patronizing indulgence that he had tried this morning to treat her, but he knew that it was false, that the justification of it was past, that she had outgrown it "She is growing up," he had said to Thérèse at Vernon, and since his return from Paris in June, he had felt continually that his mother, though she preserved her little follies of manner and could be as wilful and pettish and stubborn as ever in the past, had within her a distilled and achieved wisdom which she expressed, not consecutively or in any process of argument, but seemingly in random phrases that struck to the heart of his knowledge of himself

Then why on earth did I take my hand away? Why did I laugh and pretend I didn't understand when she said it would please Blachère to know that I was armed? It is true I ran away from the truth And now I sit here arguing with myself If only I could stop arguing, then I should know what to do

That night, when he took the prisoners their supper he left the pistol in its niche, as he had left it when he had come in from the

he tautness went from his limbs the huge body became spongy and lack, and Barbet hated him A sickness and pressure of anger was in his throat He heard his own voice, reviling Blachère, emerge from the outcry of voices that drowned Marcotte's whimpering lamentation, then heard it alone, giving orders The heat went out of his indignation, which became separated from its cause, Marcotte and Marcotte s ship had no longer any place in his mind, his hatred was coldly directed against Blachere personally, his decision was clear and required no effort of him Three men held Blachere, who made no resistance He was put in the punishment cell and sat on his plank while it was cleaned Barbet locked the door and closed the shutter on the grid Across the courtyard, Marcotte was still on his knees among the fragments of his ship, picking them up, peering at them and tossing them away as a monkey throws away the shells of nuts or allows them to drop from his hand as though he had forgotten them. At sight of Barbet, the old man came to him at a shambling trot in vague expectation of comfort but Barbet had no heart for him He sent him and the other prisoners to their cells. The day's work was over and dusk was beginning to fall

When he returned to the kitchen the deaf woman, Madame Garbut was seated at the stove, her hands folded placidly on her apron

Is the supper ready?"

She could not hear him but his manner brought her to her feet It was her quietest hour when nothing was required of her except to stir the pot now and then and she could not understand his shouting or the signs he made When at last she understood that he was demanding the prisoners supper, she replied no, no, how could it be ready? it wouldn t be ready for over an hour, her voice shrilled with resentment of what she felt to be an injustice, she stuttered and turned up her shoulder against him, frightened by the unreason of his having asked for the supper an hour before its time "And often, when I have it ready it is you who forget about it, you are out, and everyone has to wait"

He stood at the kitchen-door with his back to her, staring at the tops of the pine-trees that appeared above the break in the ground His mother came in, but he did not shift, and her little steps brought

he was given the axe, and when the others, who had already some knowledge of it, laughed at his clumsiness, he did not reply, but applied himself to learning how to grip and how to swing it His tendency was that of all learners—to grip the handle too tightly with too stiff a wrist and to strike instead of swinging "The oak is cheese," Barbet said "The weight of the head is almost enough Let it fall, let it swing Your job is to guide it, to prevent it from striking too deep" He tried to put his hand over Blachère's that they might swing the axe together, but Blachère's hand was too big The wood came away unevenly, in little chips, until, late on the third afternoon of experiment, the fall of the axe was lucky, and a long shaving, called une anglaise because it was a tradition among coopers that English ladies did their hair in corkscrew curls fell to the ground Marcotte seized it and dangled it in the air "Look what Blachère has made! Look what the good pupil has made! That is better than kicking one's door all night" Blachère straightened himself The chip-axe hung loose in his hand, his eyes narrowed and his feet shifted Then all of a sudden a madness of anger flowed up his body into his face, which became suffused with blood, he threw back his head and twisted it to and fro on its short neck as if this blood were suffocating him, he thrust his way past Marcotte with one rolling swing of his thighs and fell upon the model ship with axe and boot striking and trampling it so that the splinters crackled like a fire and jumped on the stones Balze, Heim and Lontan threw themselves upon him They wrenched at the axe, but its work was done it came easily into their hands Marcotte, unaware of any danger to himself, was on his knees among the ruins of his ship, snatching at fragments, clutching them to his belly, and crying out repeatedly "My little ship—the months! My little ship—the months!" In the first agony of attack, his hand had run up his face, thrusting his spectacles back, now he had lost them on his forehead, he could not see the fragments he held or understand why he did not see them He curved his back, his head drooped downward, his spectacles slid on his sweaty temples and fell With a movement of extraordinary agility, Blachère stretched out his foot and ground them into the stones

At this, his appearance changed An expression of sensual appeasement, almost of somnolence appeared in his face His eyes dulled,

meadows sloping to the river from high ground beyond Bellis came the barking of a dog—a sound so remote, so small and yet, within its tone, so clear that it enlarged the stillness of evening When it ceased, the distances of hearing lay open to a wide expectancy; for away a brown owl's hooting wound its long, plaintive rhythm through the dusk, to be challenged near at hand by a sudden trill of wanton splendour flung out by a robin from a neighbouring thicket Barbet looked up and searched but could not find him Only the brown owl continued The poplars deepened their mass as the sky closed in upon them Separated from the water by a bank of which the form was each instant dissolving, they and the willows appeared for a time to float in the air above the river's gleam, then to settle and stiffen to their watch A thinning of the clouds let in a milkiness of stars which swam and vanished, and a low sheen, as of glass laid upon darkened silver, appeared on the areas of smooth water between the midstream eddies Night flowed up and a final calm grew upon the scene

Barbet remembered his prisoners by way of their supper, for he too was hungry How long it had been dark he did not know He stood up and began to walk home with the delight upon him of release from pain and of a mind from which poison had been drawn away Sometimes, in the morning, when daylight awakened him, he had felt the pulse of happiness before he remembered its particular cause. Now he experienced the lightness of a decision made, without recalling or attempting to recall the process of decision He saw clearly what he would do and had already done it in his mind when he reached the pinewoods What lay before him was not in doubt or argument, but presented itself to him as a physical re-enactment of scenes already a part of his experience

The kitchen door was shut and locked, as he had supposed that it would be, Madame Garbut having tired of waiting and gone home He let himself in with his own key, and felt his way cautiously to the embrasure in which the lamp would be standing This he brought out and lighted. O– ı

of paper on whı

quiet."

"Your supper is in the kitchen to-night," he said "You can go there now"

They did not understand "What kitchen?"

'My own kitchen An order has come for your release"

'Release? All of us? Release?"

'What does it mean?'

'It must be an amnesty," said Balze.

Marcotte, with respect for a word he did not understand, asked what an amnesty was

It will be a political amnesty," Balze replied with a townsman's assurance. Then an idea struck him "What has happened? Is there a war? Is there an Emperor in France?'

No, Barbet said,' there isn't a war or an Emperor"

Blachère s cell was the last to be opened

'Blachere!'

He rose blinking at the light "What is it?"

"You have had no supper"

'Where am I? This isn t my cell?' He stretched out his arms and touched the walls

Barbet took hold of him and led him out The other prisoners were visible on the fringe of the lamp s circle. The excitement of their voices was communicated to Blachère who, not yet understanding what was afoot backed into the doorway of his cell Seeing before him the small figure with the lamp and how isolated it was and how defenceless he swung on the balls of his feet and drew back his arms to strike Barbet raised the lamp to the level of his face and said I am unarmed Blachere, and all the doors are open" As he said thus Blachère ceased to be dangerous, his intentness broke, his impulse swerved as though a cloth had been drawn across his eyes His great body threw its weight back on his heels, the menace and agility went out of it, the head turned from side to side, the gaze dulled and wandered The power of evil in him was d[illegible]

[illegible]

G [illegible]

th[illegible]

The others, who had stood hitherto without initiative—for, in

The pot, left at the side of the stove, was warm but not sizzling, he shifted it nearer the fire and increased the draught, then laid on the table six bowls and beside them meat, bread, wine and cheese. Lamp in hand, he went to his own workroom and, taking an iron box from the safe, carried it into the kitchen and opened it After this, he went to a cupboard built into the passage leading to his workroom and brought from it in five bundles the clothes worn by the prisoners when they came to the Maison Hazard Returning to the kitchen table, he prepared five packets of food and put a packet with twenty francs taken from the iron box into a pocket in each bundle of clothing The box was relocked and put back in the safe. This done, he looked round him at the familiar kitchen to be sure that he had forgotten nothing It is ready, he said It was as he had seen it as he walked up from the river

The time had now come to light the lamp which he was accustomed to take with him when he made his nightly round of the walls. When it was swinging from the leather bracelet by which he fastened it to his wrist so that he might have both hands free to test the bars, he thought I shall never test the bars again, and remembered with a smile at the conflict of ideas how much of the life of birds he had learned while performing this duty A song—as yet no more than the stirring of a tune—came into his head Bless my soul he said, it s weeks since I gave Fontan a new song this isn t the moment to be tune making and having lowered the wick of the kitchen lamp that it might not smoke in his absence he took the prison keys from their place inside his shirt and set off down the covered way At the entrance to the courtyard he saw the pistol in its niche and because everything even a pistol had upon him a power of association or companionship as though it were alive he touched the pistol as he might have touched the head of a dog that he was leaving behind

The prison was quiet though all the prisoners except Blachere were awake What is it? they said haven t you brought supper? Marcotte was standing at his door hole looking out into the dark and he said only I saw your lamp coming It was swinging low I knew you hadn't the tureen

Heim began in the voice of a man suspicious of injustice and determined to contend for his rights

"You are not prison breaking No one can punish you for walking through an open door"

'I want a paper—signed," said Balze

"A release paper," said Heim 'What I don't understand is why you are doing this Why are you giving us money?'

'Well, Barbet replied, "you can give it to Fontan if it burns you"

The idea that any man should give money away troubled Heim He was afraid that he might afterwards be accused of having stolen it.

A release paper, he said again 'and write on it—no, write on another piece of paper that you gave us the money"

'Certainly I will' Barbet said 'but it makes no difference, you know and he went into his workroom for pen and ink When he returned Fontan was alone in the room

"Where are they?"

"Flitted

But the papers they wanted?"

Fontan shrugged his shoulders "They took the food and the money out of Blachere s clothes and then—" He spread out his hands.

And you?

Yes Fontan answered, 'I shall go I must go"

'You are free to go or stay"

Fontan shook his head 'Where is the spare mandolin? There used to be another Still at that inn?"

The Cheval Pie.'

Where the girl came from" said Fontan.

Why do you ask? Do you want it? You can't carry a mandolin where you are going?'

"No I don t want it,' Fontan replied, his thought so twisting in reluctances and delays and ...

thinking of Eugénie I ...

It will be strange ... to-morrow—no one in the cells. Had

the night, they had not seen that the doors to the courtyard were open, awoke now to their opportunity, and, a fear seizing them of some betrayal which might snatch from them the liberty so long desired, they were swept by Blachere's panic and would have gone at his heels, but, as they were in the instant of flight, Barbet said "You can go now or later, but if you wait for me I will give you food and clothes" He spoke with so steady an assurance that they believed him, and followed him across the courtyard, through the double doorway and into the kitchen Here impatience again shook them An open door leading into the night set their minds flaming with the instinct to escape, Marcotte eyeing it continually with covert avarice and edging towards it with his back to the wall "There's nothing to be gained by running for it," Barbet said, and thrust into Marcotte's hands the bundle of clothes that belonged to him "There's food and money in the pocket Lie low for a time Get clear of the district There'll be no hue and cry As long as I can keep the secret, no one shall know you are gone"

A little reassured but still questioning, the four men began to tumble out of one suit of clothes and into another, pausing now and then to sup the broth poured into their bowls and chattering in disconnected phrases, each of himself his rediscovered possessions, the fit of his old clothes, his darting memories of this shirt, this jacket, chinking his money, tossing from palm to palm his packet of food—as excited as a starling in the reeds

The stress of delay was more, Barbet knew than Marcotte could long endure He was dressed, fumbling with his buckle, edging step by step nearer to the door, and soon would be gone Barbet went over to him and, though he began to grumble at sight of them, put into his breast pocket the despised spectacles bought in Angoulême, then looked at him for the last time and turned his back "He's gone!" cried Fontan When Barbet looked round, Marcotte was no longer in the doorway

"Are we free to go?" said Balze cautiously, speaking for Heim and himself

"If you want to," Barbet answered with a light in his eye

"If we are caught, we shall be punished for prison breaking,"

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'Why do you ask? Do you want it? You can't carry a mandolin where you are going?

'No I don t want it," Fontan replied, his thought so twisting in reluctances and delays and desires that he lost track of it "I was thinking of Eugénie I shall look for her She may be still at Lyons. It will be strange here to-morrow—no one in the cells Had

you thought of that? Who will write down your music for you?"

"I hadn't thought of to-morrow," Barbet said "If one does, you know, one never gets out of prison"

Fontan stood up and looked at the door and at Barbet, then slowly round the room, wishing to be gone but afraid to go

"You are lucky," he said, "to have a home like this And I used to teach music to young ladies In winter, it was always too hot or too cold. If you shut the window, there was the stove, if you opened it, there was a draught The door didn't fit But that is of no interest of you" His face twitched, he held out his hand, and, when Barbet had taken it, overwhelmed by the sentimentality of his violent and timid heart, he stammered "I hate last times That's it Silly, isn't it?" He laughed shrilly and tears came into his eyes "I don't think it was any good putting me in prison A man like me What I did was all over, long before they took me I suppose the idea is that I might do it again But that's silly too A man like me How could I try to kill anyone again? Not twice It isn't possible" He was still clinging to Barbet's hand "You are brave!" he exclaimed, dropping the hand in extreme embarrassment "To let us go To open the doors and say—'shoo! That is seeing everything in one—not in bits and pieces—everything in one Shoo! It is done! You are yourself again! You are brave Like a lion"

Barbet reached for his bowl and emptied it "Look," he said, "I'll see you on your way"

Fontan replied with clinging eagerness An expression of confidence came into his face, for he would not now have to go through the door alone They went out together, past the musky scent of the garden, past the barred windows and the edge of the wood, and at every step Fontan's spirits rose He stretched his arms he smelt the air, so entranced was he by the sensation of freedom that his fear of its strangeness fell from him On the road north of the prison running east and west towards Roussignac and St Brice, Barbet halted

"Which way, Fontan?"

"I have a brother at Surgères"

"That is a long way," said Barbet "Watch the sun in the morning Keep north-west Listen—along this road for a kilometre, then

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"I hadn't thought of to-morrow," B. know, one never gets out of prison."

Fontan stood up and looked at the dc round the room, wishing to be gone but

"You are lucky," he said, "to have used to teach music to young ladies. I hot or too cold. If you shut the windov opened it, there was a draught. The dc is of no interest of you." His face twi and, when Barbet had taken it, overwh of his violent and timid heart, he stam That's it. Silly, isn't it?" He laughed sh eyes "I don't think it was any good putt like me. What I did was all over, long be pose the idea is that I might do it again. B like me. How could I try to kill anyone ag possible." He was still clinging to Barbet's h he exclaimed, dropping the hand in extreme let us go. To open the doors and say—'shoo'! thing in one—not in bits and pieces—everything is done! You are yourself again! You are brave I

Barbet reached for his bowl and emptied it "L see you on your way"

Fontan replied with clinging eagerness An exp dence came into his face, for he would not now hav the door alone They went out together, past the musky garden, past the barred windows and the edge of the wo every step Fontan's spirits rose He stretched his arms, he air; so entranced was he by the sensation of freedom that his its strangeness fell from him On the road north of the prison ning east and west towards Roussignac and St. Brice, Barbet ha

"Which way, Fontan?"

"I have a brother at Surgères"

"That is a long way," said Barbet "Watch the sun in the morning. Keep north-west. Listen— along this road for a kilometre, then

what both knew—that, in speaking of the oak, there was nothing they did not speak of "You'll soon be having new brandy to put in the casks," said Quessot. 'It's an early year Not many weeks now before you are distilling That's what I like. If my casks were like great bottles that held the fluid and no more, where should I be and where would my oak be? It might as well be iron or glass But without my oak to suck, where would the cognac come from? Years my oak works after it s gone from my hand, and years before it comes to me." He jerked a thumb towards the prison. "Are you making coopers of them inside? They'll have to serve a long sentence" Quessot let himself into his shed and prepared his work for the day. "What would you do if you woke up one fine morning and found they were all gone?"

I should walk out of the house, Quessot, and I should see you on your way to work, and we'd walk round together, I dare say, and you'd get your tools out as usual, and we'd talk a bit and no one would be a penny the worse."

'That s true. The oaks wouldn't stop growing, you may be sure," he continued in muffled tones from inside an old smock he was pulling over his head 'It seems to me prison's like a glass bottle. Cognac doesn t mature in it, nor men If men have to be shut up, better find some oak to put 'em in.' His head now emerged and he poked his chin forward. Now, what is it?" he said "You look different today"—and he came a step nearer "I haven't seen you look like this since you were a boy and up to your games."

But Barbet had not dared tell Quessot the truth. Having given the prisoners their freedom his business was to preserve it by allowing none but his mother to guess that they were free. It was not easy, though his mother aided him and regarded deception as a delightful game After a few days had passed, she could not resist—and, indeed, did not try to resist the temptation to invite Madame Vincent to supper and to invent for her little anecdotes, which were supposed to have been brought to her by Barbet himself, of what Fontan had said, of what Marcotte had done.

And Blachere—the one who used to disturb you so by his shout-

Chapter 3

WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES NEXT MORNING, Barbet's first thought was that he had not yet decided with Pierre on what day they should begin to pick the grapes and he sat up in his bed with the idea that he would go out at once, as soon as he had drunk his coffee, and look at the vines Coffee Last night, late, he and his mother—and suddenly his mind was flooded with the whole knowledge of what he had done He went to the north window of his bedroom and looked out on the courtyard, remembering how, last night, all the cell doors had stood open

Downstairs he saw Madame Garbut s back She was preparing the prisoners' breakfast Barbet shrugged his shoulders and made for the outer door, at the moment caring only that he should escape before she knew that he was in the room and began to upbraid him for having forgotten supper last night He gained the open air and would have gone to the vineyards but on the way saw Quessot and hailed the old man and walked on at his side to the coopers' shed Their way took them round the angle of the house that they might enter the west courtyard by its own gateway and Barbet wished the way was longer so pleasant was it to listen to Quessot s even voice and to walk with his content

"When I was in Paris last time—or rather it was at Vernon—I was talking of you, Quessot

'Of me? And what were you saying of me? Quessot asked

"Only that you were wiser than I am The oak s more alive to you than it is to me '

"That may be But then I have only the oak You have more windows to your house"

They understood each other perfectly There was no need to say

as beyond the range of St Jean d'Angely At night, when Madame Garbut had gone, a part of these supplies could be brought back, but the broth had to be poured away that the tureen might be returned empty, and cheese, meat and bread would dangerously accumulate Hating waste, Barbet nevertheless disposed of them. 'There's no doubt about it," he said to his mother, 'if you don't do what the community expects you are landed in all kinds of absurdities Never should I have believed that one day I should go out secretly from my own house and bury meat and bread in a pinewood" A smile spread over his face and his cheeks wrinkled How Therese would laugh! he thought There's a song for Thérèse!

He had already begun a letter to Therese and from time to time continued it Some day he would put it in the post, but not until the secret was out.

'When I let them go,' he wrote, "I did not think of what would happen afterwards, and I am glad I didn't Some things have to be done for their own sakes or not at all But now you have a song, if you want one, about Barbet in a pretty mess, and happier in it than he has ever been in his life Everybody lives ordinarily in a kind of balance, held in it by dozens of strings, which are what people expect of him and what he has come to expect of himself Cut one of them and everything goes A gaoler who doesn't keep his prisoners or a rich man who gives his money away at once finds that not only is one string cut but that all the others have shifted and all the rules which the world made for him have ceased to be relevant And they become fantastic too Every day I carry in food to men who are not there and after nightfall, carry it out again and bury it Madame Garbut expects this of me And I have to buy the food no one needs because the people who sell it expect me to buy certain quantities regularly And I have to draw more money than is spent on food because Anton would become suspicious if he didn't pay it out on the appointed days. For the moment, I keep the money apart and shall somehow rid myself of it. But money isn't like meat. Put it in the pinewood—and there it remains, it becomes a buried treasure I suppose I could throw it into the river Anyhow, Therese, there's the subject of your satirical song on what happens to Barbet—

ing, dear Emilie—Blachère is a reformed character. He gives Barbet no trouble at all I feel sure he will give no trouble ever again. You see, I am not always wrong "

"What do you mean—that you are not always wrong?"

"You will remember, dear Emilie, that once Barbet had a little trouble with his prisoners And Pierre would have used the pistols and you said—"

"You said what I did, Chouquette There was no difference at the time "

"At the time," Madame Hazard agreed "But then I learn, Emilie That is the difference between us I learn and you don't "

"You mean," said Madame Vincent, "that you are everlastingly changing your mind That is all it comes to " Madame Hazard opened her mouth to say that she disagreed, but her guest was too quick for her "Now! Now!" she cried "It is useless for you to say 'I disagree! I disagree!' You say it like a parrot The truth is, Chouquette, though you call yourself a Bonapartist, you are a revolutionary at heart "

"Certainly But are they not the same thing?"

"No," cried Madame Vincent, "they are not, and, if they are, they ought not to be You think one thing at one moment, another thing the next I can remember that once you were very proud of your consistency 'What I have said, I have said!' Even that has gone You are a thoroughly unstable character—that's the long and short of it " Madame Vincent stiffened herself to deal a final blow. "And so was Bonaparte!"

"In any case," said Madame Hazard, "if we were to stop talking for a moment, you would know by the silence that Blachère is a reformed character "

The two ladies pressed their cards on to the table, cautiously face downwards Not a sound came from the courtyard

Nevertheless, deception was not easy Madame Vincent might be entangled in a rhetoric swifter and more irrelevant than her own, but Madame Garbut was deaf, only action would persuade her, and it fell to Barbet, at the intervals long established by custom to carry into the courtyard tureens and dishes for prisoners who by now were

Barbet turned his head sharply "Who said that? Is that another of Madame Vincent's quotations?"

"No," said Madame Hazard with composure, "it is not."

As soon as the vintage was in and fermentation had begun, Barbet astonished his brother by asking him to summon a family council

"What for?" asked Anton "You have never asked for such a thing before"

"That's because I hate argument," Barbet replied. "This won't be an argument—at least, I think not It is only something I have to say, and I would rather say it to all of you at once than have to say it a dozen times to each in turn"

On the appointed day, he first visited his lawyer in Angoulême and made provision to supplement his mother's personal income. It was arranged that, on his return to Roussignac, he should be met by Pierre, who would have Madame Hazard beside him in the tilbury Together they would drive to the house with the gargoyles where the family would be assembled

In fact, Victor, Bette, Anton and Madame Vincent had come together long before Barbet's train was due That Barbet should ask for a family council was unprecedented, that Madame Hazard should attend gave it a significance that had set all heads wagging, and in Bette's stateliest room, formal preparations had been made She herself, in a whaleboned dress of deep maroon which creaked when she moved, was established on a small sofa with her back to a window, her mother was beside her, a few inches advanced towards the sofa's edge, for she felt uncomfortably at a disadvantage when authority was reversed by her being a guest in her daughter's house. The two ladies' heads, one a fringed pile of fair hair, the other high-bonneted, stood up against a triangle of window-light bounded by the looped curtains and the sofa-back, and above them hung a bird-cage, planned in the Gothic style and decorated with alternate ruby and frosted panes. From this ecclesiastical structure death had kindly released the bird

On Madame Vincent's left hand, at a writing-table drawn out

or to anyone for that matter—if he does the opposite of what people expect of him"

The heats of the year were over, the grapes almost fully ripe, and the country was in its second spring After resolve and action, Barbet's mind rested, but he knew that more was required of him, his action being not yet complete, and one evening, after a day spent in examining his casks and in the arrangement of labour for the vintage, he asked his mother what she would do when he was gone

"They will not leave me here, mother"

"No, Barbet I understand that I have felt for a long time that we were both going away, you and I"

"You could stay if you wished Pierre can manage the property well enough"

She shook her head "No I'll not be a dead stick on any tree."

Still unsure of her understanding he told her plainly that, when the truth was known, he would be sent to prison

"God will not leave you there," she answered—so quiet an answer that, if she had said no more Barbet would have left it to bear whatever meaning her thought laid upon it, but she added suddenly, in her voice of mischief and delight "France will not leave you there!"

"I don't understand, mother If it comes to that, it is France who will put me there"

"Ah," she said, "the law may put you there the Government may put you there that is as it should be—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but France will not leave you there You will see!" She laid her arm in his and walked across the garden at his side "It is one of Emilie's favourite quotations When Paris is angry she marches to the Bastille, when she is tortured, to the Rhine, but when she laughs, to the Élysée You will see France likes men whose ideas are their own and who put them into effect She knows how to be grave and how to laugh"—Madame Hazard patted his hand with a firm, imperious touch—"and when she laughs the angels are her cavalry"

At this point brother and sister fell into an exhausted silence, and Anton returned to his theme of the partnership His point was that as shippers, to whom supplies of genuine cognac were becoming more and more precious, Hazard and Vincent could not afford to sneeze at the product of a vineyard hitherto exempt from the phylloxera, and if Barbet was going to offer them his reserves as well as his futures, he had something to bargain with that would be hard to resist

"But a partnership!" Victor protested.

"If he insists! Only if he insists!" Anton replied testily "The game is in his hands. The value of his reserves has risen As for the phylloxera, it cuts both ways. There is still a risk that his vineyards may be hit, but they haven't been and, as they stand, they are worth half again what they were It all fits in," Anton added "I thought this June, when he came to renew his agreement with me, he would put up the price But he didn't There it stands as it has always been since father s time. Victor says it isn't a legally operative agreement anyway, but—

Nor is it, said Victor Barbet undertakes to sell to no one but you and if to you, at an agreed price. But it is always open to him to say In fact I won t sell at all except for a higher price, and if you want it—'"

"Ah, you are too clever, Victor," Anton interrupted "Barbet won t do that The agreement is convenient between two brothers It is useful to have a price understood between us Anyhow, there it is. If at any time in the next twelve months he wishes to sell, he will offer the property to me at a hundred and sixty thousand francs. A hundred and sixty thousand! Bless my soul. That was father's figure It has always been worth more than that, and now—why, I'd give him two hundred thousand tomorrow! And why do you suppose he didn t put up the price? Because he doesn't care Because he doesn t mean to sell at all Because he means to *buy*—and buy a partnership in Hazard and Vincent!"

The argument was interrupted by the arrival of the tilbury A silence fell. The family eyed one another with the air of people in the waiting room of a railway station who have long ago tired of

from its place by the wall, was Victor. He had been taking, or was prepared to take notes, and was trying to pluck from his nib a hair that was the result of his too conscientious use of a flannel pen-wiper. Beside Victor and close to him was a low plush stool which, as the Vincent family clung together, had been reserved for Pierre. A circular piece of satin and rosewood awaited Madame Hazard in mid-floor. Anton himself stood with feet widely planted on a flowery rug at the centre of this half-circle. On his right, separated from the rest, was a sociable with two compartments facing in opposite directions. The windows were shut, the atmosphere was heavy with the smell of washed muslin and of varnish that had softened in the hot weather.

Anton, remembering that Barbet acted with the merchants at Bercy on behalf of several small proprietors who were his friends, had it in his head that his brother was about to demand a partnership in Hazard and Vincent. Madame Vincent suggested as an alternative that he was in debt and had come for a loan.

"If he had run into debt, it could only be in Paris," said Bette, "and, if he had been extravagant there, we should have heard of it."

At this Victor pricked up his ears. "He openly admits having met Therese Despreux. I can of course make the necessary inquiries. I heard not long ago that she—"

"Oh, nonsense!" Bette cried in exasperation. "You and your system! I used to be afraid of it! I don't believe in it any more! How long is it since you told me that you could drive Barbet out and that we should have the Maison Hazard? How often did you tell me that Thérese Despreux would ruin herself? Well, she hasn't. And now you are going to suggest that she and Barbet—nonsense, Victor! You have told me yourself that Monsieur de Courcelet is her man. Do you suppose she'd risk him for Barbet? For such a girl as that, Courcelet's a big fish!" Victor replied, as best he could, that he had not suggested that Therese—but Bette talked him down. "Don't speak to me of your precious system! There is Barbet still in possession of the Maison Hazard and all we have is the Cheval Pie. 'They go together!' you said. Well, my poor Victor, they don't come together."

ited him with so good a business head, and Barbet, kneeling on the sociable, turned towards the door, through which at that moment Pierre was entering the room, and said:

"Good, Pierre, I'm glad you are here. I was saying that this concerns Renée as well as you. Now we can begin."

"Where am I to sit?" said Pierre. "Concerns Renée, does it? What has anyone to say against Renée?"

"Sit there!" Bette cried. "On the stool. Sit down and don't talk."

There was a brief silence.

"I shan't keep you long," said Barbet. "As you know, I have just come back from Angoulême. I have made preliminary arrangements there. I am willing to sell, Anton."

"To sell what?" Victor threw in.

"But what else?" said Barbet and returned to his brother. "The Maison Hazard, of course"

Anton was without words.

"At what price?" and "Why?" Bette and Madame Vincent asked together.

Barbet looked at the two ladies and began to smile because the pile of Bette's hair reminded him of Mademoiselle d'Austerlitz. "There's no question of price Each June Anton and I sign an agreement by which, if I sell at any time in the year following, I give him an option to buy at a hundred and sixty thousand francs and he accepts that as the value of the place Well, Anton?"

Anton's impulse was to accept at once. Indeed he had opened his mouth to do so when Victor interrupted him.

"One moment! One moment!" he said. "These matters cannot be decided in an instant"

"Why not?" asked Barbet.

"The reserves must be disclosed and valued; this year's vintage must be taken into account, there are many—"

Barbet smiled at him. "Listen, Victor—"

"Yes," said Madame Hazard, "listen, Victor Vincent. If my two sons like to do a piece of business together without a middleman to take a commission—well, you may lose the pickings you have hoped for, but—"

"Perhaps," Barbet answered, "but I don't picture you considering it for long."

Anton took a deep breath. "A hundred and fifty and I'll take the risk." Barbet smiled at him "A hundred and fifty five," said Anton. Then he laughed a short, heavy laugh and held out his hand All right, a hundred and sixty I buy Bette, a glass of wine"

"There is one question I should like to ask," Madame Vincent put in. If it is not the phylloxera, what has decided Barbet to sell at this time?"

I am expecting to be called away before long," Barbet answered Where I shall have to go I am not sure, but away from here certainly, and that is what matters"

'That," said Bette, "sounds extremely mysterious. Are you going to be married?"

'Oh no. I am going on a voyage"

"And leaving your mother?" said Madame Vincent

Madame Hazard straightened herself in her chair "You know, dear Emilie, it isn t surprising Barbet has always talked of voyages, ever since he was a little boy I thought it was nonsense then But now I think differently I shall go on a voyage myself"

"It isn't a question of that," exclaimed Bette, who cared nothing for Victor's disappointment but was determined to bargain. "The point is, Barbet, that your vines may be touched by the phylloxera How do we know they are not? Do we take your word for it?"

"Yes," said Barbet, "you do Do I look like a swindler?"

"And you can take my word for it too!" Pierre put in, too proud of the vines to allow them to be disparaged even by his own family.

This was a blow to the Vincents but they struggled on A hundred and sixty thousand was, they knew, a low price, but it happened also to be the first price mentioned and it was against every principle of good bargaining to accept it

"Even if it's true," said Bette, "that the vines are at present untouched, the danger remains That reduces the price"

"No, it doesn't," said Barbet

"And why not?"

"Because the price is an arranged price The danger is certainly not more than it was in June And there's another reason the reserves and the scarcity offset the risk, a hundred and sixty thousand is less than the market price And there's a third reason I am not here to bargain, I am here to sell"

Anton pushed his thumbs into his waistcoat pockets and braced himself for decision

"The trouble is, my dear Bette," he said with a smile, "you can bargain with business men, but innocent chaps like Barbet are hard as rocks. Isn't that so, Barbet?"

"Now look," said Barbet, "Victor and Bette have been wanting me to sell for years—and at this price We all know how this discussion is going to end Why waste time?"

"There will be formalities to be gone through and details to settle"

"Certainly," said Barbet

"There's the question of running the place, for instance"

"I assumed that Pierre would manage it for you That's why I said it concerned Renée"

Anton nodded "And the prison," he said. "That will have to be considered."

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The winter wheat had been sown, the vines were turning yellow, and on his way into Roussignac he would meet on the roads the old two-wheeled waggons in which the small proprietors, who had no distillery of their own, would send casks of their wine to be distilled When he was between boy and man he had often driven these waggons himself, pleased to wear the thick tan homespun of a driver's smock proud of the dark lines of blue or red with which it was decorated and delighted to find himself on the piece of stretched canvas, the porte faineant that was the driver's seat They belonged to November rather than to October's later days, but this year every thing was early, and one morning, encountering a driver he knew, Barbet drove with him into Roussignac, though he had set out to make the journey on foot

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Chapter 4

THOUGH THE FORMALITIES OF SALE AND PURchase were soon completed and the documents were ready for signature, they were not at once signed, and Anton seemed not to intend to take possession of his property until he must What he cared for was control of the supplies and he was in no haste to make Pierre manager of the estate So that Barbet might be tempted to stay, he was careful not to intrude upon him or his mother. "Bless you, I know the place," he said when Barbet invited him to inspect it. "I'm not buying a pig in a poke. You seem to forget that I was born there I suppose I must take steps at headquarters to make new arrangements for the prisoners, but there's time enough for that." But he took none As long as the prisoners remained, Barbet must remain, and to keep Barbet through the months of the distillation would have suited Anton well "Meanwhile," he said with a casualness intended to conceal his masterly delays, "I should like to have a look at the reserves They are what interests me"

He made a careful list of what he was shown and asked whether any more cognac was stored in the prison courtyard

"No," said Barbet, "I thought that might be unwise."

"They sound quiet enough," Anton replied "I haven't heard a sound of them since I came here"

"No," said Barbet, "nor have I"

He knew, however, that his time was running out. A visit by the inspector of prisons, though not as yet probable, might be made at any time. There had been no news of any of the prisoners; by now they were as safe as they would ever be, and Barbet cared little how soon discovery came. Fermentation was over, distillation had begun; October was well advanced and the chatter of the elections

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what he had into the poor-box, and continued his way to Lancret's church where he left what remained. As he turned to go, he saw Lancret in the doorway. I hope he didn't see me put money in the poor-box, he thought. It was too much; it will make him curious when he takes it out.

If Lancret had seen, he said nothing of the poor-box and, with the habitual reticence of priests, showed no surprise at Barbet's presence in the church. They said a few words, then went into the air and continued their conversation, each feeling that they had more to say than had yet been said and, therefore, reluctant to part.

"Are you busy?" asked Barbet.

"No."

"Then let me come into your house for a little while before I begin to walk home."

They sat in the parlour, under the photographs of the popes.

"As you are going away, this may be the last of many talks we have had together," Lancret began. "I am glad you asked yourself in. I wished to invite you but should not have done so. Right or wrong? I don't know, but that is how I am made." Having said this, he was for a moment silent, with a silence of resolve, not of hesitation; then said: "Now that you are here, it would be a form of lying not to ask the question my mind is asking . . ." But at this point he swerved, and Barbet knew that it was Thérèse's name that his lips refused. In a moment he recovered himself and continued: "In fact, there were two questions, but perhaps one includes the other. Where are you going? They tell me you said . . . on a voyage.'"

"I think," Barbet replied, "that I am going to prison."

The priest did not shift his gaze. "Do you wish to tell me what you have done?"

"Yes. I had no intention of telling anyone, but I should like to tell you. I have let my prisoners go."

"Ah, when shall I be able to say that!" Lancret exclaimed, his fingers clasping and unclasping themselves. "How often is any man able to say that!" Then he smiled, a rare, wintry smile that yet had sweetness in it. "And now you will go to prison yourself?"

"It seems probable."

"Even that," the priest said, "is not freedom It is not freedom in itself You feel now that all chains have fallen from you I felt that when I entered the priesthood. To enter it, seemed to me then a form of imprisonment, a voluntary imprisonment comparable with yours and acceptable because it was a way to final liberation But I have failed, Barbet I am still in my prison I free others but I cannot free myself I knock, but the doors are not opened to me. But the time will come Jesus is not denied in the weakness of his servants, truth does not wither because my faith is dry, some day—" He broke off suddenly and passed his hands over his face, then looked up and said in a different tone "Do you know why I am envious of you, Barbet? It is because you do not *know* what you have done. At once, when you tell me the simple fact, I compare and analyse it. Why did you let them go?"

"Because it became necessary," Barbet answered. "Until you asked I had forgotten that evening I wonder why I had clean forgotten it It hasn't come back into my mind until this moment But I can tell you Certainly I can tell you I went down to the river It was last month, you know—a very still September evening—and, when it became quite dark, sound began to carry further and further as it always does in September—and after a little while—" He stopped abruptly as though memory were failing him "And after a little while—"

"When you come out of prison," said Lancret, who had learned when to speak and when to listen, "what shall you do?"

"I think I shall be a cooper," Barbet answered.

"In Paris?"

"Where the work takes me."

The priest chose his next words carefully and spoke them with reluctance 'You said to me once that you loved Therese."

"It is true," Barbet answered "It is natural for us to love each other when we are together and when we are apart. But our lives are independent"

Independent? Can the lives of two people who love be independent of each other? You mean that you and she will work and live independently—yes, that is possible if you both have wisdom

and patience enough But is she wise and patient?" The priest's lips smiled in an unsmiling face. "You must not forget her heredity, Barbet" The making of this little joke, and the effort it had cost, overcame him His wide-open eyes filled with tears which overflowed on an unmoving face, then, suddenly, the face was transformed by an uncontrollable seizure of grief and longing and despair He rose and turned to the wall "Even now," he cried, wrenching his body to encounter Barbet again, "even now, how contemptible a man I am! How contemptible and how selfish! If I heard that she had taken the veil, I should be satisfied—but I should be satisfied not in gladness for her vocation but because, through her, I should have absolution from my own sins While she leads the life of the flesh, my life in the flesh continues, in her sin, mine is multiplied and perpetuated, until she repents, my own spirit is incapable of full repentance" He threw up his head "And to believe that, to doubt the independence of my own redemption, is in itself a sin Sin upon sin, confusion upon confusion! What shall I do? . Come," he said swiftly "You must leave me Until I have been on my knees, I am not fit to be any man's companion"

They went up the narrow passage together and Lancret stopped at his front door He did not hold out his hand or make any attempt to say good-bye, but stood propped against the door-post

"When you are ready," Barbet said, 'you will know what to do. . That was said to me not long ago"

"By whom?"

"It was said to me twice—by my mother, but first by Thérèse."

"By Therese," Lancret repeated I can hear her voice saying it. But she would not have said it to me"

"Perhaps it is through me that she now says it to you," Barbet answered.

The priest did not at once reply "No," he said at last, "I will not deceive myself No woman would say that except to a man she loved."

There was a bleakness in this answer from which Barbet turned away, but he came back and took the priest s hands in his

"Do not be troubled for me," Lancret said. "It is true—when I

am ready, even I shall know what to do. A man in doubt must believe that or perish And after all, that promise, like every other, is in the gospel itself - 'Knock and it shall be opened unto you.' We invent new phrases and it is well that we should do so, but there is no hope that Jesus has not already given." And he added. "There is no sponge but His to hold to the lips."

Barbet walked home through the woods. He visited the stills and watched the work in progress there, then, in his own room, added a paragraph to his unfinished letter to Therese. Other letters, which said nothing of his having released his prisoners, he had sent her meanwhile, but it was to the letter which could not yet be posted that he added an account of his talk with her father This evening he finished and put it in an envelope, feeling that the time to send it was nearly come.

When this was done, he went into the kitchen and played piquet with his mother at the kitchen table while Madame Garbut prepared supper A couple of hands had been played when a trap drove up to the door

"It is Monsieur Anton," said Madame Garbut.

Barbet stirred to go out, but his mother would not be interrupted in the playing of her hand "Time enough! Time enough!" she said. "If Anton has come to count more hogsheads, he can wait Let him find his own way in Come away from the door, Garbut."

Madame Garbut, not hearing, remained at the door "Monsieur Fricard is with him," she said

Barbet at once laid down his cards. That Monsieur Fricard, the head of the police in Roussignac, should call at the Maison Hazard was not in itself surprising, that he should arrive in Anton's company could have but one meaning Fortunately, this did not at once occur to Madame Hazard and she greeted him warmly

A small man with hollow temples, ruddy cheeks and a thin, neatly pointed moustache, he was an infrequent but welcome visitor, for, though an official himself, he had an ingrained contempt, which Madame Hazard shared, for the whole machinery of government.

Her reasons were political, to her, administration was necessarily incompetent that was not napoleonic, to him it was contemptible because, as he never tired of saying, it was "clumsy" There did not exist in his vocabulary a stronger word of condemnation, for he himself was an orderly man, precision was his god, his collection of postage-stamps, though not of great value, was set out in patterns of flawless symmetry, he darned his own linen because no one else could darn so well, whatever he used—a pen, a collar-stud or an emotion—was at once put back, when he had used it, into the place where it belonged and where he could find it again, and his pleasure was to perform conjuring tricks, not with elaborate apparatus, which he scorned, but by naked sleight of hand As a young man, he had dreamed of becoming a great detective, but an unappreciative bureaucracy had ruled against him "These big-wigs in Paris," he would say, "they will never understand the *science* of detection. They think only of achieving a great coup that will startle the newspapers They expect to catch fish without troubling to mind their nets Whenever, in my humble way, I have any contact with them, I discover how inaccurate they are Why, only last month—" And he would produce example after example of their follies "Clumsy!" he would say 'All thumbs! No nicety in their methods No science. No system"

This evening, walking in behind Anton from the early twilight, he was evidently in a state of extreme embarrassment, for, though he greeted Madame Hazard, he had none of his little jokes for her, and, while Barbet was persuading the newly lit lamp to draw, fell back into the shadows There, at some distance from the table, he found a chair and seated himself upon it with the special, drooping melancholy of a man, naturally cheerful and talkative, who finds himself in circumstances that forbid his talent Anton in answer to his mother's question, had begun to say no he hadn't come to count the reserves that was done, in any case he hadn't come about anything connected with his purchase of the Maison Hazard, in that matter, he was perfectly satisfied His rotund phrases, his jocular avoidances, might have gone on for ever, and Monsieur Fricard began to wriggle in his chair

"Well, Anton," said Madame Hazard, "come to the point. What is it you want?"

"It is foolish, a little mistake, a matter of no importance at all," Monsieur Fricard said in a voice so shyly apologetic that no attention was paid to his words. Anton continued to explain that sometimes, in life, little confusions arose, little misunderstandings sprang up, which in his opinion it was always best to remove at once—

"But I said that, if only we waited until the morning," Monsieur Fricard put in, "they would have discovered their mistake for themselves and—"

"At once," said Anton firmly

"Very well," said Monsieur Fricard, "as you please. But I know how inaccurate they can be If only we could wait until—"

"Now, now, now!" Madame Hazard cried "One of you trumpets like an elephant, the other squeaks like a mouse, and there's no sense in either One might suppose that someone had committed a crime."

Was it possible, Barbet wondered, that, even now, she had not guessed why they were come? Was Monsieur Fricard still, to her, the polite little man who chattered pleasantly about the bureaucracy and did conjuring tricks for her entertainment? Did it not enter her mind that he was here now as a policeman? Or did she know this and was she playing an elaborate defence? He watched her face and Anton's, in the ring of lamplight at the table, as though his personal fortunes were not included in the scene, and saw, beyond the ring, the dimmer rectangle of Monsieur Fricard's brow and cheeks, and, as he watched and listened to their voices, not his lips, not his mind only, but the very spirit within him began to smile because their circumstances and his own were incongruous with the peace in his heart.

"But these fellows in Paris," Fricard was saying "Really, one can't help laughing at them The mistakes they make! The bungles! They are like some juggler at a fair who lets everything slip through his fingers. And why? Why, I ask you? They have brains, they have resources, sometimes they have even imagination—but they

doubt, was an associate of Marcotte's He would know some of his characteristics—the spectacles, for example."

"The spectacles?" said Barbet.

"Isn't it true," Anton demanded, "that you once told me you had a pair of spectacles made for him in Angoulême?"

"Certainly I did But what happened in Paris?"

"Well, as I understand it, this man, as soon as he had claimed to be Marcotte—"

"Of course, as always when anything comes from Paris, we haven't been told the whole story," said Monsieur Fricard, intervening in a tone of authority, "but if one has a little intelligence, one can put two and two together, and what seems to have happened is this At first, at any rate, they didn't believe him, they knew Marcotte was safe in prison here and, as they had no charge against the old chap, they told him to be off At that he changed his tune He wouldn't go He said he had a *right* to be in prison He demanded arrest For what? said they For being an escaped prisoner, said he. Pooh, said they, be off with you and don't waste our time. And then he complained about his spectacles How could he earn his living? He couldn't see His own spectacles, he said, had been broken in the prison those he had were of no use for fine work and anyhow he had no chisels, no knives, no tools. How could he earn his living? There were still months of his sentence to run He was entitled to live at the expense of the State He was entitled to his spectacles He hadn't escaped from prison, he had been turned out against his will And so on And so on It seems to have impressed them Is he mad or is he Marcotte? is what they want to know"

"He is Marcotte," said Barbet, and he could have given no answer more certain to convince his brother that Marcotte was safely in his cell It was Anton who had been suspicious, who had taken alarm, who had insisted to the sceptical Fricard that they should not wait for the morning but go to the Maison Hazard at once. Perhaps Marcotte had escaped and Barbet had been afraid to confess it? Perhaps this was the meaning of Barbet's "voyage" and of his decision to sell the Maison Hazard? And yet Barbet had taken the

money for all the prisoners' upkeep and Barbet was not dishonest. Anton had swerved, doubted, suspected, and suddenly, almost in a panic of suspicion, had decided that at all costs he and Fricard must satisfy themselves of the truth. Now, confronted with the truth by Barbet himself, he shied at it violently, fearing that Barbet was leading him on, was laughing at him, and that in a moment Fricard too would be laughing at him as a credulous fool. To prove his worldly wisdom and that he was not being duped, he laughed himself, strode across the room and clapped his brother heartily on the shoulder.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Very good! So Marcotte is in Paris and his supper is here! You won't catch me as easily as that, Barbet."

Madame Hazard, with swift guile, saw how the wind had changed and set her sails to it.

"Now, Anton, what was it put that idea into your head? If Marcotte had escaped—" She too began to laugh and seized Barbet's hand and patted it. "Come along," she said, "take them their supper, Barbet." Then to Fricard: "Now, my friend, tell me how many are there who know of this? You and Anton. Any others?"

"None," said Fricard.

"Good, good. Garbut is deaf. Stone deaf. She has heard nothing. We don't want Anton made a laughing stock. And now, both of you, draw up to the table."

"That is extremely odd," said Barbet. "But the world itself is extremely odd. Don't you believe, Anton, that the man in Paris is Marcotte?"

"No," Anton replied with a grin. "I do not."

"Bless me," said Barbet, "how shall I persuade you? How does one persuade a man to believe the truth?" His mother tried to interrupt him. "No, mother," he said, "have you forgotten? We are going on a voyage, you and I?"

Her composure had left her; the light of fanaticism burned in her eye as it had in the days in which she had believed her son to have the power of miracles. She could think only that he was threatened, that the remote terrors of the law had come into her own home, that he must be protected from them, and she began to patter to and fro with short, quick steps, now clinging to his arm, now

pressing her hands together, her lips moving silently in prayer for those fires of heaven which she expected to descend At sight of her, the bristles of Anton's misgiving rose again.

"Come and see," said Barbet. "You will not find Marcotte in the courtyard Come and see for yourselves."

The lamp was lighted and slung over Barbet's arm As Anton and Fricard were about to follow him into the covered way, and Madame Hazard, standing beside the kitchen table, covered her face with her hands, Madame Garbut, unaware of all that had happened, came forward with the pot containing the prisoners' supper Rather than argue with her, Barbet smiled and took it

"Allow me," said Fricard, "you will need to have your hands free for the keys."

At the door to the courtyard Anton said, "Do you go in unarmed?" and Barbet, rather than argue with him, replied, "Very well, Anton, you take the pistol"

They went in order Anton with the pistol, Fricard with the supper, Barbet with the lamp In the failing light, the courtyard seemed wide and bleak

"Look," said Anton, "this is beyond a joke What did you mean when you said that man in Paris was Marcotte?"

Without replying, Barbet went ahead of them until the cells could be seen plainly Then he stopped

"You had better satisfy yourselves. All the doors are unlocked"

Anton and Fricard went from cell to cell and returned, but still Anton feared a trick or hoped for it.

"Where have you put them, Barbet? What are you up to?"

"They are all gone," Barbet said.

"All?"

"All."

"My God, do you mean you let them go? Are you mad?"

"Now, now," said Fricard nervously, holding the pot before him, "let me put this down while we discuss the position like reasonable men There is, of course, a misunderstanding I think we must put joking aside. I think the time has come at which you should explain to us—"

BOOK FIVE

The Voyage Begins

ureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage . . .

JOACHIM DU BELLAY

Chapter 1

THE NEWS OF BARBET'S ARREST WAS BROUGHT TO Therese by Courcelet Her engagement at the Divertissements was ended, her return to a glorified Écurie was announced for the first week of December, and she had spent the afternoon in rehearsing old and new songs with Templeraud who, having begun to tire of Annette, was light heartedly preparing for a new campaign Therese felt that she was invulnerable, neither Templeraud departing an hour ago nor Philippe de Courcelet arriving now had power to disturb her Glad that Etienne was not professionally lost to her and that her affection for Courcelet had matured, she was comforted, and a little surprised by her self possession

Courcelet, when she had admitted him, sat down with her in front of Het Vaderland

"It is the most comfortable stove in Paris,' he said

This delighted her she loved to have her possessions praised, but as it was a form of flattery that he seldom used, it stirred her suspicions and she said Of course it is! It is mine. I chose it But that is not what you have come to say?

No he admitted, it isn t I have bad news, Therese"

He was fumbling in his breast pocket for a neatly folded copy of a newspaper She held out her hand for it and began to read the column he had marked

"How did you come by this? Do you subscribe to the press of Cognac?

Never mind said he It is my business to be informed '

She read in silence.

They seem to consider it a joke,' said Courcelet.

"Ah! she cried, so it is! And more than a joke Don't you see

foolish and useless, I will give it up Then, if you like, I will sit about, wringing my hands and pitying Barbet, but not until then"

"I don't picture you wringing your hands, Therese, it is not one of your gestures"

"But you thought me heartless? Just now, when I spoke of my songs?"

"Well—"

"Yes," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "you did People do I am not heartless. I am active Why should I sit here for ten minutes, moaning and wailing, and *afterwards* begin to think of what might be done? I miss out a step, that is all Is that callous? It is the callousness of a general who knows when to counter-attack."

Courcelet, smiling, mocked her with one of her best loved rhymes

> "'*Bon, bon,*
> *Napoléon,*
> *Va rentrer dans sa maison*'"

"Precisely!" said she. "Now, tell me Give your mind to this. It will take a long time to put Barbet into prison—first one examination, then another—I know nothing about legal processes except that they last for ever That is the first point The second is that at heart the public is always on the side of prisoners who escape, unless they have a particular reason for hating the prisoner, and this man, Marcotte, with his story of his spectacles and his model boat is already half way to being patted on the back as if he were a schoolboy who had run away from his lessons—and Barbet is the schoolmaster who had the grace to wink And not only that," she continued, "—and this part ought to interest you, Philippe, as a student of human nature You may say—and it's true—that we French are a logical, unsentimental people, but isn't it true also that just because, hour by hour and day by day, we are logical and unsentimental, and because, at the same time, we are at root Catholic, and because, still at the same time, we are the children of Voltaire, we love a—well, what shall I call it?—we love and we worship a sudden and complete topsy turvydom, a—"

"A comic and a holy paradox," said Courcelet

Anything, my dear Philippe, to avoid inconvenience—that is your realism What does it matter, you are thinking, if Barbet goes to prison for a few months?"

No, Therese, I'm sorry for him I like him But life isn't a comic paradox. Things must take their course Anyhow," he added, "what is the good of running your head against a wall? Whether you like it or not, whether the Government likes it or not, however much sympathy may be aroused, things will take their course He will go to prison. What then? The whole thing will peter out"

For a moment Therese hesitated, for she valued Courcelet's judgment.

I expect you are right in the single fact," she said "He will go to prison But what you don't see is that his going to prison is the one thing needed The thing won't peter out then I won't let it It is when the key turns on him that it will really begin I have a song ready for that"

'A new song? So soon? You are quick, Thérese," he answered with a sceptical smile

"No," she said, 'an old song So old that all France knows it already Change a few words and it becomes a revolutionary song Have you forgotten Royan? I thought of it there I have never used it. Thank God, I have never used it! I can now—with Barbet in prison Listen,' she exclaimed, her eyes alight "This is just a sketch of it, but—listen

"Au clair de la lune
Mon ami Barbet
Grevy prends ta plume
Pour sa liberté

Do you see?' she cried "We can improve on that But I have the end—

"Sa chandelle est morte,
Il n'a plus de feu
Ouvre-lui sa porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu"

"Well?" said Thérèse "If that is true, is my plan unreasonable? In Paris, Barbet is already a name to conjure with The story will grow The whole press will take fire" She touched the newspaper "Look, it has begun . And as the lawyers argue and argue, no one will talk of anything else or laugh at anything else but the absurd solemnity of the people who are trying to put the comic paradox into prison And I," she added, "shall have a new programme for the Écurie The whole of France shall sing my songs! Now tell me, tell me honestly, is that fantastic and impossible?"

"It is fantastic," Courcelet answered, "but by no means impossible Nothing is impossible in France under the presidency of Monsieur Grevy. A few parades, a few music-hall songs, a handsome face, a martial air and—who knows?—any paltry general might execute a coup d'état No politician with his ear to the ground can rule out the possibility of that And if the music-halls can overthrow the Republic, I should be a rash man to say that Therese Despreux cannot make it appear dangerously ridiculous to put Barbet into prison for having let the others out Nevertheless," he said, "I think it would be unwise to make the attempt"

"For my own sake?"

"Not only for your own sake, but because, though it is not impossible that you should succeed, it is probable that you will fail Oh yes, you can make the lawyers and even the Government look foolish—I don't doubt that, but you won't keep Barbet out of prison You forget one factor—the money" Courcelet spread out his hands "Probably there's an explanation of that Still—he continued to draw it I dare say you can make the authorities wish to let Barbet go I dare say you can make them wish with all their hearts that he didn't exist But the more you mock them, the more it will become a matter of prestige, and prestige in governments is like pride in men—it makes them hang themselves in their own rules You may do the Government harm which isn't your purpose, but you won't save Barbet from prison, which is Be a realist, Thérèse"

"How you respect governments!" said she

"I? Respect the Government? I?"

"Not 'the Government,'" she answered, "but government as such.

the story being transformed into a tale that Barbet had seen Héloïse and Abelard in a vision Schnetz, being asked whether he also had seen the visionary figures, answered 'No Why should I? I am not a saint, and his answer went the round of the clubs and became a headline. He worked untiringly and with an optimism more assured than Therese s own. 'Even the lawyers,' said he, 'are not mad. They will find a means to acquit him.' His overriding confidence persuaded all he knew that, in supporting Barbet, they were backing a winner Acquittal became for him an article of faith "Don t talk to me,' he said I *know*

After three months of doubt the day came that proved him wrong Barbet was sentenced in mid-February That night, at the Écume, Thérese sang none of the new songs introduced since his arrest but reverted to the old ones that he had made for her At the end, it was the audience that compelled her to Au clair de la lune," but she would not sing her own words to it. She shook her head and shook her head and when there was silence, she said

Forgive me The battle is not over But I dare not sing the new words to-night

She had meant only that she could not trust herself to sing them, but the audience interpreted her differently, there was a turning of heads, a scrutiny of unfamiliar faces the room was swept by rumor that Therese Despreux had been threatened by the police. At first she knew only that the mood of her audience was changed, she felt their anger while doubtful of its cause, then understood and used it.

'I *dare* not sing the new words to-night. Barbet must be allowed to sleep quietly in his prison and Monsieur Grevy at the Élysee." Then she smiled After all, the old words have the same tune"

They obeyed her and sang as if they were singing a conspirators' hymn Outside the Écume a crowd gathered round her as she left the building determined that the police should not touch her, a crowd that increased continually, flowing in from the side streets as she drove to Maubant s under escort. Far down the street she heard them singing

head that I am entitled to special exemption—a kind of spiritual exemption I have never claimed and don't feel the least claim to anything of the kind My story isn't some miraculous legend the newspapers puff it up into nonsense, I'm not in the least a sublime fool or "The Simpleton of Roussignac." All I am is a good vine-grower and a man who hates to be attached to anything—tied to it, I mean, by ties that he makes for himself To be tied by force, by other people—to be in prison even, is still to be free The terrible thing is to let chains grow in one's own mind—not to be able to walk out of a room though all the doors are open. And if there's anything odd about me it is that I don't grow chains for myself and I do walk out if the doors are open Hatred and fear are chains, I was beginning to hate and fear Blachere, so I let myself out At the time, I confess, there wasn't much reasoning about it. It seemed to happen—as you said once—like waking in the sun But I have been made to think about it since then They ask me so often why I did it, and, when I tell them the truth, they won't believe it But you will. If they put me in prison, don't be disappointed or troubled When I put myself in prison, it will be time enough for you to pity me.'"

"Do you understand that?" Courcelet asked when she had finished reading

Certainly Don't you?"

I understand it, of course, with my mind But I don't feel it I don't know what it feels like to be an unattached human being How for example, can a man love and yet not be tied to his love by chains of his own making? Or is this the answer—that we are tied only by our appetites, by what we desire to consume and possess? Is that why men who love God say not only that they are unfettered by their love but that their love is itself freedom? It is an interesting speculation and I suppose the reason for my being unable to discover any answer is precisely that it is to me only a speculation. And to you, Therese?

"Go on talking, she said. "It amuses you and it amuses me."

"Ouvre-lui sa porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu"

On the way home, she called upon Courcelet at the Palais Royal Never before had she thus disturbed him, but he had been out of Paris in January, she had not seen him since his return and to-night, flushed with the sensation of victory though it was to-day that Barbet had gone to prison, she felt that she must at all costs see Courcelet before she slept He would tell her whether she was standing on her head or her heels

He renewed his fire and stood beside it in his dressing gown while she told him what had passed

"What will happen, Philippe? That mob was roused You would have felt it if you had been there Have I done well? Do you say 'Good, Therèse'?"

"You have fought magnificently," he answered "But you have failed"

'Is that failure? To have Paris shouting in the streets?"

"Barbet is in prison '

"Yes, yes, you were right But I too was right The story doesn't end here This is where it begins What will happen now?"

"Poor Thérèse It will peter out I know the mob of Paris They are like champagne, the fizz goes off Poor Barbet"

"It may be 'poor Thérèse' Certainly it isn t poor Barbet' He is worth more than that Oh dear, she said, 'how odd it is! I suppose I am doing all this for myself He doesn t see himself as a persecuted hero or as a visionary or a worker of miracles I have had letters from him you know There was one written a week ago in which he said—listen, I have it here, I carried it about to show you" She took it out and held it to the lamp "He says 'What I am told is happening in Paris surprises me I am very grateful to you, Therèse No one wants to go to prison and in that I am like everyone else But if I do go to prison, it won't *matter* Don't imagine what isn't true My mother, who seemed once to have become free in her mind, has returned to her delusion that to put me into prison is different from putting other men there She has it in her

rulues and of severity against her transgressions which gave her, at the same time, the sensations of being free and of being ruled If she was disobedient where he required obedience of her, he imposed penances which she accepted, perhaps for her own sake, perhaps for his. All this he could understand better than most men, for a part of his mind ran with hers, but that she should be so long content with suppers, drives, conversations and chastity puzzled him They were what he liked, what he needed, what he was capable of, but, aware of their inadequacy to so young a girl, he exercised himself to provide charming compensations It astonished him that they sufficed What was she playing for? Marriage? Or were her own passions becoming quieter?

He determined to ask her, not only because he wanted to know but because he had found that such direct challenges were a whet to conversation, and one evening towards the end of May he went to the Écume and watched her performance with the thought in his mind that, when he and she were alone, he would say Why aren't you bored with me, Therese? Why don't you want younger men? At first she would answer that men of his age pleased her, then that he was a selective connoisseur, then that no one she knew could talk as well as he—all the replies of flattery and convenience, but at last, because she was Therèse she would tell the truth

He went to the Écume alone Was it because he was critical in solitude or because he had heard them so often that her Barbet songs seemed to him to have become stale? The audience was rapturous, but this he was inclined to attribute to her prestige Not to applaud the Despreux was to confess oneself a fool, and certainly he himself applauded—the Petits Chevaux in particular, for in these monologues her voice, her attack, her characterization of the unseen players delighted him, and the old songs—the song of the soldier on the march and the country girl's comment on cities—filled him with warm memories of the early days when she was less famous. But the songs about Barbet—well, satire at the expense of the Government fell flat when the occasion of it was past, and, for him all the songs about Barbet, and not only those composed after his arrest, were, in effect, satire against the Government How deep

Let's not talk of it," she answered. "Here's a May evening and an open carriage. Aren't you glad for once that I work in Montmartre and live in the Île St. Louis?"

He was so glad, so proud to be at her side, that he wished to prolong the evening and urged her to sup out with him She shook her head.

Are you tired, my darling?"

"Tired? No You always ask me if I am *tired* when I don't want to do what you suggest There's supper at home. I want to sup in the window and watch the river"

He acquiesced, and, when they were in her flat, he said "I have no need to be early to-morrow"

"Which means you will stay? Good We can talk at leisure—or not talk, as you please I shall undress before supper Open a bottle meanwhile"

A door between the two rooms stood open She walked to and fro while she undressed. When two glasses of Montrachet had been poured out, she paused at the table to drink

Listen,' he said, 'I have something serious to say"

In these clothes?'

"Why not?

She made her gesture of obedience "What I like about you," she said 'is that you have a sense of the incongruous" She carried her glass with her and lay upon the sofa 'Well, what have I done?"

He told her that, in his opinion, the Barbet songs had had their day

Did the audience think so?"

You have great prestige"

"By which you mean that the applause was a compliment to me? That they are tired of the songs? Now, listen Did they applaud the Barbet songs less than the others or less than the Petits Chevaux? Did they? You see, you are talking nonsense. I will not have you interfering I will not have you interfering with my work. Anything else—yes My work—no'

'You have said that before, Therèse, and have agreed afterwards that my judgment was good"

was Thérèse's interest in him? Why, though the songs should have been long ago out of fashion, did she so evidently put her heart into them? Bless my soul, thought Courcelet, when he let out his prisoners and all France was chattering of it, the joke was good, but hasn't he by now been in prison long enough to be forgotten?

On the way home in her carriage he decided that the moment had not come to speak of what was in his mind She was in no mood to accept criticism She was proud because the fête in the Tuileries gardens, the torchlight processions, the spahis in their great cloaks, had not affected audiences at the Écurie "Nor has the war," she said "By the way, how is the war?"

"What war?"

"Phaleron Bay The Greeks"

"Oh," said he with a smile, 'the Greeks! C'est arrangé là-bas, c'est fini Why did you take all that so seriously, Thérèse? Tonkin, too You were always fussing about Tonkin"

"War's a mess," she answered 'Poor devils When they come back, you give them ribbons And I stay here singing my pieces."

'Have you renewed your contract with Plence?"

"No"

'I thought that was to be done to night"

"He brought it again"

"Well?"

"I didn't sign

"But, my dear Thérèse, surely time is running short Your present contract has only a few days to run I can understand your wanting a break, but he must be allowed to know what your intentions are. If you won t sign for the future, he may engage someone else."

'I have told him he can if he likes. I have told him I mean to take a holiday'

"In June? Certainly But a holiday with a contract at the end of it You can have what salary you like"

"I have told you and I have told him," she exclaimed, turning in her seat, "that it isn't a question of salary I am going to take a holiday without a contract at the end of it"

"But why?"

care whether your ridiculous Government stands or falls. Which are stale?"

How much this swift decision cost her, Courcelet knew, for as she flung her question at him she rose with tears of rebellion in her eyes and thrust past him on her way to the bedroom. To have clung to the songs would have been to obey her sentiment, to reject them was, she now believed, a part of her integrity, and Courcelet was wise enough not to console her. He counted on his fingers the songs that were to be condemned and called their names through the communicating door. She received them in silence.

Out of this silence she asked unexpectedly: "Do you think we outgrow things?"

He tapped out a cigarette just lighted and his expression hardened. "As one grows older—" he began, but before he could continue she was out of the bedroom, her unfastened wrap afloat behind her naked body, and had twined her arms round him.

"I didn't mean that. I didn't mean you. I wasn't talking about that at all. How often am I to tell you that you can do or not do what you please? Come to supper."

"Then what did you mean?" he asked. "Yourself?"

"Myself?" For an instant she was puzzled. "Oh, I haven't outgrown desire, if that's what you're thinking of. I should be a dull mistress if I had. For example I shouldn't have run in with my dressing gown flying, should I?"

"Perhaps you hadn't time to fasten it."

"No, my dear, but just time to unfasten it. Was it a good entrance?"

He was enchanted and took her hand. "What is it, then, that you have outgrown?"

"I'm not sure," she replied, beginning to eat her supper. "Not my appetite anyway. . . . But it was interesting, you know. Six months ago I should have been outrageously proud of having had the will to drop those songs. They'd have been a glorious sacrifice to my divine ambition! 'Nothing personal counts. Nothing personal counts' —it has been a watchword for me. And to-night—oh, it's nonsense.

Chapter 3

HIS SUCCESS IN PERSUADING THÉRÈSE TO DROP many of the songs that she and Templeraud had devised on the subject of Barbet had been enough for Courcelet that evening He had learned that it was unwise to follow up a victory over Thérèse To remind her that she had yielded in anything was to provoke her to recant. After each shaking, her self will must be given time to re-settle.

He had, therefore, surrendered himself to the delights of her company, but three days later, having taken her to drive with him in the Bois, where his friends might enviously remark his privilege, he led the conversation towards the subject of his curiosity, her failure to renew with Plence the contract that would expire to-night, her reluctance to sacrifice the Barbet songs, and her surprising constancy to himself On the evening of the dressing gown—it was by such visual incidents that he labelled his evenings with Therese—he had for a moment cautiously approached the third and the most important of these problems, but she had instantly produced cards and threatened him with piquet. She could scarcely suggest piquet in the Bois and he began again to send out his analytical scouts.

She would say no more of Plence than that she wished her existing contract to lapse before she signed another Why? Because she wanted, for a time at any rate, to be free "As I walk out of the Écurie this evening, I want to be able to say to myself perhaps I shall never come here again"

"A charming pretence," said Courcelet.

"Pretence?"

Surely?"

of course, I'm as ambitious as ever or I shouldn't have consented You have no idea what those songs stood for in my mind I thought I could rouse Paris with them I thought I could *make* the Government let him go But you're right, they are going stale; if I went on with them, they would begin to damage my performance. Very well, I drop them, and Barbet can stay in prison But in there, while I was reaching for this wrap across the foot of the bed, I was suddenly *not* proud of myself I used to feel the hell of a great woman when I was ruthlessly ambitious To night—"

"To be, in your own line, the greatest performer in Paris—isn't that something?"

"Good God," she replied, "of course it is For me—"

"Everything?"

She was silent

"That is what you were going to say?"

She nodded and laid down her knife and fork

"Then why not say it? Isn't it true?"

"Oh yes, it's true,' she answered "For a moment I wished it wasn't That's all"

"But Therese—"

"'For a moment,' I said! Don't argue The moment is past"

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Pretence?"

"Surely?"

"Don't be so sure!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "You will be telling me next that the Despreux is giving up the stage."

"And if I were to say that?"

The question alarmed him. "I should say you were a fool."

"Why a fool? Is it the best of all lives, do you suppose, to be a singer in café concert?"

"For you, yes. It is the life you have chosen. It is the life to which you have trained yourself. What is *more*—*you can do it* better than anyone else. I know, my dear," he added more gently, "that from time to time everyone, whatever his profession, grows tired of it, but—"

"'Tired! Tired!' Every man has a word of his own. Even Barbet had. 'To-morrow!' was his word until I taught him '*to-day*.' Your word is 'tired.' I'm not tired. Why can't I be free even for a few weeks? I want to feel that, if I want to, I can go on a voyage. I don't say I'm going to. I want to feel I *can*!"

"Very well," said Courcelet, "as long as you don't. I dare say that sometimes the routine of your life is tedious to you—"

"It's not tedious!" she exclaimed. "Tired! Tedious! What words!"

"I dare say," he persisted with irritated patience, "that sometimes your life is tedious to you. No doubt you have dreams of becoming something altogether different. We all do. I imagine that some day I shall give up politics and write history—history was my *passion when I was a young man*—but I *shan't*. Why? Not because the man inside me is changed. Not because I love history less. But just as the way one lives marks the face, so it marks the mind and harnesses the will."

"You mean that no voyages are possible?"

"Voyages?"

To avoid the question, she slipped her hand into his arm.

"I'm *sorry*," she said. "I snapped at you."

He patted her glove. "There's a penance for that."

"I know."

"But this time," he continued, "the penance isn't what you think."

"What is it, then?"

"To continue our conversation where you broke it off. What did you mean by 'voyages'?"

"I wonder whether I can tell you that," she answered, "—tell it, I mean, in a way you would understand? A 'voyage'—it's not my word, you know, it's Barbet's—a 'voyage' is—"

"Escape?" he prompted.

"No. That's what people always say. Was Columbus 'escaping'?"

"Ah, so you're going to discover a new world?"

"Why not?"

"Because the only voyage to a new world that would suit you, Thérèse, is a tour in New York. You are almost famous enough."

She was stung by the "almost." "I have already been offered that!"

"Have you? Wasn't the salary high enough?"

"Why do you think that's all I care for? Why *should* you think it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not accusing you of being mercenary. I say only that you are a professional actress. If you imagine you can be anything else, you are deluding yourself—that's all. Marie Antoinette playing at being a milkmaid."

"You are wrong," she said. "You think you are right because I play my part so well. I had no heaven-sent vocation for the stage, but I was alive, I had talent, I wasn't going to rot in Roussignac all my life or sell hats in Angoulême. I had to get *out*—and the stage was my way out. First I put up my own stage in the garden of the Cheval Pie, then I climbed on to it, and *after that* I invented the heaven-sent vocation. Do you understand that?"

"But—'voyages'?" said Courcelet. "You're wandering from the point."

"I'm not. I'm coming to it. I hypnotized myself; you have to, if you're going to the top." She turned on him. "That's where

you fail, my poor Philippe You didn't hypnotize yourself, still you are partly a historian, partly a connoisseur, always slightly despising your own job, that's why you are not president du conseil That's no good to me Whatever the council is, I'll be president of it That means *self hypnotism* People of my sort are like a chicken with its nose on a line of chalk, so was Bonaparte, so was Balzac You look about you and criticize the landscape, you don't get anywhere, we do We stay on the track and we're happy as long as we keep our noses down, but if we look up—"

"Doesn't the landscape please you?"

"That may be," she answered "*But the spell is broken The hypnotism doesn't work any more. If* we look up, we see the white *line as what it is*—a track, an obsession Then one of two things happens A giant—Balzac—goes on, he substitutes a deliberate, undeluded will for the obsession, and he goes on That is a great artist I'm not that I can go on, probably I shall, and I shan't despise my job—I shan't be *tired* of it, it won't be tedious to me, you can get that out of your head—but I shan't be hypnotized any more, I shall never be able to re hypnotize *myself as* Balzac *did*—as the giants *always do when they come up from the chalk line But there's one other thing I might do I might break* away from the chalk *line altogether* That's the meaning of a voyage—not to be earth bound, not to be stage-bound or money-bound, not to be *bound* to anything"

"My dear, everyone thinks at one time or another that they could buy salvation for the price of a ticket to Tahiti Unfortunately, when they get there, the same soul comes out of their valise"

"Look," she said, "I want you to understand this I really want you to understand it I'm not a vague dreamer I'm a professional actress I know that as well as you But *I am by one degree more realistic than you are, and I'm not stage struck any more* It was a drug, I'm cured of it—*as* a drug, that's all *I can do without it* There have always been other ways in which *I might have lived* but I'd forgotten it Now I know it again My nose is up *from the* chalk line That's what a voyage is And don't imagine that *I am* not capable of it."

"Dear Therèse, you are capable of anything—but not, I think, alone?"

"By which you mean?"

"Only that the companion of your voyage will have the devil of a time when you grow tired of it. Have you thought of that? One ought not to share one's St. Helena."

"Oh," she said with a sigh, "you know how to be cruel, don't you?"

The horses were being rested in the shade. Nothing pleased Courcelet better than to sit with Therese in a carriage drawn up by the roadside so that all who passed might see him on his throne. To be still, to be near her, to draw off his gloves, and feel the warmth of the carriage-cushion under his hand, to smell the leather and the horses, to hear wheels bowling past him and see the glitter of their spokes, filled him with a sense of well being, for he was afraid of death, of its cold exile—as he understood it—from the pleasures of a connoisseur, and often would sit still for a long time, thinking only I am alive. I am still alive. And Therese filled him not only with a sense of life but with a sense of power. A docile woman bored him. A reserved, aristocratic woman appealed, if at all, only to his intellect. Therese was wilful, intractable, like a vicious mare, but she played her game by the rules understood between them. In the last resort, he was master. She would die in argument rather than surrender her opinion, but, commanded, she would obey, and now, though she was silent, neglecting his question, he was content to warm himself in the enchanting miracle of her known obedience. If he said Therese, I want to drive home alone, she would make her little gesture of acquiescence—an outward movement of her palm—and leave the carriage.

Instead, he ordered the coachman to drive on and watched the sway of her body at the jerk of the traces. The horses' pace was quickened. Trees and grass and little knots of people flashed past. Therese leaned forward, then swung round in her seat, having recognized a friend.

"Stop," she cried, "stop," and raised herself, perilously swaying

The carriage drew up "I'll get *out* Wait for me here No, no, I should never catch up Turn the horses Drive slowly back"

But all her vigilance could not re-discover the figure she had recognized

"Very well," she said at last "It's hopeless. Drive on again"

After a little while she looked at Courcelet "Don't you want to know who it was I saw?"

"Not if it's another abandoned lover produced from the sleeve of your inexhaustible memory"

"My poor Philippe! The sleeve's empty *I've told you about them all*"

"Good"

"This wasn't a lover It wasn't even a man It was an old woman I thought she was Madame Vincent"

"Vincent?"

"I have told you about her Quotations run in her head *Anyhow*, they did, though I'm told she's less sure of them nowadays. You remember? A friend of Madame Hazard"

Courcelet, to whom Victor's name was familiar in his list of agents and who had long known that Madame Hazard had come up from Roussignac, thought swiftly

"It's not impossible," he admitted "Madame Hazard is in Paris, of course"

"*She* is in Paris! How do you know?"

"I *know everything* I supposed that you did In fact, she has been bothering everyone who's fool enough to see her She's mad, I believe—or near enough"

"In what way?"

"A saint has been imprisoned She is the mother of the saint But interesting I saw her myself as a matter of curiosity She says that the Republic will fall, that the Emperor will return—though whether it's to be the first or only Napoleon le Petit seems not to matter, and whether he is coming back to rescue her son or deliver the vines from the phylloxera she seems not to know Anyhow she swears that the only way to save the Republic is to let Barbet loose."

"My God," said Therese, "I believe that even I have more heart than you. What did you do—laugh at her?"

"I was extremely courteous."

"I have no doubt you were. And where is she now?"

"That I don't know"

'Of course you do—or can find out."

"She came first to the Hôtel Bagnolet, but moved into the suburbs. I will have inquiries made if you wish it"

Why didn't you tell me of this before?"

'My dear Therese, if you will forgive me for saying so, I have heard enough of the precious Barbet without going out of my way to remind you of him. You have dramatized the whole thing Men have been to prison before."

"That's not the point."

'What is the point, then? You're not in love with him?"

After a momentary hesitation, she replied "No. I'm not *in love* with anyone And that, perhaps, is the answer to the question which is always in your mind—that explains the chastity which you find so astonishing It has always been my habit to be in love with someone and—"

"A cheapening of the great passion, the romantics would say," Courcelet put in

'I am not speaking of 'the great passion' I didn't say it was my habit to love someone but to be in love with someone"

'Is there a difference, except of phrase? I thought you were a realist, Therese, not a metaphysician Very well, I accept your distinction for the purposes of argument"

'I am not arguing," she replied "I am telling you You asked whether I was in love with Barbet—"

"Very well, I amend my question Do you love him?"

"That is a question I won't ask myself for your entertainment"

"Then I will ask another question Are you still my mistress?"

'Have I yet refused you? Until this afternoon you have never bored me. And you are not exacting, my dear Philippe"

"Until this afternoon, you have never insulted me"

"If that is what you think, you can punish me," she said. "That will be a consolation. But perhaps not? I had better ask you a question: am I your mistress still?"

He nodded as he did when a waiter submitted a dish for his approval before serving it.

"Then you will get me Madame Hazard's address?"

"Certainly."

"It is remarkable," she said, "how well we understand each other —you and I. I wonder sometimes whether we shall ever be able to part. Nothing is so important as to be able to quarrel with lucidity."

That evening, her last at the Écurie, she shook her head again at Plence's offer of another contract, and, refusing all escort, looked forward to driving home alone. At the door, as she was about to enter her carriage, she saw, among the crowd on the pavement, Madame Vincent's face. She halted and asked those who were pressing upon her to make way. Madame Vincent was evidently exhausted and her mantle crushed by the pressure of the crowd. Thérèse took her hand.

"I will drive you home. We can talk in the carriage."

The old lady had expected a long country welcome as though they were meeting ouside the Lion Rouge in Roussignac, but she understood what was required of her and at once behaved as if to drive away from the Écurie in the Despreux's carriage were, for her, a habit—certainly a right. She sat erect in her place and composed her long, heavy features in an expression of authority. When the wheels began to turn and the throng on the pavement to wave and shout good night, she shared in Thérèse's acknowledgments, raising her left shoulder, tucking her jaw-bone into it, and tilting her head sideways like a gaunt bird.

"Tell me," said Thérèse, "where is Madame Hazard?"

But Madame Vincent had a story to tell and would tell it in her own way.

"At Vanves," she replied and, before she could be interrupted: "I saw you in the Bois, Thérèse."

"I saw you. At least I thought I did. But when I turned the carriage, there wasn't a sign. Where had you gone?"

Madame Vincent had concealed herself. "I was at the kiosk, but I kept my back turned" She admitted it with rigid solemnity; then paraded her reasons in order In the first place, Thérèse had not been alone, in the second—and this was sternly said—the old gentleman in the carriage had seemed to be of the type which—"well," said Madame Vincent, "we will pass over that—not a type sympathetic to me, shall we say? And in any case—"

"What?" Thérese prompted

"You must understand" [illegible]

[illegible] quette and I have been in Paris some [illegible] but she has been very strange, it is, she says, her siege, in time, she says, the walls will fall down What walls I can never be sure—perhaps of Paris, perhaps of Barbet's prison, perhaps of Jericho. She has worn herself out, seeing people, sitting in waiting-rooms, standing on doorsteps. But always she has said 'Whatever we do, we must not go to Therese Despreux Barbet would be angry Barbet would not allow us to interfere with her life' That is why I turned my back this afternoon But this evening I came."

"I'm glad. You saw the show?"

That this question was as necessary to an actress as the breath she breathed did not appear to Madame Vincent

"I waited on the pavement," she said

"But why?"

"The entertainment would not have interested me"

"I'm sorry," said Therese, who admired so much plainness 'But you are a woman of the world? You don't disapprove?"

"That," said Madame Vincent, "is not the point Poor Chouquette—"

"How is Madame Hazard?"

"That," said Madame Vincent, "is the point She has taken it into her silly head to die. She is, in consequence, dying All nonsense, of course. She was never a reasonable woman I am very fond of her, you understand"

Only the profound earnestness, the abrupt emotion, with which these words were spoken prevented Therèse from laughing at them Like Courcelet, she had delight in the incongruous and it pleased her to watch a black bonnet shake its ribbons against the street lamps where his silk hat might have been

"Where are we going?" Madame Vincent demanded, looking about her in sudden alarm

"The Île St Louis I live there"

"But I am staying at Vanves"

"You can't possibly go to Vanves to-night Do you know what time it is? You must stay with me to-night We will go to Vanves in the morning"

Therèse felt her companion stiffen to resistance 'But—" she began

"You had better allow me to take charge, dear Madame Vincent I think you have done enough for to day There is some supper at home You can tell me everything then"

For a moment the warrior contemplated battle for her independence, her forearm became rigid, then, feeling Therese's fingers interlaced with her own, she tightened her grip as children do when they are on the verge of tears, and said

"You are kind, Therese Despreux I didn't know you could be so kind Yes, I have been on my feet all day Oh dear!'

Her body relaxed She leaned back against the cushion A gleam on her cheek told Thérèse that her tears were falling

"You have a very comfortable carriage," she said "Is it your own or hired?"

"My own"

They drove on

"Oh dear," she said, "what will they think—the Verviers—if I don't return to-night?'

Thérese did not ask who the Verviers might be She was afraid the old lady might faint and looked into her face anxiously

"I will explain everything to the Verviers. Don't trouble about anything at all'

"But you have a spare room?" Madame Vincent demanded.

"No," said Therese, "I haven't, but I have a very large bed. It is called Castor and Pollux."

Suddenly Madame Vincent burst out laughing "I am a large woman," she said and laughed no more

As the carriage stopped, Therese was hoping that Courcelet might use his key that evening and find Madame Vincent on his pillow

"Red Riding Hood," she said

'Why Red Riding Hood?' asked Madame Vincent.

'I'm afraid there are several flights of stairs," said Thérèse. "Give me your arm"

At supper, Madame Vincent came to life. She was so interested in the management of Therese's small household that, until her curiosity was satisfied, she could not speak consecutively of Roussignac. She wanted to know at what time the maid, who had evidently laid the supper, went away, at what hour of the morning she returned and what wages she demanded. Why was there supper laid for two?

"There's always supper for two" Therèse answered, "in case I bring someone back After a performance I'm never sleepy I like to talk

'And if you bring no one, supper is wasted?"

There was much else that Madame Vincent wished to know Why, for example was the bed called Castor and Pollux? "Because, said Therese, it is shaped like a swan," and Madame Vincent pursed her lips sceptically over the story of Leda and the father of the gods

"Well' she said "I shouldn't have thought it practicable."

'You wait until you get into it," Therese exclaimed "It's the most practicable bed in the world, and the wings keep out the draught'

I didn t mean the bed," said Madame Vincent. 'I meant the story"

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"I will explain everything to the Verviers. Don't trouble about anything at all."

"I understand that," said Therèse. "I ran away from Angoulême."

Madame Vincent shrugged her shoulders. "But you can't run away from facts. He went on drawing the money. It's true he put it in the poor box, half in the pastor's and half in the curé's, but that didn't help him. 'That's a pretty thing,' they said, 'to be charitable with the State's money. What credit do you take for that?' 'None,' said Barbet. 'Then what have you to say?' 'Nothing,' said Barbet. 'But we understood that you were a saint? We understood that you performed miracles? Probably you wish to reform the world?' 'No,' said Barbet. 'Then you are content with the world?' 'No,' said Barbet. 'Then why do you not wish to reform it?' They were trying," Madame Vincent added, "or at any rate Victor says that they were trying, to prove that Barbet was subversive, that he was revolutionary. The next question they asked him was: did he know that songs were being sung about him in Paris?"

"My songs. What did he say?"

"He said yes."

"No more?"

"They asked whether he had arranged that these songs should be sung, whether he had friends in Paris, why he went to Paris regularly. To sell cognac, he said. Oh, he answered all their questions quite simply. But they weren't clever answers. He seemed not to know they were trying to confuse him."

"If he were burned at the stake," said Therese, "it wouldn't occur to him that the executioner wished to burn him. Do you despise him, Madame Vincent?"

"No."

"You did once."

"That is true. I like a man to defend himself."

"And he didn't?"

"No, certainly he didn't. Oh, I don't know what it is. I don't easily change my opinions. But, do you know, at the trial, I kept thinking of what Barbet's mother used to say of him when he was a boy. 'You can't get *at* him,' she used to say. 'He's a good

At last, propped against the quilted satin of the swan's neck, she gave Therese her version of Barbet's trial and sentence and of the events that had followed it

'The world, you see, my dear Therese, isn't as *simple* as men like Barbet suppose"

Again and again they had asked him why he let the prisoners out and he had always given the same reply that it had seemed wrong for him to keep them shut up But didn't he know the law? —yes Didn't he respect the law?—yes Did he *suggest* that all prisons should be thrown open and all punishment cease? He had answered that he suggested nothing at all He wasn t a ruler or a judge He had no power to open other prisons, but he could open his own, and he did

Then they had examined him about the money for the prisoners' upkeep He said it hadn't entered his mind that he would have to continue to draw it After the prisoners were gone he had seen that, if he ceased to draw the money, inquiries would be made *before* they had had time to go to ground They would all have been recaptured As it was, only one had been The Court had been puzzled But hadn't he known that sooner or later the secret must come out?—yes And he had been prepared to take the consequences?—he hadn't looked ahead to the consequences But that was absurd Everyone looked ahead Everyone ought to look ahead

At this point in her narrative Madame Vincent drew up her knees under the bedclothes and shook her finger at Thérèse

'Sometimes,' she continued Barbet is as foolish as his mother To answer as he did isn t the way to get on with men of the world He made them angry I don t agree he said His mother is like that 'I don't agree,' she says and you can get no more sense out of her 'What do you mean—you don t agree? they asked I mean,' said Barbet, 'that for some people—anyhow for me, I can t speak for others—the only way to do a thing is to stop arguing about it If I hadn't argued and looked ahead, I should have done this long ago Well, I stopped arguing and did it' '

her face. She tried to lift her head from the pillow but she could only turn it—first to the left, then to the right—looking at the room. 'Still at theVerniers,' she said, as though she expected to be at the gates of Paradise."

Madame Vincent stared at Thérèse. "Do you understand?" she demanded. "That is why I came to you Chouquette means to go through that door as she went through the others. It was as if she had taken a ticket to heaven and come back to the place she started from. 'Still at the Verniers,' she said"

"But listen," Thérèse answered, "if you remind her that Barbet is still in prison—"

"No,' said Madame Vincent, "I have tried that. I have even said· 'My dear Chouquette, you have not yet been to the Élysée.' 'The Élysee,' she answered 'It is not necessary. The Emperor has signed the order of release' And she has made up her mind to die—and die she will." Madame Vincent was examining the embroidery of Therese's sheets. "I am," she said, nodding sleepily, "at the end of my resources But perhaps in the morning we shall know what to do Tell me again, I have forgotten the story of Leda. A swan, I know—but did you say an eagle?"

"It was Venus who became an eagle," Therèse explained "Leda was a woman, dear Madame Vincent"

"Oh fiddlesticks," replied Madame Vincent, "the whole thing is impracticable. You yourself told me she laid an egg"

boy and he's not a fool But he does foolish things,' she said, 'a it's no good arguing, it's no good punishing He doesn t compl: or struggle or defend himself, but you can't reach him, you ca: get at him, you—' There," Madame Vincent went on after a pau "it's very odd, but I didn't even feel sorry for him at the trial I was perfectly happy He didn't need defending When it was ov and he was given a chance to make a few arrangements before goi to prison, he said to Victor 'Well, Anton has the property Ever thing is settled' Victor couldn't help asking 'What shall you c when you come out?' and Barbet laughed and said 'At the momer Victor, I haven't an idea Would Hazard and Vincent give me a jo as a cooper if I asked for it?' But Victor says he wasn t really askin a question He didn't wait for an answer He sent a message t his mother that she was to live quietly as if he were there Then h went away And of course," Madame Vincent added, 'she hasn lived quietly After a time, she went off to Paris by herself and n one could stop her In the end I came up—not before it was time She'd have been in prison herself in another day She always was silly woman I can manage her better than most but even I couldn stop her going where she meant to go and seeing the people she mean to see The extraordinary thing is that they let her in But they did In the end, she got through any door she chose 'There,' she said 'you see, my dear Emilie, I'm not as mad as you think' I went with her If I hadn't been there for them to wink at—well, no matter What I was afraid of was that she might think of the Élysée And one day she did To morrow,' she said, we go to the Élysée That will be the end That will be the end The President will grant a pardon You mark my words that will be the end But that night, in the house of those skinflint cousins at Vanves, she began to shiver Her face was burning and her feet like ice. We put her to bed and kept her there, but all through the fever she was at the Élysée or the Tuileries She led us a pretty dance through history Any President would do—Thiers, Grevy, anyone you please, and if it wasn t a President, it was Napoleon III, and if it wasn t Napoléon III it was Napoleon I I thought she would die but she didn t And do you know she was disappointed, as though a door had been slammed in

"You mean—in death?"

"I mean in life. He thinks the door is shut, but it is open."

"Who thinks the door is shut?"

"Barbet," said Madame Hazard. "It is raining outside. I can see it sliding on the leaves. I think I could sleep now for a little while."

During the days that followed, of which she spent a great part at Vanves, Thérèse was at first glad that her contract with Plence had not been renewed. Since she had become celebrated, intervals between her engagements had been few and short, and on each occasion to be in Paris and not to work had been for her a kind of desolation; as the time approached at which she would have gone on to the stage, she had begun to ache and be frightened, and no book, no company, no diversion had appeased in her the hunger for an audience; but now she did not feel this hunger, the planes of her reality shifted: she no longer thought of the Écurie as her real life and was able even to forget that she was an actress.

On Tuesday evening, about seven o'clock, she left Madame Hazard's room and came into the little garden or courtyard that lay in front of the Verviers' house. It was a square patch of gravel and evergreens, divided by a palisade of ornamental sheet iron and a gate from the footpath up which she must walk to her carriage. Monsieur Verviers had returned from his desk at the Credit Lyonnais; he had hung his bowler hat and his jacket on a branch and was smoothing the gravel with a wooden rake. His wife, a close-eyed, aquiline woman with a bodice that held her arms always a few inches from her sides and gave her the appearance of having been stuffed, was watching him in silence. They had at first been suspicious of Therese but were no longer. She had pleased Monsieur Verviers by asking him questions about finance, which made him feel that he was more than a bank clerk; she had discovered that Madame Verviers, in her youth, had, like herself, worked at a milliner's and their discussions had been ardently professional; and she had made them laugh. For years they had found nothing in particular to say to each other, and to laugh together was a relief in

Chapter 4

NEXT MORNING, THE LAST SUNDAY OF MAY, Therèse drove out to Vanves and stayed long with Madame Hazard, less in deliberate kindness than because the old lady, drawing near to death, had acquired so strong a resemblance to her son that Thérese was fascinated by it In watching her, she began to understand that Madame Vincent had been wrong in supposing her to be mad and in believing that she was arrogantly or foolishly knocking on the door of death Sometimes a cloud of delirium passed over Madame Hazard's mind and she spoke of the first Napoleon as if she had been in his presence, but what had appeared to Madame Vincent as madness was only an extreme simplification of life, something child-like in the sense of being faithful and penetrating, a reliance upon nature and upon a goodness inherent in it Madame Hazard had, indeed, been what Madame Vincent called "a silly woman," fussy, bubbling over, given to agitations, but these were gone from her now, the dross was gone, she neither clung to life nor clamoured for death, their continuity having appeared to her The "silly woman," even the vain and pretty girl she had been once, could still speak with her lips, but there was within her a tranquil because an accepting spirit

She could no longer be surprised and did not ask how it had come about that Therèse Despreux was at her bedside "Barbet," she said, "will be glad to find you when he comes" Later she said 'I remember I thought you had a wicked face But he was right I see now" And in the late afternoon, when fine rain had begun to drop from the rail of her little balcony, and the white of her hair and of her pillow to shine in the premature dusk, she said "After all, there is nothing to be afraid of"

"You mean—in death?"

"I mean in life. He thinks the door is shut, but it is open."

"Who thinks the door is shut?"

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their long matrimonial silence When Thérèse came from the house, they were, with reserve, glad to see her.

"And how is the patient?"

"No worse"

"So the doctor said this morning."

"But I wanted to ask you, monsieur You are her cousin and—"

"Her second cousin"

"You are her second cousin and I of course am not related Nor is Madame Vincent if it comes to that Neither of us has any authority It is for you to decide, but we thought that the people at Roussignac—"

"By all means By all means send for them," said Monsieur Verviers "A wise precaution, I'm sure How many will there be?"

"Anton certainly and Bette, I suppose She would never miss a funeral And Victor—Madame Vincent's son—he won't let Anton out of his sight for long Perhaps Renee, if Pierre lets her come Pierre will have to stay to look after the Maison Hazard"

"A married couple, then," said Madame Verviers, reckoning on her fingers "They could have the back room on the same terms The others we could lodge with the neighbours"

"If I sent a telegram as I go—"

"As urgent as that?" Monsieur Verviers interrupted "Is it necessary to waste a telegram?"

"At my own expense"

"Ah, I see Well, living as we do, I suppose we don't understand the ways of the stage" Monsieur Verviers set to work again with this rake "A telegram—yes A different life. A different life altogether"

Thérèse smiled, but suddenly the planes of her reality shifted again I suppose the truth is, she thought, that I am capable of playing any part—even the part of a woman who has ceased to be an actress Sitting in Madame Hazard's room, I play the part appropriate to that room and that company, and thinking of her and Barbet and the life at Roussignac I hoodwink myself into believing that the Écurie isn't my real life after all—just because for a couple of days I haven't hankered after it. It's a kind of romantic vanity,

I suppose. Philippe was probably right: "Just as the way one lives marks the face, so it marks the mind and harnesses the will"

Although Parliament was sitting, Courcelet had arranged to go out of Paris for a wedding in the neighbourhood of Tours On Wednesday Therèse had luncheon with him before he took his afternoon train He would be away, he said, three or four days, and she was careful not to ask him to be more precise. It was his habit to give no account of his movements. He had her keys, he liked to use them unexpectedly, and she was content that he should enjoy his privilege—the more content because she had no impulse to deceive him At luncheon she enjoyed his company as she always did, for he could listen as well as he could talk, and there was nothing she could tell of the Verviers that did not interest him He appeared to regard them as sociological specimens He wanted to know what they said of politics, what clothes they wore, what newspapers they read, and she phrased her account to entertain him From the subject of Madame Hazard he slid away, for to die was to him a solecism that it was embarrassing to discuss. He played with the bread beside his plate, he tapped his glass with his finger-nail and Therese said to herself Now what is it that he has on his mind? what plot is he hatching? He said "yes . yes" distractedly, turning his head away from the new earnestness in Thérèse—always turning away until she repeated Madame Hazard's words "He thinks the door is shut, but it is open" Then he swung round His eyes lighted with curiosity, as though the words had some special significance for him

"Say that again"

Therese said it again

"Did you ask what she meant?"

"I asked who?"

"Well? What did she answer?"

"Her mind was wandering"

"What did she answer?"

"Something about Barbet and the trees."

"Do you remember her words?"

Therèse laughed Why should I?"

"You have a memory What did she say? What, precisely, did she say?"

"I said 'Who thinks the door is shut?' She said 'Barbet'—but I doubt whether she was answering me She was just thinking about him Then she said. 'It's raining outside I can see it sliding off the leaves'"

"Could *you* see it?"

"What?"

"The rain You said it was becoming dusk She's an old woman Is her eyesight as good as that?"

"I don't know I suppose so Are you mad, Philippe? What on earth has all this to do with you?"

"Did you see the leaves yourself?" he persisted

"I didn't look"

"Try to remember, Thérèse Was there in fact any tree within sight of her pillow?"

"Possibly not There are trees in the Verviers' garden but—what are you getting at? Have you turned into a policeman?"

"Tell me," he said, "one thing more What time was this?"

"About six"

"After or before?"

"After six And now," she said, "will you tell me what all this is about?"

He would not Though she went to the station with him, he did not return to the subject

On Thursday, Thérèse found Anton, Bette and Victor in possession at Vanves She was allowed to visit Madame Hazard but not to stay in her room Bette considered her coming impudent and her presence a contamination When Madame Vincent said that Thérèse had been kind and that Madame Hazard liked to have her in the room, a battle of words began between the two women, and Madame Vincent, a sturdy fighter not given to surrender, quailed and yielded She became inwardly ashamed of having brought into the house an actress whom Bette still thought of as the tart from Angoulême, and Thérèse, when she understood this, lost courage She went into the

patch of garden in front of the house and stood there on the gravel, wondering what would become of her when the years of her celebrity were done. Except among people of the theatre, she was an alien, all others, whether like Bette they were censorious or like Courcelet of a freer class and temper, considered her to be different in kind from themselves, to be scorned, played with, tolerated, desired, even worshipped, but always with the reserve that she was alien among them. They would not trust her beyond the entertainment she gave She tried to believe that this was because she was an actress or because she had had lovers, but the world had accepted actresses and wantons as it would never accept her, and she remembered that Courcelet had said "You ruin yourself by talk. It's not even that you have been wanton, my dear Therese, a woman can grow out of that, but you have used your wantonness as an advertisement It is a placard that wrinkles on the wall"

She drove away from Vanves in a rage of melancholy Perhaps that's true only of Paris, she thought If I gave up the stage and went away, I m still young enough to—but she saw her life of the theatre as a prison to which she had become accustomed "H thinks the door is shut, but it is open" And if I went out, what then Do I want the life of the Verviers? Now, when I get home, wha then? I wish to God I had renewed Plence's contract I wish I ha a theatre to go to I could sing to-night I could cut them to piec and send them out gaping and squalling She had made no engag ment for that evening and leaned forward with the intention telling the coachman to drive—but she could think of no one who she wished to see and fell back again in her seat At her flat was note from Templeraud asking her to go with him on Saturday the Battle of Flowers in the Tuileries, and suggesting that afterwa they should dine together With a wry smile, she returned it to envelope. Since she and he had ceased to be lovers, she had lear to look back upon her suffering at that time with an iron indiffere as though it were the suffering of another woman with whom intimacy had been lost Templeraud and she had met seldom exc to work and always under the constraint of a friendship delibera preserved And now what does he want? she thought To be

about with me—or more? She shrugged her shoulders She had no longer any desire for Templeraud, but—it would do Courcelet good, if he returned, to learn that the placard wasn't yet wrinkled on the wall

This mood of reckless defiance, which in the past had served as her answer to all the rebuffs of the world, could not be preserved. She struggled to preserve it, it had been an escape from thought, a form of intoxication, but now, in spite of herself, she no longer wished to "go out and get drunk" and the notion of reverting to an old lover bored her A new one, then? But what new lover would sit up in bed next morning and while drinking his coffee, watch the sparrows pecking at the window boxes, and make her laugh with stories of Roussignac, and suddenly take her breath away by saying "Do you know, Therese, I suppose we are as unsuitable a pair as ever woke on the same pillow, and yet whenever we are together it seems to me always the most natural thing in the world" She had laughed then and slid her hand under his and shaken her head at the impossible, but nothing ever said to her, no praise, no swearing of love, had so warmed her heart or given her such enduring happiness. It was an inward happiness which, without reversing the theory of her life, had changed its practice Not her morals but her tastes were altered What s the matter with me, she said to herself, is that I'm not a tramp any more

Because she had promised, she went with Templéraud to the Battle of Flowers. The wheels of her carriage and her sunshade were garlanded, and from a great basket at their feet she and Templeraud replied with handfuls of flowers to bombardments by friends and strangers, but rain spoiled the festival, the military bands were driven into a marquee, men in silk hats turned up their trousers above their ankles, splashed through the puddles and threw wet flowers from inverted umbrellas used as baskets Small boys did a new trade in picking flowers out of the mud, holding them under jets of water and selling them again She found that even the bitterness she had once felt and controlled in Templeraud's company was

gone, and could remember without a pang—as an actress may remember the genuine emotion of last season's play—that she had once discussed with the young man at her side the romantic pleasures of their taking a house together Thinking of Barbet and of his continuity in her life, she said amiably to Templeraud "I wonder who is living in the house we might have taken in Burgundy?" To be able to say this gave her the satisfaction there is in writing an epitaph.

After less than an hour, she ordered her carriage to drive home, shook off her companion, changed and sat down to neglected letters. Even Madame Vincent's news that Madame Hazard was sinking failed to stir her "I think she cannot live more than three or four days," Madame Vincent wrote "Come if you can on Monday afternoon or evening If she is no worse, Anton and Bette will be away then, perhaps Victor, too It seems that the vines at the Maison Hazard have been attacked by the phylloxera They are to have a meeting with a lawyer (they have had two already) to discover, I think, whether there isn t some way out of Anton's purchase of the property from Barbet They want to suggest that he knew before he went to prison, they say *he* told them the vines were free of disease—in other words that he cheated them. Not that they say much to me Bette tells me nothing, Victor little. He says that they haven t a legal leg to stand on, he wants them to keep away from lawyers and take their chance that Barbet himself may think it unfair to hold them to their bargain Oh dear! Oh dear! what bitterness! I believe it wasn t so much poor Chouquette as this phylloxera that brought them to Paris I said as much to Bette. She has become a hard woman 'Two birds with one stone,' was all she said When I think of her as a little girl—I used to be angry with her then for being so soft! People change in that way, women more than men What she says they want is permission to visit Barbet. The man who can give permission, or obtain it, is Monsieur de Courcelet Victor knows him or says he does, but at the Ministry of the Interior they say that Courcelet is out of Paris—back on Saturday night, perhaps Monday You, dear Thérese, will know the truth of that?

I didn't mention our meeting in the Bois, though Victor, of course, knows already that you have influence in that quarter. But you needn't worry. Victor would come to you but Bette won't allow it. I said that I thought your advice might be useful. But I'm getting old. Bette and Victor are no longer my children. They don't listen to me any more. Come on Monday. Chouquette spoke of you on Thursday and I shall be glad to see you. Do you know that Chouquette said to me only an hour ago that she would like a game of piquet? I had even to get out the cards, but when they were there she didn't notice them. She had forgotten. That's how it is. Come on Monday, if you can."

Thérèse looked at her calendar. Monday, then—the day after to morrow—and she wrote "Vanves." Her clock said that before long Templéraud would return to take her out to dinner. If he wished to be her lover or supposed that she wished it, their evening would be spoiled. But after all, she thought, as she began to dress, there's always a good chance that he feels as I do.

When he came, she said: "Tell me, do you feel as I do?"

"About what, Therèse?"

"*Us*."

He hesitated, smiling. "I expect you have fallen in love," he said. "Annette and I are together again."

"That's all right," she said, "now we can dine comfortably. Whether for peace of mind or for the pleasures of anticipation, it's always best to know at the beginning of an evening where one will drink one's last cognac."

"You are an astonishing person, Thérèse. What were you afraid of?"

"Only," she said, "that we might go to bed together out of politeness. I did that once. So did he."

"And wasn't it a success?"

"In fact," she said, "it was."

"Why, then," he asked, "what happened?" and he put her cloak over her shoulders.

"The sparrows," she answered, "would eat the flowers in my window-boxes."

'Good," said Templeraud; "couldn't we make a song of that?'

'No, we couldn t," said Therese. "Is it still raining?"

Late that night, she was reading in her window-seat Templeraud, who had been a good companion at dinner, had come in for a last cigarette with her and had been gone more than an hour Supper for two was on the table, but the silver covers had not been moved from the dishes and the cork was undrawn.

She laid down her book and said to herself I suppose I have gone mad, but it is true I love Barbet Since that night—no, long before that—since the day I went to sleep in the sunshine at St. Cloud, before that—since the evening when I saved his life, the evening of my albatross. And I d rather be at Vernon with him to-morrow than in any other place with any other human being on earth

The river was gleaming under her She leaned from her window and stroked the damp stone of the sill The idea entered her mind that Barbet was in the room behind her For that reason, she dared not turn, but continued to watch the Seine, and the figures of two men approaching each other on the bridge When they had passed and were out of sight she withdrew from the window The clock on the mantelpiece began to chime

There was a knock at the outer door Courcelet had forgotten his key For a long time she had been silent, and now did not move Unless he had searched for her light as he left his cab, he could have no certainty that she was in But he might look up at the window of the sitting room as he went away She blew out the candles and stood in darkness

He knocked again and because she was resolved not to admit him she stayed in mid floor, trying to smile at the trick she was playing him, but her mouth remained shut, her arms were stiff at her sides and the muscles of her flanks were so tautened that her legs began to tremble A third knocking was followed by a shuffle of footsteps in withdrawal and they were not Courcelet's footsteps. She wished in an agony to move and could not, then, with a little cry of intaken breath moved to call back, before he was gone, this

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At last she said "Have they released you, Barbet?"

"No, I walked out"

"Then you may be recaptured? You may be taken back?"

'I suppose so But I don't think that will happen" He put down the grapes and held out his coffee cup to be refilled "You see, it all came about in this way The warder comes round the cells at regular times. That evening—"

"Was it on Tuesday?"

He counted with the fingers of one hand on his knee "One night in the open, then the barn, then a railway truck—yes, the next was last night—four I suppose it was Tuesday It seems a long time ago"

'Was it at six o'clock? Soon after six?'

He nodded without surprise 'Afterwards, in the square, the clock said a quarter to seven I was on my way then"

Before continuing his story, he put out his hand and touched her shoulder, as though the contact were necessary to establish in his mind a distinction between actual and remembered experience. "The warder went out and shut the door,' he said. "Between then and lights-out isn t an easy time It's the longest part of the day As I walked round the cell I was thinking that just through the wall, there d be grass growing up against the stone, if I could put my hand through, I should touch the grass and, if I *was* touching the grass, I should be free It doesn't do, in prison, to think in that way You may get it into your head that, if you walked straight on, you d go through the stone, that s how men go mad and dash themselves against walls I always turned away from thoughts of that kind, they boil and curdle in the mind there's no outlet So I stopped walking and knelt where I was and set myself to remember that my being shut up didn t change things at Roussignac Everything there was going on just the same. It was still the mois de Marie—"

'It wasn't, said Thérèse 'It was the 1st of June"

'Perhaps it was,' Barbet answered. "I thought it was May I saw the boys and the young girls and women going to church in the evening and I remembered that when I was a boy it was always in

departing visitor There was darkness in the passage of the flat and on the landing also From the well of the staircase, only silence came up, no footfall descending Near to her was that inaudible stirring which informs the senses that darkness is occupied He was not gone She drove her wrist against the brooch she wore and heard her own deep sigh He was waiting, perhaps within reach of her hand, but, when she stretched it out, she encountered nothing She felt her way along the wall, pressed against it as though she were on a narrow ridge overhanging a precipice What her fingers touched at last was an oilskin coat, then by clumsy chance the stubble of his chin, and she said "Barbet It's Thérèse"

"Yes"

"Wait until I bring a candle"

"No, Thérese" With his shoulders he thrust himself away from the wall "I'm all right I can follow you"

"Give me your hand then"

When he was in a chair and two candles were lighted, she opened the wine

"You always have a corkscrew, Thérese"

He tried to laugh but the sound ended abruptly in his throat

"Oh, Barbet!" Giving him the wine, she put her face against his, and said "Your hair's dripping Your feet are soaked I'll light the fire Wasn t I clever to have this kind of stove?"

As soon as the fire was lit and a kettle put on to boil, she undid the swollen laces of his boots 'Gently," he said, "they won't come off easily Let me do it" He leaned forward with hand stretched out, then fell back "Sorry I leave them to you" And when at last the boots and the oilskin were off, she brought a towel and dried his head The hair stood up, the socks began to steam She took off his socks, dried his feet and gave him Courcelet s wool lined slippers. Until coffee was made, she spoke only of little things, content not to be answered Asked whether he was hungry 'I was," he replied, "but I've gone past it for a bit Don't worry, Therese There's nothing I want I'm happy to be here" She brought a dish from the supper table. "Presently," he said Meanwhile he held a bunch of grapes in the palm of his hand and ate from it

'Go on," she said. "Isn't there a gate to the prison? When you came out of the cell, you weren't in the open?"

'I was in the big courtyard All the cells opened on a covered way that ran round the courtyard As I came out, there was a little knot of workmen, six masons with their tools, walking ahead of me down the covered way I walked behind them I made the seventh. Against the wall were some barrels of cement and on the barrels they had left their oilskins and oilskin hats When they had taken their oilskins, two were left. I put on one and walked through the gate with them."

'Didn't they count? Didn't they notice they were seven, not six?"

"But why should they, Thérese? Why do you make everything so complicated? If you were a mason at the end of your day's work, would you stop in the rain and say 'One, two, three, four, five, six?' Would you?"

'No But the oilskins, the two extra oilskins."

'I suppose two men were working late"

'Doesn't it occur to you that all this happened because—oh, I don't know,' she said "It all seems simple to you And you walked to Paris. There must have been a hue and cry, there must have been descriptions out How did you hide yourself?"

"I didn't, Barbet answered I asked for what I needed and people gave it to me I don't think there is a hue and cry I saw two newspapers There wasn't a word Surely there would have been? When I let my own prisoners out, the newspapers became excited about it as if it were extraordinary, as if I had done something against the Government If they knew I had escaped—"

'*If* they knew!" Therese cried "Now I understand The newspapers haven't been told That's what Philippe was getting at! He must have known on Wednesday that you were out but he wouldn't tell anyone—not even me Oh, Barbet, if only I were singing at the Écurie! I could make France laugh! I could have all Paris in the streets by to-morrow night! That's what Philippe was afraid of."

"But, Thérèse, who wants to have all Paris in the streets? I don't

May that I wished I wasn't a Protestant. You know, even Victor was happy in May It's what I remember about him The Vincents put up a shrine in their house the Virgin in white with a blue sash—"

"I remember it!" Thérese exclaimed "I went there with *mother A tiny figure on a star spangled globe*"

"You know," he continued, looking past her, "the silence in a prison is an extraordinary silence Sometimes there are sounds—boots in the passage or a man howling—but they only increase the silence You have to fill it So, as I stood there, off I went through the Long Wood You remember the two spurges—the leafy-branched spurge and the wood spurge—the two differing greens, like two sisters? Often I heard, near me, very near me, inside my cell, the flute of the golden oriole I looked for him but he wasn't there When I came out of the wood and had walked into the town, I found my own squirrel and the yellow wallflower that grows wild on the church and in your father's garden his big yellow roses drooping as if they were as heavy as wax And, Therèse, listen, I went on to the Cheval Pie, expecting to find you there, but suddenly I remembered that you were in Paris and everything shifted. I was in prison You were in Paris Outside the wall there was grass and I had to twist away from the grass and walk and walk in the cell before I could be still again By that time it was the binetu I heard I was in the vines and my mother was with me She would always have it that she was the first to hear the binetu, so I pretended not to hear it For some reason she began to whisper I couldn't hear I stooped down to hear what she said 'The door's open,' she was saying 'The door is open' As I stooped, my shoulder touched the door of my cell It rattled and came away from the frame two inches So I opened it and walked out"

"Listen, Barbet,' Therese said, you say that as if it were the most natural thing in the world The warder must have locked your door."

"I thought so, of course I thought it was shut, but it was open. That's all I know"

"Very little of it."

"Very little of it!" he repeated. "You haven't eaten any at all"

"I wasn't hungry. I'm not now. You can have mine."

"Thank you . ." He sat on the edge of a chair, clasping and unclasping his hands. "Therèse," he said, "something has happened. There's a chance you may be able to help Why in heaven's name are you laughing?"

"I wasn't," she replied, holding her face between her hands. "Anyhow, not at you"

"I adore you," he said, "but you are an infuriating girl Whatever you were laughing at is irrelevant. This—"

"Oh no, it's not," she cried "It's so relevant, I shall die if I'm not allowed to laugh My cheeks are aching Oh! . All right, I'll be good and listen. What has happened? Another note to Greece?"

He hesitated "Is it of any use to tell you? You wouldn't help if you could And yet you'll have to know with the rest of France What has happened is that Barbet Hazard has escaped"

"You might have told me that on Wednesday afternoon before you went to Tours."

"You knew? How could you?"

"I didn't"

"You mean, you guessed?"

"My poor Philippe, you were very conspiratorial"

He spread out his hands, baffled "Anyhow," he said, "the point is that we managed to keep it quiet He had no money and as far as was known not even a change of clothes. We thought the police were bound to have him within twenty-four hours. Then back he would have gone and nothing need have been said As it is—"

"But, Philippe," Therese asked, "if you wanted to catch him, surely the first thing to do was to publish descriptions in newspapers?"

"Thank you Not of Barbet Hazard"

"But why?"

"Because he's dangerous And you know it, Therèse. It's partly your songs that have made him dangerous. For good or evil, the

want to give trouble to poor Monsieur de Courcelet and his friend. Someone, after all, must govern France."

"What do you want, Barbet?"

His body slackened and he looked at her with dazed eyes. "Sleep I think."

"And to-morrow?"

"Oh," he said, "to-morrow ..."

He had fallen asleep suddenly with the plunge of exhaustion that is a drowning. When she brought him to his feet and helped him to undress, he swayed like a toy soldier on a lead rocker, returning to the upright with a jerk that opened his eyes. His lids at once began to droop again. When he spoke, his words were so deeply muffled that she did not know whether he was awake or asleep. She put him to bed in a silk nightshirt of Courcelet's and stood beside him while he curled himself into a ball.

In the sitting room, beside the chair he had used, were his clothes, his boots, the glass and the cup from which he had drunk. She gathered his clothes, put them into the bedroom and closed the communicating door. So he's in there, she thought. It's very odd. I suppose what happens next is that I undress and climb into the same bed. There's nowhere else to sleep. I shall be the first to wake, he won't find me there. He'll imagine that he's still in prison or in a barn or a railway truck, and he'll wake up and find my swan—

A key was moving in the lock of the outer door. A flood of laughter and delight warmed her body and she greeted Courcelet with an enthusiasm that overwhelmed him.

"Well," she said, "what did you come for if you're not pleased to see me?"

"Of course I'm pleased. ... You have a fire?"

"Isn't it cold enough?"

"Whose cup is this?"

"I made some coffee."

He walked across to the table and examined it.

"I've had a guest," said Therese.

"So I see. He appears to have eaten my supper."

While his question was being asked, he had taken off his tie.

"In fact the truth is " Therèse began, putting out her hand to prevent him from unfastening his collar

All his experience had not taught him that, if she had wished to be rid of him, she would have lied with accomplished smoothness. Her hesitation, her faltering embarrassment, now awoke in him the suspicions she had designed He stood up, tie in hand, bristling

"What do you mean? What are you trying to say?"

"Only that I'm tired, too."

"I shan't disturb you."

"But—"

"So you weren't expecting me? Is that it? Who was your guest at supper? Or are you expecting someone now? He's late, my Therese?"

I'm not expecting anyone. And he's not late."

'That's a lie."

"It is precisely true"

"Well, then—' he said, not knowing whether to believe her, searching her eyes, guessing for her mood

She smiled and shook her head. "Still you can't stay, my poor Philippe."

Why?"

There isn't room He's here already He's asleep"

A lilt in her tone, a light in her eyes, informed Courcelet that his anger was misplaced, she was playing a prank on him, no one was there, he was being laughed at and could save face only by laughing at himself In any case, jealousy, anger, all high emotion was out of the part that he had chosen in life. His scenes were the comedy of a discreet and smiling indifference

Now he said, putting his arm round her shoulder "Tell me the joke."

"I'll show it to you Come and see '

They went into the bedroom together Barbet's head was so deep in the pillow that he seemed to have burrowed his way into sleep The lace flounce had curled over him and wisps of his hair stuck through it

surest way to get rid of a government in France is to laugh at it"

"France is a *great* country," she replied with a smile Then with *the utmost gravity, the corners of her* mouth twitching, *she went on* "But, Philippe, a *harmless* little vine-grower—what can he do to *you*?"

"To morrow a great deal The news *is out to night* Some workman in the prison lost a suit of oilskins The oilskins were seen next morning *in* fine weather coming out of a barn ten miles away Two and two were put *together* A journalist got on the scent and the warders have chattered Anyhow, the newspapers have it To-morrow *all* Paris will be roaring it 'Barbet *releases himself*' 'Where is Barbet?' 'Barbet defeats the Government' *You can imagine it* There can be no end to it If we don't catch *him*, we *shall look* fools *If we do* catch *him*—"

"You can't *send* him to prison *again*," said Therèse.

"*We* must"

"No, Philippe *If you don't* catch *him*, people will laugh—*that's* true, and you'll have to bear it But *if you* do catch *him*—listen, there are things that no government can do twice *If you put him* in prison again, *France* will stop laughing"

Courcelet poured himself out a glass of wine

"*You are becoming* a politician, Therese I assure you, we have no malice against the man All we want is to *hear the last of him*"

"*That's easy*"

"*Is it indeed*?"

"Whoever wants to be the most popular minister in *France must* first catch your *bird then let him go*

Courcelet *smiled* "*We haven't caught him yet*" *He yawned* and stretched himself Well, let us wait until to-morrow *It's useless to try* to conceal his escape *any longer* His *description is being officially published*"

"That also," said Therèse, "is a placard that wrinkles on the wall *You'll find it so*"

He missed the allusion "I'm tired *And sleepy* You don't mind if *I stay to-night*?"

Chapter 5

BARBET SLEPT SO WELL THAT HE DID NOT STIR that night when she lay down beside him or next morning when she awoke. She made plans while she dressed There was no cause for immediate alarm When her contract at the Écurie ended, she had given a holiday to her maid, who was still with her family at Sens, and, because it was Sunday, the woman who came in to clean the flat would not appear until the afternoon Thérese's temptation was to find a reason to be rid of this woman and to keep Barbet at the Quai d Orleans but though she trusted Courcelet, she decided that this was impossible She was too closely associated with Barbet in the public mind If there was a hue and cry and his name was again to be on the lips of Paris her flat would probably be watched and certainly besieged by callers He must be moved elsewhere, and quickly

She decided to go to Cugnot for help He had the kind of reck lessness that was unaware of personal risk, and would give Barb shelter for the plain reason—the only good reason—that shelter always to be given to a friend who asks for it, whether or not th police happen to have set a price on his head At her walnut de she scribbled a message for Barbet, telling him where to find ma nals with which to make coffee and commanding him at all cc to open the door to no one— not even to me," she wrote "I ha my key and will let myself in when I return." This note she put up a chair at his bedside and was about to turn away when there ca to her a recollection which, though its form was indistinct, halted her It presented itself as a belief that she had lived thro this scene before and her mind groping for precise corresponde between the present and the past, swayed between delight and f

Courcelet, applying his rule against the obvious, forbade himself any exclamation of surprise.

"Well," he said calmly, "it's a big bed and a small man, but there's not room for three of us however sleepy we are. . . . Good night, Thérèse. I have not been here, you understand." He was about to go, when the vitality, the latent energy of that sleeping figure claimed him. He took an observant pace backward and cocked his head as if he were appraising a statue. "My God, the little chap's alive! I wonder what he's dreaming about?"

"He's not dreaming," said Thérèse. "When he's awake, he is awake, but when he sleeps, he sleeps."

thinking of his mother's illness. I meant what I said. will he consent to go into hiding at all?"

In any case, he isn't likely to force an issue," Thérèse answered "He won't go out and give himself up Whatever happens, he will allow to happen naturally I am beginning to understand Barbet He is never bound by any particular circumstance. The fact that he is a fugitive is an accident, it isn't important to him, and he will behave as if he were not one."

It was agreed that she should go at once to the Quai d'Orléans and bring him back with her She found him dressed and unaware of the strangeness of his appearance in the clothes he had worn on his journey He had made coffee

'Nothing seemed to have been used," he said "Did you forget to make coffee for yourself?"

She had forgotten, but was now hungry and, taking the cup he offered her, sat down beside him He held his own between his hands and, as he tilted it to drink, looked at her over its rim

Vernon," she said

'Why?'

"Do you always hold your coffee-cup as if it were a bowl without a handle?'

"I expect so I like the heat under my fingers."

He was completely tranquil as though to be an escaped prisoner were a situation that touched him neither with a sense of danger nor even with curiosity

I have been to Cugnot's," Thérèse said, steeling herself "I want you to stay with him, at any rate to-night."

His face fell "Must I go from here? I imagined myself coming to you, Therese"

His disappointment so rewarded her and touched her heart that she took his hand before she replied 'And if I hadn't been in?"

'I should have waited"

'But I might have gone into the country!" she protested "I have finished my job at the Écurie I might easily not have been in Paris."

But you were," Barbet said, unperturbed "Since I have been

doubtful of the truth that would be revealed when the mists fell away Gazing at Barbet while he slept, she felt that knowledge was approaching her which, if she could but grasp it, would change her understanding of her life

When knowledge came, it disappointed her at first, it seemed trivial and no match for her boundless expectancy, and she said to herself It was only Frédéric talking nonsense! as though the truth were necessarily mean and of no account because it had been spoken by Frédéric On the day on which she had given a performance in the prison, he had said that she would never be at peace until someone who was in trouble came to her, tired and dull, useless to her, and she gave him safety and put him into her own bed and let him sleep This had been the recollection she sought, this saying—so unlike anything that Frédéric had said before or since—was the evocative scent towards which her memory had struggled She shook herself and blamed herself for a fool and set out for Cugnot's studio

There she told Cugnot and Madeleine of all that had happened Madeleine had been out and had seen a poster in which Barbet was described, but the news that he was in Paris and in Thérèse's flat set them laughing by its unexpectedness The police give no date of his escape I had thought of him far away, hiding in barns," Cugnot said, 'and here he is, brought on a magic carpet, asleep at the Quai d'Orleans By to-night, certainly by to-morrow, Paris will be talking of nothing but Barbet You had better bring him here at once and not come near the place again yourself You will be followed—if you haven't been already '

"But will he consent? said Madeleine

To come to you? Why not? He loves you and Cugnot"

But will he consent to go into hiding at all?'

"Why not?' said Cugnot 'He's not a fool. Do you mean—because his mother is ill? Thérèse need not tell him that

"I shall,' Thérèse answered 'One doesn't lie to him He runs his own life better than any nursemaid can run it for him He knows what to do"

Madeleine put in "That, in a way, is what I meant I wasn't

we are thinking and feeling now Perhaps the balcony at Vernon was theatrical and perhaps a part of our conversation over coffee next morning was absurd; but only proud and pitiless minds put love on its dignity or mock the foolishness of lovers. Do you suppose that Héloise and Abelard were never foolish or animal in their love?"

She was filled by an impulse to tell him what Fréderic had said and how, this morning, she had remembered it, but it would be hard to put into words the significance she attached to the saying It was a long story, and Barbet did not know the beginning of it Instead she asked

"What has happened to us, Barbet? It is true that we are nearer to each other than we have ever been It is I who have changed, not you. Until now, I have always loved because I was hungry I have always said that love must have something to feed on But our love has had little to feed on—for months, nothing—and yet it has grown and deepened "

Even now, she thought, I must separate myself from him, though we love each other, it is not safe that we should be together, and she cried out silently within herself Shall we never be together, he and I? and she wondered whether their parting would drag at his heart as it dragged at hers

I must take you to Cugnot's, she said "We must not stay here"

He reached for her and held her, all his long absence poured into the present touch.

"Let us stay a little while," he said

That he should long for her and beseech her was too sweet for her resolve

Let us stay then. Barbet," she added, "remember sometimes that I have not the consolations of philosophy The reach of your hand is that to me—even if you are too far away to touch me When I believe you love me, I am proof against all fear, temptation and loneliness. Only give me evidence sometimes that I am in your heart. Oh you are lucky to be the magnet! I know what it is to be that too—but it doesn't ache as the steel aches."

shut up, all my happiest, all my surest thoughts have been of you, Therese We haven't gone away from each other?"

"No," she answered, "and this morning, when you were still asleep, I felt that we were nearer than we had ever been—much nearer," she added, "than we were at Vernon But that was my fault It's a fatal habit of mine to invent phrases and then stick to them—like a journalist whose article goes wrong because he has a bad first line I said that we went to bed together out of politeness Why did I say that? In some way, at the time, it was necessary to me to say it—playing light comedy, I suppose There's a kind of pride or stubbornness in me that won't let me take a revolution at a gulp It was my way of saying that I became your mistress for neither of the reasons that have always been my only reasons—neither because I chiefly and intolerably desired you nor because you chiefly and intolerably desired me—not because to lie with you was a need as important as hunger—but because we loved each other I wouldn't admit out loud that anything in love was more important, more *real*, than that hunger" She checked herself and sighed "I am going back on all my old creed," she said "It was much easier, you know, to be a plain, hungry animal than to love a man as I love you And anyhow, Barbet, at Vernon, you didn't contradict me"

"No," he agreed, "I didn't contradict you It is dangerous for lovers to argue about love No one has ever been persuaded to love, or to love in a particular way and not in another It is a revolution that is made alone It was true of your prison as it was of mine. when you were ready, you would know what to think That was why I didn't argue—and because I didn t want to" He leaned towards her, drawing her arm across his body, and kissed her. "But our experience at Vernon wasn't false, Therese Why are people so intolerant of the moods of love? One is sentimental, they say, another is theatrical, another romantic, another animal, another spiritual or real or true and they condemn one or other of these moods as fiercely as sectarians condemn their rivals' way of worshipping God But true love is all of these, and what we thought and felt on the balcony at Vernon is no less a part of love than what

'I am sorry, Thérèse. I shall come with you or, if you think that is unwise, I shall go alone. You can drive. I can go by train from the Gare Montparnasse"

Cugnot protested 'But it is madness Your relations are there, Therese says. Your brother and—"

"Victor, Bette, Madame Vincent, the Verviers themselves," Thérèse recited with an emphasis, at once amused and despairing, on each name. "Well? What do you suppose will happen? Do you suppose that they won't recognize the bearded merchant seaman?"

'I'm sorry," Barbet repeated 'I can't look ahead to that. If my mother is ill, I must go. I will go independently from Montparnasse."

Cugnot would have intervened again, but Therese waved him aside.

"No," she said to Barbet, "we will drive there together"

It was against reason that he should appear at Vanves. If the balance of argument had been only of filial duty against danger of recapture, or if another man had been concerned, she would have resisted fiercely, but she had learned how to enter into the acceptances of Barbet's mind, because she loved him, she did not mistake his detachment for rashness or fatalism, and, when Cugnot would have spoken, she laid her hand on his arm to silence him.

"Now," she said, don't argue, dear Cugnot. A man who walks out of prison and arrives at *my* flat on a magic carpet is entitled to drive to Vanves if he's mad enough to want to Besides, we don't want to argue We are very happy this evening While you begin your portrait, may we have a drink? I think the merchant seaman loves me And that, if it is true, entitles me to two drinks."

"And to a feast,' Madeleine said "First there will be a pâte, then a coq au chambertin, then cheese for the intelligent or, for those who share Cugnot's tastes, there are mille-feuilles with a Greek jam of rose-petals Now I shall leave you and attend the coq"

Cugnot set out his palette and began to paint. "But what will happen, he exclaimed presently, "if someone calls after the light has gone and Madeleine hasn't begun her drawing?"

Chapter 6

RINGING AND KNOCKING AT THE DOOR WERE left unanswered, it might reasonably be assumed that Mademoiselle Despreux was out of Paris on a Sunday in June, and it was not until the late afternoon, when the charwoman's coming threatened them, that Barbet and Thérèse left the flat, remaining separate on the stairs and in the hall, and not rejoining each other until Thérèse was already in the cab she had summoned and Barbet climbed in beside her

The first thing he asked of Cugnot was a razor, but it was refused "No," said Cugnot, "you will need a change of clothes and none of my own will fit you, I am twice as long as you, but once there was a merchant skipper in a picture of mine Here is his kit—jacket, trousers, cap, everything—but you must provide the beard" Barbet put on the clothes and wound a scarf round his neck "And the advantage is," Cugnot said, "that, whoever comes, you needn't hide unless it is someone—Schnetz, Quérignon—someone who is bound to know you I will begin a portrait of you now and Madeleine a pencil drawing If a visitor comes by daylight, I am painting you—and you are the model, if by night, Madeleine is continuing her drawing—still you are the model"

"Good," said Barbet "Thank you Can I smoke a pipe? But, you know," he added, "I shan't be a guest very long Soon I must go out and find a cooper's job and take my chance Besides, Thérèse has told me that my mother is ill How ill, Thérèse? Have you told me the truth? Is she dying?"

"I shall be able to tell you to-morrow," Thérèse answered "I have promised to visit her You stay here I will bring you news."

"I am sorry, Thérèse. I shall come with you or, if you think that is unwise, I shall go alone. You can drive. I can go by train from the Gare Montparnasse."

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Cugnot set out his palette and began to paint. "But what will happen," he exclaimed presently, "if someone calls after the light has gone and Madeleine hasn't begun her drawing?"

Madeleine was sent for, Therese took her place in the kitchen, and, when the drawing and the coq were far enough advanced, the sitting was abandoned They sat down to the pâte and to Clos de Grenouille that Courcelet had bought in Chablis and given to Cugnot At first, while the others talked and Barbet was full of gaiety, Thérèse *was silent, unable to enjoy the evening because it must end* and she return to her empty flat on the Quai d Orléans, but when Barbet, without pause in his imaginary autobiography of the merchant seaman whom he had named Paul Dermoz, reached across the table and put his hand over hers, she was suddenly happy again

"The magnet to the steel," he said

"'Paul Dermoz'?" said she 'Why did you choose that name?'

"'Paul Dermoz' was a barge '

"Near Tripleval? You saw it?"

"Or Port Villez"

"What are you two talking about?' Cugnot cried "Magnet? Steel? Tripleval? Port Villez? Are you talking in code? Go on with your story"

'Yes, said Barbet, 'I m sorry We were talking in code,' and he continued the fantastic adventures of Paul Dermoz

Then it is true that he loves me, Therese thought, and she dreaded no longer her return to her empty flat on the Quai d Orleans The old despairing and bitter mood might return, but this evening was happy, this evening was in brackets and she began with delight to dispute with Barbet the authentic history of Paul Dermoz

"I ought to know, he said, I am Paul Dermoz. These are his clothes This is his beard

"If it comes to that," said Thérèse 'I ought to know I loved him. I have had trouble with his beard'

"Did you go on voyages together? Cugnot inquired

The question, asked innocently as part of the game they were playing, struck at Thérèse, but she did not drop the gaiety of her tone "Together? But yes, there were voyages in bateaux mouches, there were voyages on the Seine"

"And on the high seas?"

"As for them," said Thérèse, "you will find their history inscribed on my monument in Père-Lachaise"

She could not resist a temptation to call at the Palais Royal on her way home. To her delight she found Schnetz with Philippe de Courcelet. He was on the edge of a chair, wagging his finger and evidently boiling over with excitement and projects, while Courcelet, leaning far back and with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, was as certainly fighting a battle of defensive indifference They rose as Therese was announced, Courcelet with eyes alight and eyebrows raised in warning, Schnetz eager to give her his news Had she heard that Barbet was free? She admitted that she had been told that posters were out.

Posters?" Schnetz exclaimed "They were out this morning I can tell you, I have been about a bit to-day I have heard what people are saying Yes, yes, I admit that last time I was wrong I said that they wouldn't put him into prison—and into prison he went. But this time I shall not be wrong If they catch the little chap, they'll never dare to put him back again Already the people are singing in the streets. Not much as yet. Groups here and there. Your song, Therese

> "*Ouvre lui sa porte*
> *Pour l'amour de Dieu!*

Bless my soul, you must have heard them yourself It's not so long ago. Which way did you come? The Rue de Rivoli?"

Therese dared not admit that she had come from Montmartre, and not from her own home She thought quickly before replying

"I came by the Quais. I didn't turn up until the Oratoire."

"Ah," said Schnetz, "that explains it. But you wait for to-morrow! Wait for the morning papers I have told Courcelet. He ought to warn the Government If Grévy doesn't give that man a pardon, he'll be laughed out of the Élysee. More than that—he'll be howled out."

"Certainly," said Courcelet with a deliberately incredulous smile,

Madeleine was sent for, Thérèse took her place in the kitchen, and, when the drawing and the coq were far enough advanced, the sitting was abandoned They sat down to the pâte and to Clos de Grenouille that Courcelet had bought in Chablis and given to Cugnot At first, while the others talked and Barbet was full of gaiety, Therèse was silent, unable to enjoy the evening because it must end and she return to her empty flat on the Quai d'Orleans, but whe Barbet, without pause in his imaginary autobiography of the me chant seaman whom he had named Paul Dermoz, reached acro the table and put his hand over hers, she was suddenly happy agai

"The magnet to the steel," he said

"'Paul Dermoz'?' said she "Why did you choose that name?

"'Paul Dermoz' was a barge"

"Near Tripleval? You saw it?"

"Or Port Villez"

"What are you two talking about?" Cugnot cried "Magnet Steel? Tripleval? Port Villez? Are you talking in code? Go or with your story"

'Yes," said Barbet, "I'm sorry We were talking in code," and he continued the fantastic adventures of Paul Dermoz

Then it is true that he loves me, Thérèse thought, and she dreaded no longer her return to her empty flat on the Quai d Orleans The old despairing and bitter mood might return, but this evening was happy, this evening was in brackets, and she began with delight to dispute with Barbet the authentic history of Paul Dermoz

"I ought to know," he said, I am Paul Dermoz. These are his clothes This is his beard"

"If it comes to that," said Therèse, 'I ought to know I loved him I have had trouble with his beard"

"Did you go on voyages together? Cugnot inquired

The question, asked innocently as part of the game playing, struck at Therèse, but she tone 'Together? But there were voyages on th

"And on the high seas

"As for them," said Thérese, "you will find their history inscribed on my monument in Père Lachaise."

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'Certainly," said Courcelet with a deliberately incredulous smile,

"if, as you seem to expect, my dear Schnetz, the barricades are up in the morning, I will convey your warning in the appropriate quarters"

"You see!" Schnetz exclaimed, pointing at his urbane host, 'he doesn't believe me! What do you say, Thérèse?' Before she could answer, he continued to Courcelet "I tell you it is true You may think it absurd This isn't a political issue and you imagine that nothing except a political issue will ever move Paris But this has appealed to their sense of justice They see Barbet as an innocent man who is being needlessly persecuted And Grevy isn't liked, the Government isn't liked, they are weak and pompous—like soft balloons This thing will prick them I repeat I have been about Paris to day I have made plans I will tell you what I have done First I called on—"

"You had better not say what you have done," Thérèse put in

"Why not?"

She indicated Courcelet, who said "I confess that if I were planning a revolution, I should observe a certain discretion, my friend I am called The Barometer Your experience must tell you that I am not a very trustworthy person"

'Not on this?' cried Schnetz.

"By no means"

"But you are Barbet's friends You are Thérèse's friend"

"Still," said Courcelet, "it is for me to record every change of temperature and pressure Besides, to be frank, I think you are talking nonsense"

Schnetz rose He was deeply and bitterly indignant 'Then I have no more to say May I drive you home, Thérèse?'

'Thank you I shall stay a little while"

"Good God! Have you gone over to the enemy?'

'By no means," she said "I have come to tame him"

When Schnetz was gone, silence followed

"Well?" said Therese

"You might suppose," Courcelet replied, 'that an old man as fat and fiery as that was completely harmless. But it is not so The harmless men are those with balanced, critical minds to whom life

is a comedy that they will not allow to swerve into tragedy or farce. Have you ever noticed how many revolutions have been made by men who might have been clowns? Schnetz, ridiculously enough, is dangerous. He pulls a thousand strings and has, in fact, been pulling them. But he is dangerous chiefly because he happens to be right. I still hold the view that no injustice has been done, but that is an academic view, in fact—and only facts matter—Paris has begun to take the bit between its teeth. Before you came, Schnetz was prating about revolution like a student, he wagged his finger at me and flourished 'Forty Eight under my nose. That did not alarm me. Whatever Schnetz may do or think, your beloved Barbet won't overthrow the Republic. If there is a row, we can crush it in a day. But I look at it from the opposite point of view. Here is a chance of positive gain, very cheap at the price. Give him a pardon, set him free, flourish the trumpets of liberty a little, point out—what is true—that the Prussians would have put him in prison again, and all the women in France including you, my dear Therese, will give the Government a pat on the back. And, heaven knows, the Government needs a pat on the back."

"Then I have persuaded you?" said Thérèse. "Or was it Barbet himself who persuaded you?"

"No, I cannot admit that," Courcelet answered, stretching out his hand for her glass. "No injustice has been done, but I see where advantage lies. A wise Government stands firm against stones when there is no alternative to stones, but when, at no cost but a stroke of the pen, stones can be converted into bouquets— In fact," he continued, watching Thérèse's face, "Schnetz isn't the only man who has been busy to-day. I too have paid my calls. I began naturally at the Ministry of the Interior."

"And then?"

"The Ministry of Justice."

"With what result?"

"At present none, but Government departments are like actresses—their appetite for bouquets increases."

"To-morrow, then?"

"Ah, Therese, I am not a magician, but to-morrow at eleven I am

to call at the Élysée to discuss—well, no matter what it is that I am to discuss"

"Not Barbet?"

"In fact, the Bourse"

Therèse smiled "You are stubborn, Philippe I wish you would admit that you are persuaded and that it is Barbet himself who has persuaded you"

"Well," said Courcelet, "you know me You must judge for yourself Is there any other man who, if I found him in your bed on Saturday night, would send me off to the Élysee at eleven o'clock on Monday morning? Your vine-grower has never worked a more improbable miracle The odd thing is that he should have worked it in his sleep"

Therèse called early at Cugnot's studio and drove out to Vanves with Barbet at her side If she had delayed until the afternoon, as she had intended, she might have found none but Madame Vincent and Madame Verviers in the house, arriving in the morning, she must, she knew, face Anton, Victor and Bette, and she tried to warn Barbet that she would be unwelcome

"I shall not be allowed to see your mother"

"Certainly you shall see her," Barbet answered "We will go to her together"

'But Anton and Bette—oh, Barbet, they will argue and argue Not only about me At sight of you, they will hold up their hands and cluck How did you escape? Where have you been? How does it happen that you and I are arriving together? And there's the phylloxera I didn't tell you of that The phylloxera has struck your vines Anton and Victor want to go back on their bargain They want their money back"

"Nonsense," Barbet answered with a firmness that surprised her, "the place is sold What is done is done As for their questions—leave them to me, Therèse"

She was so well accustomed to fighting her own battles that to find all initiative taken from her by him was a cause of happiness and peace in her He had a single purpose—to be with his mother—and,

though his manner was as gentle as ever, throughout that day he allowed nothing to stand in the way of it and would look forward to nothing beyond it. Finding the gate and the front door open, he walked in unannounced In the Verviers' little parlour the whole family was assembled, except Madame Vincent and Monsieur Verviers, who was presumably at his bank. As Barbet was about to enter, he took Therese's hand for an instant, then released it. In the room, he greeted them all generally, and before they could question him, said

"I have come to see mother So has Therèse. Will you take us to her?"

"Therese—" Bette began.

"Therèse is with me."

The questions began to flow

"Yes," Barbet said, "it is true. I have escaped from prison As you see, I am in Paris. As you know, there is a price on my head I have a beard because I have grown it. I am wearing these clothes because they have been given me to wear That covers the whole ground You can tell the police I am here or not tell them. It makes no difference All that will come afterwards. Meanwhile, which is mother's room?"

They told him—up the stairs, the second door on the right

"Is no one with her?"

"Madame Vincent," Anton replied "The doctor has been. He has just gone He was talking to us in this room That is why we are here"

"How is she?"

"Sinking"

"Dying?"

"For the most part unconscious."

"I will go up"

Therese followed him. Why did one always smile at the strength of his will? If some loud voiced man, called ruthless, had shouted the company down, had rejected all questioning and stridently insisted upon having his own way, she would not have smiled The effect had been the same. All the difficulties and discussions and

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tions of her mind were blurred, but she felt at the same time, and with a sense of fulfilment rather than of contradiction, that it was Barbet who was lying there. The walls dividing the individualities of mother and son were dissolved for her also and she knew that for an instant she was a sharer in Barbet's own perception. The instant passed. She saw Barbet sitting beside her, his legs crossed, his hands clasped about his knee, and she heard the clock again

This vigil continued many hours. Others came and went, and Barbet was not disturbed by them Twice he rose and touched his mother's face, then returned to his chair In the late afternoon, her eyelids closed and she said

"The door was open, Barbet."

"Yes, mother"

"It was foolish of us not to know it until then"

For an hour, she did not speak, then she began

"I supposed once that you would raise me from the dead. It is not necessary" After a little while she added "When you grow old, Thérese, do not say good bye to the nightingale. It is not necessary" She sighed deeply "Nothing vanishes." Then, in a stronger voice, her normal voice ' Barbet, please take my face between your hands" When he had done so and kissed her, she opened her eyes, and continued to live until the evening, saying no more and, it might have been supposed, sightless. But Barbet did not take his eyes from hers until she died Then he stood up There were by this time others assembled at the foot of the bed, even Monsieur Verviers, returned from his bank. Barbet looked at them, then again at his mother He took her hand and held it between his own that once more, while it was warm, he might feel the smallness of it. He patted it, as he had often in the past, and, laying it down, bent over to whisper in her ear Then he straightened himself slowly and went out, signing that Therese should follow him.

At the head of the stairs, where the bracket-lamp had not been lighted, he compelled himself to say: "I will take you to your carriage" On the last words, his voice shook, as he went forward, he misjudged the step, stumbled, and recovered himself with a hand thrust against the wall. Thérese put her arm under his, half afrai

delays that she had foreseen as they entered the house had been cut through Not three minutes had passed; they were on their way upstairs together

In his mother's bedroom, Barbet's method was as calmly determined

"Thérèse and I will sit with her," he said to Madame Vincent "Are there any instructions?"

"None There is no more we can do Even when she is conscious, she recognizes no one"

"Perhaps you would like to rest," Barbet said "But you love her. Perhaps you would rather stay?"

"I will stay And if she comes round, I am to call Bette," Madame Vincent said 'She will call the others Quite useless, I am sure She doesn't know who they are"

"Never mind" Barbet answered Now let us sit down quietly"

Madame Hazard was lying on her back her head turned to the right so that she faced the window Only the movement of an edge of linen at her throat indicated that she was breathing, her eyes were open, but she seemed to be asleep Therese and Barbet drew up chairs at the side of the bed nearer to the window Madame Vincent sat behind them, against the wall, in the shadow of the curtain

On a bracket behind Thérèse was a clock which she had noticed while Barbet and Madame Vincent were speaking together, was of wood, in the form of a Swiss chalet At first while she watched Madame Hazard she heard its ticking but afterwards became unaware of it the sound being absorbed in the quiet of her mind As though a frame had grown up about the area of her vision, the scene before her eyes became intensified In watching the head on the pillow, and in her consciousness that Barbet was watching it also, she seemed to be looking into a mirror that held within it reflections of infinite depth, which, as she strove to penetrate them receded, drawing her on and on until she herself was within the mirror and a part of the scene she observed The head on the pillow was Madame Hazard's She did not lose grip on this knowledge or recognition of the features neither her seeing nor the normal distinc-

"I have no more to say," Barbet interrupted.

Anton was alive to the inflexible in his brother's mood He had, moreover, enough good humour to make him a diplomatist such as no Vincent could be. He resolved to play for time.

"Look here, Barbet," he said. "You are tired to-night. Leave it over until the morning Leave it over until we are in Roussignac."

'How can he come to Roussignac?' Victor put in. "He is a fugitive. How can he show his face anywhere? If it comes to that, how can he touch his money unless we act as intermediaries? He daren't show his nose in a bank" Then he turned to Barbet "How do you propose to live this new life of yours?'

"As a cooper—openly, without concealment."

"You will be recognized."

"Perhaps."

"And what do you suppose will happen then?"

"I don't ask" For the first time there was a note of anger in his voice. 'Will you never understand? It is simple I do not ask Should I have come here if I had first asked whether you would betray me?"

Victor's lips tightened and his face darkened, his mind was quick with arguments by which he would persuade Anton that they must inform the police if they were not to be Barbet's accomplices.

"I am tired," Barbet said. "I am going to my room."

Anton rose with him. He was overawed by the fact of death and ashamed of having discussed business to-night, he would have preferred to postpone such an argument until his mother was in the ground To make amends, he said

'You will be visiting her on the way. We will go together, Barbet."

Barbet answered "No, Anton, her body is dead."

"I sat there all the time with you," said Madame Vincent who had been silent throughout the evening "I wish she had spoken a word to me She cannot have known I was there. I should like to go to her now, but I cannot go alone."

I will go with you," Barbet said and took the old lady's hand. He and Anton and Madame Vincent went upstairs together He left them in his mother's room and went to his own and slept

that he might not accept her help, but he did not withdraw Trying to speak and failing, he yielded a part of his weight to her

Outside, darkness was falling After hesitation at the door and an uncertain turning of his head to right and left, he allowed her to take him across the gravel drive towards the gate This momentary dependence upon her so moved her to grief and happiness that she felt the scalding of tears behind her eyes, and, because the muscles of her own face were tautened, she touched his that she could not clearly see He was crying, but soundlessly, without agony, in the release of one who at last permits himself to sleep when he has long been tired As he moved the garden gate, its bell jangled Telling her to stay, he went up the road to the stables in which her carriage had been lodged and, after a time, returned in it

"I shall see you to-morrow, he said "I shall stay here to-night I wish to settle with my family"

She accepted this and drove back to Paris Barbet remained in the house of the Verviers He had intended to answer whatever questions they wished to ask, to be final, to free himself, but at their melancholy supper they were too decorously mournful to speak of anything but the dead and of the arrangements that must be made for transporting her body to Roussignac and for the printing and distribution of funeral cards After supper, Anton, evidently spurred to it by Victor, drew Barbet aside and broached the subject of the phylloxera He suggested that there was at least a moral obligation on Barbet to resume the estate and return the purchase money, Victor was for the most part silent, knowing perhaps that any argument of his would work against his case, but Bette, mistaking Barbet's stillness for docility, ventured to assume his consent, implying that a man so unworldly as he would not, for the sake of profit, insist on the letter of the law Barbet waited until they were done, then replied that his life in the Maison Hazard was over, that he would not return to it, and that he intended now to lead a new life

"I told you long ago," he said, "that I was going on a voyage That is what I meant"

At this, Victor raised his voice

ment to a pocket, thrust a bundle of notes into his hand. "Look," he said. "You make off. Take your chance. You make off now. That way. Through the chicken run. There's a gate there. Make for the woods and out the other side. I haven't seen you."

"Thank you," Barbet said. "I'll keep the money for a bit if I may. I shall probably need it. And I don't want to be a nuisance to you, Anton, but if once I start running away I shall never stop. What will happen I don't know or how it will all work out, but I intend to lead my own life in my own way."

"And if a house caught fire, wouldn't you walk out of it?" Anton asked.

"Yes," Barbet answered. "And if France were invaded again, I should fight. And if a boy threw a stone at a window beside which I was sitting and the glass flew, my eyes would shut to protect themselves from splinters. There are things that a man resists naturally—different things in different men, and if he says 'No, I have a rule, I won't resist them, I'll let the splinters fly,' then *not* to resist becomes an obsession and his nature breaks up, he isn't a whole man any more. But to be put in prison again is not, for me, an evil of the kind that I resist naturally. It would be much worse to spend my life thinking how I might avoid being caught. I want to keep my mind clear, that's all, Anton. To do that, I must live patiently as regards others, and accept what they do. It is a kind of private civilization after all," he added with a smile. "I don't try to reform the world."

"Do you mean," said Anton, fastening on the point that was of concern to him and speaking with hopeful astonishment, "do you mean that you don't mind going to prison again?"

"I would rather be a cooper. Why? Are you going to put me there? Poor Anton, don't worry about it. They'll let me out in the end, or perhaps they will leave the door open again. Listen!"

There were footsteps on the gravel. Victor came running from the front of the house. At sight of the two brothers quietly talking together, he halted, aware of something incongruous in his panic.

"I went to his room," he exclaimed. "I unlocked the door. He was gone."

Chapter 7

IN THE MORNING, HE FOUND THAT THE DOOR OF his bedroom was locked Victor's intention was clear How very odd, Barbet thought People have a passion for locking doors uselessly Why should Victor suppose that I wish to escape, or in any case, that I should escape in that way? He washed in water from his jug, dressed in his seaman's clothes and looked out of his window. Well, bless my soul, it's too easy, and he let himself down by the water-pipe

As he turned the corner of the house on his way to the front door he met his brother walking in the garden, restlessly and alone.

"Good morning, Anton," he said. "On patrol?"

"No Just strolling, said Anton in a jerkily casual tone, as though he had been caught stealing apples "You came down the drain-pipe of course I told him you would"

"Then why did you lock the door?"

"I didn't"

"Why did he?"

Anton shrugged his shoulders "Why do wasps sting? . . . And partly, I suppose, because there have been men about the place The doctors. Undertakers Don't want them to see you"

"But why, if you are going to give me up?"

Anton scraped the gravel with his boot "Awkward; awkward in many ways" He looked round in embarrassment, wishing to heaven he could think of something to say, and, his eye falling on the blinded windows of the villa, he jerked his thumb at them. "Looks wrong in the sun Like that old doll's house of Bette's with the windows painted black" Then he gripped Barbet's arm, as he had when they were boys adventuring together, and, with a swift move-

went to a pocket, thrust a bundle of notes into his hand. "Look," he said. "You make off. Take your chance. You make off now. That way. Through the chicken run. There's a gate there. Make for the woods and out the other side. I haven't seen you."

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"I went to his room," he exclaimed. "I unlocked the door. He was gone."

"Evidently," said Barbet "I wish you wouldn't talk about me, Victor, as if I weren't here I am here I am not trying to escape But I am hungry and should like some coffee Why haven t you already sent for the police?"

Victor's plan had been carefully and rapidly matured Anton had objected that, if Barbet's own family were to hand him over to the police, they would be brought into contempt "Very well," Victor had replied, "officially neither of us will appear in it We will take Barbet to Monsieur de Courcelet and wash our hands of him Courcelet will do the rest He is discreet He will keep our names out of it You can rely on him As you know, I have acted for him on more occasions than one"

Anton had unwillingly agreed As mayor of Roussignac, he could not face the charge of having shielded his brother Victor and Bette had the capacity of making whatever they proposed seem unavoidable, he knew they were wrong but could think of no answer to them, and his vanity, his fear of their livelier wit, hemmed him in In any case, if he did not act with Victor, Victor would act alone He was in a trap and could see no way out of it, now that Barbet had refused to take his chance, but the gloom of the Verviers, the darkened room, the hushed voices, the tiptoeing in homage to the dead, Bette's silent glee and Victor's fiddling with the detail of his triumph—his orders for a hired carriage, his finger licking over the pages of a railway time table—irked him as they stood round the parlour table, drinking their coffee

These damned Vincents! he thought These damned Vincents! and he had the rebellious impulse of a bull on a chain He imagined himself saying to Barbet Look, come and join the firm Join the firm and run the Maison Hazard with me and somehow we ll get all the Vincents out! But Bette was a Vincent He looked at the formidable pile of her hair, the rolls and curls that seemed to have been baked and glazed He remembered the steady grinding of her voice when she was determined, and his heart failed him Postponing the distress of his mind, he said aloud 'Anyhow the coffee is hot. What good coffee it is!'

"Thank you," said Madame Verviers. "I am glad it pleases you."

Anton gathered his strength together and, unable to say, No, I won't go at all, substituted for it a lesser rebellion—a salve to his conscience or his pride.

"Anyhow, I won't go in your train," he declared, raising his voice with the bluster of a defeated boy. "We will drive all the way. You can put that time table in the drawer."

Victor would have resisted, but Bette was wiser.

"Sh—sh!" she said in a whisper, pointing at the parlour ceiling. "Not so loud, Anton. Remember poor mother. Of course you are quite right. You shall drive all the way. Victor, you will need a pair of horses."

"Nonsense!" cried Madame Vincent at the top of her voice, beating her spoon against her saucer. "'Poor mother' indeed! Who is your mother? I am."

"Hush, mother, hush! You forget yourself."

"Yes," said Madame Vincent, crestfallen again. "Poor Chouquette. We had a game unfinished, Barbet. There's the score on the shelf. She was winning, too." Madame Vincent's face was suddenly contorted by grief. She wheeled round heavily, as though she had been struck; but the blind was down, she could not look out of the window, and she turned back, her long face awry, and shook as she stood, like a great crow that has battered itself against glass.

To be again in the light and the open air was so great a relief to Anton that, as the hired carriage drove away, he threw up his head and grinned, for all the world as if he were driving out for a day's holiday. Having done so, he was ashamed of himself. Was not his mother dead? Was he not taking his brother to prison? He adjusted his features to the gravity befitting the mayor of Roussignac in such circumstances and slid a glance at the captive seated between Victor and himself.

"I'm glad I am not going home," Barbet said. "I should miss the sound of her, Anton. She pattered, she took such tiny steps. Odd things one remembers. Physical things."

"Yes," said Anton

"Evidently," said Barbet "I wish you wouldn't talk about me, Victor, as if I weren't here I am here I am not trying to escape But I am hungry and should like some coffee Why haven't you already sent for the police?"

Victor's plan had been carefully and rapidly matured Anton had objected that, if Barbet's own family were to hand him over to the police, they would be brought into contempt "Very well," Victor had replied, "officially neither of us will appear in it We will take Barbet to Monsieur de Courcelet and wash our hands of him Courcelet will do the rest He is discreet He will keep our names out of it You can rely on him As you know, I have acted for him on more occasions than one"

Anton had unwillingly agreed As mayor of Roussignac, he could not face the charge of having shielded his brother Victor and Bette had the capacity of making whatever they proposed seem unavoidable, he knew they were wrong but could think of no answer to them, and his vanity, his fear of their livelier wit, hemmed him in In any case, if he did not act with Victor, Victor would act alone He was in a trap and could see no way out of it, now that Barbet had refused to take his chance, but the gloom of the Verviers, the darkened room, the hushed voices, the tiptoeing in homage to the dead, Bette's silent glee and Victor's fiddling with the detail of his triumph—his orders for a hired carriage, his finger licking over the pages of a railway time table—irked him as they stood round the parlour table, drinking their coffee

These damned Vincents! he thought These damned Vincents! and he had the rebellious impulse of a bull on a chain He imagined himself saying to Barbet Look, come and join the firm Join the firm and run the Maison Hazard with me and somehow we'll get all the Vincents out! But Bette was a Vincent He looked at the formidable pile of her hair, the rolls and curls that seemed to have been baked and glazed He remembered the steady grinding of her voice when she was determined, and his heart failed him Postponing the distress of his mind, he said aloud "Anyhow the coffee is hot What good coffee it is!"

ping the driver's back with the knob of his walking-stick, for the carriage had unexpectedly turned into the Rue de Vaugirard.

"Hé! Hé! Straight on. Don't you know your way? We aren't going to the Luxembourg"

"The road's up," said the driver, "at the crossing of the Boulevard d'Enfer," and he drove on steadily, turning into the Rue Cassette. Here, on the left, above a high wall, a little church was striking the hour on a cracked bell, and Barbet was sorry to leave it behind and find himself again in the Rue de Rennes.

A minute later, at sight of St Germain des Prés, he cried out: "Stop. There's my café. If I am going to the scaffold, let us at least give the horses a rest."

Even Victor could not refuse to sit at a table in the sunshine, though he looked continually at his watch and emptied his glass while Barbet and Anton were sipping theirs

"If we don't go on," he said, "Courcelet may have left his rooms and gone to the Ministry of the Interior He looks in there, I believe, most mornings."

So it was They were turned away from the door in the Rue Montpensier

"Why do you want to take me to Monsieur du Courcelet?" said Barbet. "Why not to the police? I have asked you that before and you didn't answer"

"I act for him," Victor answered

"Do you, indeed? In what way?"

"I act for him," Victor repeated impressively "He would expect me to report to him personally a matter of this kind."

"But—"

"That is enough," said Victor

"Oh, leave him alone," said Anton "It does no good, Barbet It does no good Better Courcelet than the police"

Outside the Élysée a crowd was assembled, a good-tempered crowd, laughing and singing and cheering

"I didn't know the President was so popular," said Barbet. "And what an odd song for a crowd to sing under the windows of the Élysée"

"Oh no," said Barbet "But, in this sunshine, she would have laughed and clapped her hands That is gone"

He had placed his seaman's cap on his knees, which were pressed together because Victor, unable to believe that no escape was contemplated, had insisted that all three should squeeze into the back seat Fortunately the carriage was open, the sun was warm and the birds were singing Odd to take a chap to prison on such a morning, Anton thought, and he nudged Barbet with his elbow to express this feeling as well as he could

Barbet appeared to understand him perfectly

"Of course," he said, "if one is going to escape from prison, one ought always to do it in the early summer I escaped on June the 1st" A recollection striking him, he slapped his knee so violently that the seaman's cap rolled to his feet and Victor seized his arm "June the 1st!" he repeated, disregarding Victor 'I had clean forgotten it and so, I think, had she, but it was on the 1st of June that Victor Hugo was buried"

'She?' said Anton

"Therese" Barbet s eyes sparkled 'I remember her saying that no one ought to be buried on the 1st of June Or put in prison, Victor"

Victor frowned but made no answer As the journey proceeded through the Porte Brancion, clinging to the railway as far as the Place du Maine, he found that he was inexplicably in the company of two men who were enjoying themselves He unbuttoned and re-buttoned his jacket and straightened his tie Barbet began to talk to his brother about the Maison Hazard as if there had been no dispute on the subject the night before

"Don't worry about it, Anton Leave it to Pierre to dig up and burn The thing won't spread In any case, the place is worth more than the money if you hold on All the vineyards will be replanted some day You mark my words—they'll find an American root that will flourish even on chalk If you want to gamble, buy vineyards in the Grande Champagne. I said so once to Pierre, but Pierre hasn t the cash—unless Victor lends it to him"

Perhaps Victor did not hear He was leaning forward and tap-

ping the driver's back with the knob of his walking-stick, for the carriage had unexpectedly turned into the Rue de Vaugirard.

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"What was it?"

"Well, I thought it was 'Au Clair de la Lune,' but it can't have been"

At the Ministry of the Interior, Victor asked for Monsieur de Courcelet and filled in a form on buff paper As he handed it in he said to Anton. "I have written a special word on it. We shall be seen at once"

"Did you put my name?"

"No I thought it better not. I thought that, in any case, you would prefer not"

"Oh," said Anton, "that's as may be But I should have thought that, if you had written 'Mayor of Roussignac,' we might have made quicker progress"

"You will see," Victor replied "When we are shown in, you shall speak first"

After half an hour a porter came into the waiting room Its dozen occupants stirred, hoping to be summoned He held Victor's buff form in his hand and called the name "Vincent" Victor stepped forward

"You are to write here particulars of your business."

"Now, my man," said Victor, "I have waited half an hour and that is more than enough You take that to Monsieur de Courcelet and draw attention to my name Besides, I have written a word that he will understand"

"You are to write here particulars of your business," the messenger repeated

"Give it to me," said Anton, shouldering his way forward "I'm tired of your 'special words,' Victor Why don't you write sense? Ten to one he has forgotten who you are—if he ever remembered Give me the pen"

"Your name won't help,' Victor protested

"It won't be my name!' and Anton scrawled on the paper "HAZARD, Théophile" and, with a final, exasperated flourish, added "Barbet," placing it between brackets and underlining it twice.

In less than three minutes, the messenger had returned Like a

prisoner between two gaolers, Barbet was led upstairs and ushered into a great room with gilded doors and a ceiling dimly flushed with cracked cherubs. The light of the most distant windows drew a luminous rim about Courcelet's head and touched his ears with pink. As they made their way across an archipelago of carpets, he gave no sign of recognition.

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

At the sound of this remote voice, Anton halted, shuffled and advanced. It was Victor who had courage to speak.

"My name," he began, "is Victor Vincent. No doubt, sir, you remember me."

"Ah yes. Roussignac, is it not?" Courcelet held out his hand to be shaken. "Well?"

"This is Monsieur Anton Hazard. And this—"

Anton rumbled into eloquence. He liked his commission ill enough, but if a speech was to be made he would make it.

"Monsieur," he began, "you will not fail to appreciate the closeness of family ties or how brother is bound to brother. For this reason, I come here reluctantly—with how much reluctance I find it hard to express. My brother and I have lost our mother this morning—or rather last night—we have—"

"'Lost'?" said Courcelet. "In what sense 'lost'? Are you reporting a disappearance or a murder?"

Anton gathered control. "By death. By natural death, monsieur."

"I offer you my sympathy. But what has her death to do with me?"

"Nothing, Excellency. Nothing, I admit. I spoke of it only to show how reluctant I was to—that is to say, I come here compelled by a sense of duty to lay before you or, rather, to ask your collaboration in what cannot but be an extremely painful and delicate matter when considered from the point of view of—"

As Anton had lost his way, Barbet said: "Wouldn't it be simpler, Anton, just to say I am here?"

"As mayor of Roussignac and as the prisoner's brother, it was right that Monsieur Anton Hazard should speak first," said Victor,

smoothly intervening "But we will not waste your time, monsieur. I myself will say briefly—"

"Prisoner?" said Courcelet "What prisoner?"

"This," said Victor, "is Théophile or Barbet Hazard A reward is offered for his apprehension We have brought him with us. We brought him to you, monsieur, rather than to the police, in the hope that you would allow me to use my influence with you to obtain some mitigation of—"

"What influence?"

"Whatever small influence my services—"

"Very well, Vincent Let us say you have done your duty. I bid you good morning" He turned to Anton "I hope things go well in Roussignac, Monsieur Hazard From all I hear, though these are dark days in the vineyards, there is great hope—I have real hope—that the men of science will overcome the phylloxera I rely upon you to use all your influence to persuade the more timid to replant"

"Thank you, sir," said Anton, put at ease by this sudden kindliness of tone "I'm glad to hear you speak as you do I'll do my best"

"As for the prisoner," said Courcelet, his eyes moving to Victor, "there is none A petition was lodged with the Commission des Grâces on Sunday The Commission reported yesterday The pardon was granted this morning"

"On what grounds," said Victor, "if it is permitted to ask?"

"That is an extremely intelligent question," Courcelet replied "If it were possible to see the Élysée from these windows, I would show you the answer to it. As it is, you must choose The grounds of pardon are prescribed justice, humanity or public order As you pass into the Faubourg St Honore, your eyes and ears will assist your choice. . . . But I should like a word with Monsieur Théophile if he would be good enough to remain"

"And now, my friend," said Courcelet, when he and Barbet were alone, "you have not spoken since you came in Perhaps you find the room too large?"

"The vine-leaves are wrong," said Barbet. "Whoever painted the ceiling couldn't paint vine-leaves. . . . I hope it is not, so to speak, your personal ceiling, monsieur?"

'By no means. Strictly I don't even belong to the Ministry They lend me the room, you may say. I have often observed that the men who paint goddesses and their offspring are extremely ignorant of vine-leaves. One would have expected familiarity with one to have implied knowledge of the other"

"Yes," said Barbet. "I am sure you are right, monsieur" Then he added "I should value your advice, if I might have it?"

"It is at your disposal"

'Whom should I thank? I am sure there is someone whom I should thank. Not the President, of course. The Commission des Grâces, perhaps?"

"No," said Courcelet, "they are high officials of the Ministry of Justice. They are too impartial to receive gratitude. You might, of course, thank Mademoiselle Despreux She has never been impartial on any subject, though her liking for you and for me argues a certain breadth of mind I suppose I take an inhumanly detached view of the whole proceedings. That is my little affectation, and I confess that nothing in them seems to me more remarkable than her choice of a song After all, she knows her Paris and there's not a living soul who wouldn't have said to her 'Paris is bitter Paris is hard There has never been a time when satirical songs burned with a more cruel acid If you want your song to bite, the sharper the acid the better' And yet she, to force the hand of the Government, has the crowd singing Au Clair de la Lune!"

Yes, said Barbet, 'I heard them I suppose it worked just for that reason'

For what reason?"

That it was impossible. But I am taking up your time monsieur

No Well, yes. Will you dine with me to-night?"

That is kind of you. I had thought, perhaps, that Thérèse and I—"

"That shall be arranged Eight. My rooms in the Palais Royal

Courcelet walked with him towards the door "What are your plans? You understand, of course, that all France is looking for you and that the first journalist who runs you to earth will make a fortune"

"*He won't look for me in a cooper s shed,*" Barbet answered '*I* shan't be in Paris and I shan't be at Roussignac That's where he *will look*"

'Still a fugitive?'

"Oh no, if he finds me, it won't spoil a barrel"

'And to-night? Presumably not Castor and Pollux? The reporters will be lying in wait on the Quai d'Orleans Would you like a bed with me?'

'Thank you," said Barbet 'You are very kind, but there is a little hotel to which I always go No one will look for me there"

After his dinner party that evening, when Barbet and Therese had left him, Courcelet sat down to write

'*If there is an inward monitor, whose approval alone is of value* and who alone may be permitted by a free man to impose order upon *his freedom—in brief, if I am not utterly deceiving myself—I am happy to-night, for my monitor tells me I am entitled to be happy* I, who am lazy, or affect laziness, have never acted with more energy than during the past two days, paying calls and asking favours with a spirit that seems scarcely to have been my own Barbet is free, Therese is unquestioningly *happy*, and nothing is more remarkable than the combination of two assurances in me first, that *I did right to secure his liberty*, second, that no damage would have come to *him if I had failed He is an invulnerable man because—*'

Courcelet laid down his pen and moved from writing table to armchair There, on the sofa, Therèse and Barbet had been sitting half an hour ago, and, remembering their happiness and his own joy in it, he turned away from that didactic because and said deliver us from the temptation to lay down rules It was the essence of Barbet's nature that he lived by no rules and yet had order within him, the order not of submission to laws or of conformity to the ideas of others but of his own sense of natural values. And yet, Courcelet said to himself of what use is it to say that? A rebel, a man of

anarchical mind, any vague and paltry upstart who wished to be conspicuous in his defiances, might claim to have 'his own sense of natural values." The phrase is just a phrase—with truth in it if you know the man, but, if not, meaningless.

He went to his table again and, crossing out his uncompleted sentence, wrote in its place

It has been a good evening, memorable to me because there have always been two opposed forces in my life whose opposition has troubled me this evening my sense of that opposition vanished I mean an opposition of ideas on the subject of pleasure. I have brought with me from childhood an association of pleasure with guilt, in my maturity I have repudiated that association and my reason has said with Montaigne that pleasure is among life's principal gains. But have I ever, until to-night, fully believed Montaigne in Montaigne s own sense—that is to say, neither with an aloof, intellectual repudiation of the idea of sin nor with a self justifying greed for pleasure, but with an acceptance of it as necessarily good in itself because it is a means of communication and to communicate is to live? This perhaps, has always been Therese s belief or, rather, her intuition it gives a special strength to her vitality which has made her dear to me beyond the desire, or the vanity, that first drew me to her, but I understand this retrospectively, having seen her with him she was too reckless or I too suspicious for it to have been possible for me to learn it from her alone But Barbet, so different from her in all else that the idea of love between them is conventionally incredible has a vitality that is recognizably the same in kind with hers He accepts pleasure as he accepts suffering, he is not damaged by them because they do not come to him from outside life but are parts of it, he is not thrown out of his course by 'strokes of fortune because they are not external strokes. And her sense that her life includes these things and is the more alive because of them gives Therese what hitherto I have called her recklessness in pleasure and her courage in disaster That is why *they love each other*—not that they live, or are ever likely to live, the same lives, but that they are alive in the same way'

Courcelet read the sheets lying before him.

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Courcelet read the sheets lying before him

"How wise I am!" he said aloud. "Too wise," and, unable to escape from a view of himself playing his little scene, he wrote: "Perhaps. Perhaps. Perhaps," and dropped his pages in the waste-paper basket. How depressing it was to know that, in the morning, he would take them out again!

Chapter 8

WHILE THEY WERE IN COURCELET'S ROOMS AND the moment of parting was still separated from them by hours of good company, it had seemed easy to Thérèse that Barbet should go into the country next morning and she stay in Paris. Soon they would meet again.

But after they had left the Palais Royal and were driving across the river to the Hôtel Bagnolet, Barbet asked her why she was troubled The question, piercing her guard, showed to her that she was guarded

'I'm not, Barbet It is best that you should be out of Paris for a time if you are to be left in peace Later I can come to you or you to me We are together, we are each other's, that makes it easier to part for a little while, not harder"

She had been able to say this because, while she spoke, he had still been near her, and even when she had left him on the pavement at the entrance to the Impasse Marcel she held firm in this new assurance of her mind But though it was a genuine and happy assurance, it was still unaccustomed, and, in the entrance to her flat, she was struck by a gust of her former loneliness and wished that a letter from him were awaiting her That is foolish, she thought. I am not alone. As long as he is alive, I shall never be alone again

Nevertheless, before sleeping, she said to herself We are right We *are* right But why should he go to-morrow? Next week would do or the week after, and, in the morning, she awoke uncalled and with the fear in her mind that Barbet's train was steaming out of the station She looked at the time, it was early—so early that if she made haste she might see him again, Mademoiselle d'Austerlitz

would give her coffee, Barbet would come downstairs astonished to find her waiting for him

She dressed and went out. There was no cab in sight and she decided to walk across the bridge towards Notre Dame Her attention was caught by a woman's boot floating in the water What interested her in it was that it had been an elegant boot, not a tramp's Who had thrown it away? Sometimes, she thought with a smile, tramps wear elegant boots with uppers of violet silk and tuck them in under their skirts on the way to Mantes A cab was now appearing on the bridge but the sight of a hat told her that it was occupied Her attention returned to her own feet, then to the swirling boot Behind her the jingle of the cab ceased She had no wish to be recognized and kept her back turned A hand was laid on her arm

"Barbet! Why are you here?"

"I came for you Yesterday, you know, I bought some clothes and a bag to put them in When I woke this morning, there was the bag—packed"

She smiled at him, understanding too well the melancholy of luggage to miss the train of his thought

"I was on my way to you," she answered "It isn't that I had changed my mind I was coming to see you off At least I think I was"

"I might have been in prison to-day," Barbet replied "If I had been, I should have thought 'If only I could have to-day on the river with Therese!' What is to day?"

"Wednesday"

"I mean the date"

"The 9th of June"

"We will have it on the river, Thérèse Monsieur de Courcelet's journalists won't look for us in the Gabrielle d'Estrees I will go to-morrow instead of to-day"

"To-day!" she answered "Forget to-morrow What shall we do until ten thirty-one?"

They paid the cabman and seated themselves at a café at the farther end of the Pont St Louis where it joined the Quai aux Fleurs

"The President may have reprieved you yesterday but we have

repneved ourselves to-day, Therese said as she drank her coffee. She was filled with the magical joy of contrast, comparing the delight of what was with the emptiness of what might have been, and though Barbet took his pleasure more steadily she knew that he too was thinking All day! All day! Some instants are so precious in themselves that they cannot be used, the art of life is to waste them, and she prayed that Barbet would not move or suggest that they should go

Stay at table till I've finished
Stay in bed till I'm awake!

So well was her prayer answered that in the end it was she who paid the bill without his noticing that she paid it, and said Come and walk in my back garden It is mine because I see it from my window and they went towards the river across the space in which the archbishop s palace had formerly stood she, in her imagination, watching them from her window as they walked A shudder of sadness passed through her—that tick of a clock in an empty room which lovers hear when they are happy and together

Suppose she said we were to stop here by that fountain After all, there are dragons and angels Suppose we were to stop here and not move '

I know he answered I feel that Therèse—in spite of the dragons and angels—I want to kiss you here '

Kiss me she said and afterwards Why?

Because for a moment it does stop the clock Now, Therese we walk round the cathedral In front of it we find a cab The cab takes us to the Gare St Lazare.

For another moment she hesitated Good bye, dragons and angels

Never say good bye to the nightingale, Therese. It is not necessary

I wonder

In any case said Barbet, it s a June morning and no war'

The train left so punctually at ten thirty-one that clocks seemed to be on their side not against them, and at Mantes the stress of hap-

piness gave place to its ease, its urgency to an infinite leisure Each forbore to ask the other where they were going—to Vernon? to La Roche? Distance as well as time should be unquestioned, in any case there was, as they knew by experience, time to spare before the Gabrielle d'Estrees began her voyage This evening, Thérèse thought, we shall dine together in Paris, and for a moment was glad, then drove the thought away She would not think of this evening, nor to-day would she count the hours

When, as they came downhill towards the river, the bridge lay before them, they were still so early that they turned back and to the right, passing through a narrow street into the wide sloping square from the crest of which the church looked down, its two towers reaching up into an enchantment of sunlight and windy clouds, its loveliness fortified by its high solitude No one was in the square but an aproned child with a great roll of bread under her arm, and no one was on the steps of the church Barbet and Thérèse looked in through the open doors at five distant windows throwing down their blue

"There is a bird in the nave," said Barbet "I wonder how long he has been here Look, he is tired and resting"

"He will never get out," Thérese answered 'He will fly and fly and hurt himself and never get out"

Barbet took her arm and withdrew her into the shadow "He will have seen us move We may have shown him the door"

They waited silently The bird flew past them through the door as if he had always known his way

Thérese's hand tightened on Barbet's arm, her fingers moved on his wrist "I should feel as if I had found the last line of a sonnet," she said

"Why?" Barbet asked He walked with her across the face of the church, forgetting to seek an answer to his question because above one of the doors was a carving that interested and puzzled him—a battered carving of an angel, perhaps the angel of the resurrection, at an open tomb From the tomb were protruding cerements that had been cast off, and beside it a knight in armour lay upon the

ground. Above him another armoured knight appeared to be floating in the air What this carving had lost in the years and what it represented they were uncertain, but it carried their minds and their talk away to another day long ago as full as this of breeze and sun light, with the same tension of the body the same taste of life upon the lips, and they thought of the unknown sculptor working on the stone and afterwards standing where they stood to look at it and walking home to his dinner To their left, there was an archway from which a flight of steps ran down to narrow streets. This is his short cut home Therese said Barbet followed her Together they leaned on the parapet at the head of the steps, looking at the pair of mean alleys, the Rue du Fort and the Rue Monteclair, which twenty feet below them, clipped the houses in a thin V In them Thérese saw the life of the old town and imagined her sculptor disappearing down the Rue du Fort.

I agree with Philip Augustus, she said We will go into the church and visit him Do you think they would bury me here if I asked them?

I thought you had chosen Pere Lachaise—next to Rachel

Well she answered with the delight she had always in Barbet s playing her game with her it s hard to choose Rachel is near to Héloise But might not my heart like Philip Augustus s, still be buried in Mantes?'

It did not trouble their minds that time was passing They went into the church together and walked through it slowly glad of its coolness When they came out they had but to return to the bridge and follow the plane trees sloping down to the Quai de la Tour, at the end of the slope they would find the cafe at which they had waited a year ago and at the landing stage the Gabrielle d Estrees would be lying When they found that the Gabrielle d Estrees was gone they felt no shock of surprise It was as if they had known she would be gone

'That said Therèse 'is the second time we have missed the Gabrielle d Estrees"

They went on the landing-stage together and looked across the

river at the poplars and willows of the Île des Dames, and at a small boat approaching them under sail, leaning on her bow-wave, the wind abeam

"You would think," said Barbet, "that to miss the only boat of the day—it's very odd, I don't feel in the least as I should if I had missed a train"

The sailing-boat put her helm down and came up sharply alongside Her occupant, a man of not more than middle age but with wrinkles so few and deep that they appeared to have been sliced in his face with a knife, handed her along the landing stage towards a ring to which he made fast He then disembarked, acknowledged Thérese's and Barbet's existence with a nod and a good morning, and began a lively conversation with a youth who had run out of the cafe to meet him and whose employer he seemed to be Therese looked over her shoulder at the café and read on its board the name of its proprietor What had served for Monsieur Jugiaud at Vernon would serve again here and she said to the stranger

"Monsieur Guélin?" He bowed and declared himself at her service "We were admiring," she said, "the way you came alongside Until the last moment, it looked as if you were going to run us down"

"Never," he said with a wink, 'not if you know your boat I've known this one too long"

'Too long?"

"Oh, she's a good boat But she's old I have a new one on order Should have had her by now This one," he continued, giving her gunwale an affectionate jolt with his foot, "she's good enough when she's running but you can t keep her close to the wind"

"I suppose you wouldn't let her to us for the day?'

Monsieur Guélin looked from her to Barbet, estimating his seamanship 'Where do you want to go to?"

"Down river," Therese replied at hazard "La Roche perhaps"

"La Roche! Well, you might get there with the wind and the stream, but you'll never come back, mademoiselle Never in the world"

The subject appeared to be dismissed He turned to the youth from the cafe "Where s that board?

A board mounted on a pole was lying face downwards on the landing stage It was given to him and he began to set it up in the stern sheets On it was painted Boat for Sale

How much?

The wrinkles deepened and the intervening table lands of brown and glossy flesh came up about the eyes. Three hundred francs '

She took the money from her purse and held it out

"Therese, said Barbet, she s not worth half of that

She continued to hold it out Monsieur Guelin took it with becoming shame.

"She s yours, said he

She is, said Therese, if you include provisions in the price

Why yes, Monsieur Guelin replied You are welcome to what we have Would you come in and choose?

Barbet, at the prospect of seamanship had dropped on his knees to examine the tackle

What on earth do you carry so much money for? he asked over his shoulder

To buy ships said Thérese

It was true that the wind s direction was that in which they wished to go but the river moved in wide curves and Barbet had need of his seamanship After a little while he found their boat easy to manage, lazy but good tempered and without vice While he sailed he had leisure to watch Therese against a background of trees and water that changed continually and to talk to her of little things belonging minute by minute to their present experience together The handling of rope and sail was as pleasing to him as the use of a cooper s tools, and the steady flow of the water the pull, the slackening and the refilling of the sail gave to the morning and the early afternoon a timeless continuity that rested all questioning

In the full bend of Rolleboise, where the river turning under the cliff embraced in its right bank, a great curving stretch of cul

tivation and wood, he let down his sail and allowed the boat to drift

"Your tiller," he said "Keep her in mid stream if you can while I unpack the food and drink"

He became aware then that she had not his tranquillity.

"What is it, Thérèse?"

"Everything with us," she said, "happens half by chance and half by intent—just as everything with you seems to happen half by reason and half by miracle You laugh away the miracles I wonder why You say they happen 'naturally,' but that is only a word"

He gave no answer, knowing that she was making an approach to what was in her heart to say, and soon she continued "When I bought this boat—that was half by intent Only half I hadn't changed my mind But when we came down to the landing stage, wasn't the river empty? I looked I know it was And yet when we knew we had missed the Gabrielle d'Estrées and were on the landing-stage, there was this boat coming straight towards me In a moment, she was at my feet"

"Monsieur Guelin was flesh and blood all right," said Barbet with a smile "What theory are you spinning?"

She hesitated and looked at him with entreaty "I can't say it Yes I can I can say anything I think there's a fate in this, Barbet"

He came up from the bottom of the boat and sat beside her "Say what you have to say, Therese"

"You can't live with me I mean, you can't make your life with me in Paris," she said, hardening her tone in obedience to the will in her to speak reasonably and without extravagance "It would be a vile life for you—a cage You must go on your own voyage, Barbet; I know that But I can come with you I can make your life my life If you want to be a cooper in one place, I will live with you and cook for you—I am a good cook If you need to wander, I will wander too I won't be Therese Despreux any more I'll pretend that—" She broke off, hearing her own words. "No I will become—" She could say no more Her hand that was not on the tiller moved up to hide the tears she felt gathering in her eyes, but

neither in life nor—she remembered suddenly—on the stage can a face be hidden easily by one hand, and, in despair, she let it fall again into her lap

"It's no good," she said "I *am* Therèse Despreux. I say I can, I think I can, but in fact I don t let my prisoner go"

They were drifting in to the bank. He moved to hoist the sail and the boat drew forward again Thérèse yielded the tiller to him and allowed her fingers to drag through the water Though she had spoken harshly of herself, she was not unhappy or without expectation. And what am I expecting? she thought. To be with him always? To cook and mend for him? Nonsense. I am I and he is he, and life doesn't work out that way Some day, I suppose, people will learn that, though domestic happiness is the right end to some love-stories, it isn t the right end to all of them because it isn't their true end He and I could force it, but it would be like growing an apple on a pear tree, there are different kinds of love and different fruits belong to them.

This was a hard creed for a woman who, in her heart and against all reason, wished that a romantically domestic scene might be given her to play in her own life, but she would not hoodwink herself, she clung to her own truth and permitted to romanticism only the indulgence of hearing her voice say

Why if we love each other can t we be together? I know it is impossible Why is it impossible? All right," she cried "I know the answer Because we are on separate voyages. And because we aren t liars And yet," she continued, smiling and puckering her forehead, I am happy and so are you, Barbet Is that only because now for a few days and nights, we shall be together?"

"No he answered "That isn't the reason."

She put her hand over his on the tiller 'You overestimate me," she said But it s true—I haven t gone far, but I have begun, perhaps.

It was possible that they would sleep that night at La Roche Guyon or perhaps at another place, now unknown to them, which would become as precious in memory To-morrow they would set out on the river again towards Vernon, and on the following day—

The days would come to an end, but she did not fear it Even partings she could endure in the knowledge that they would not be endless, for she felt no longer that she was in a cage, whether of time or of her own individuality What lay before her she knew no more than she knew what stretch of country would be opened out by each bend of the river, but she looked forward, with confident expectation, not, as in the past, to a particular attainment, a special triumph of her own to which life should be compelled to contribute what she demanded of it, but to a less exacting, an enfranchised happiness Certainly, as yet, her life and Barbet's would not be lived together, perhaps they would never be This she was able to accept as a true condition of their relationship and a part of its nature She loved him the more, counting her own future the less, and, because she was aware of her own increase, which discounted all the chances of possession and loss, was hungry for nothing and despaired of nothing

"Well," she said, here is our life beginning, together or apart—*our* life What shall we do with it? Shall we make a plan?'

"Not now ' Barbet answered "When we are ready, we shall know what to do"

London—Jarnac—Paris—London
Summer 1936 to June 1st, 1940

CHAPTER 60

DIETARY TREATMENT OF ALLERGIC DISEASE

Preliminary Considerations

BEFORE discussing the dietary treatment of allergic disease we shall first consider some general principles in the dietary treatment of allergic infants in general Since in early infancy foods are the most important allergens, some special consideration of those commonly first taken by the newborn infant, i e , breast milk and cow's milk, is in order This involves four factors of considerable interest to the pediatric allergist

(1) The possibility of hypersensitivity to human breast milk
(2) The passage of foreign proteins through human breast milk
(3) The passage of drugs through human breast milk
(4) The passage of foreign proteins through cow's milk

HYPERSENSITIVITY TO HUMAN BREAST MILK

This condition, which seems like a most unnatural state of affairs has been reported both in mothers and in infants Duke (6) has described several cases in which the presence of milk in the breasts caused allergic manifestations in the mother and in one instance these were not relieved until the patient received hyposensitizing injections of breast milk extract

There are several scattered reports of infants very sensitive to breast milk on ingestion Kerley (15) mentioned twins born of a mother who was sensitive to cow's milk One of the twins reacted on the ingestion of cow's milk, the other of breast milk and had to be weaned No other details were given Campbell (3) reported the case of a newborn infant whose older brother was said to have died of anaphylactic shock after his first breast feeding This infant presented similar symptoms when one drop of his mother's milk was placed upon his tongue He was promptly weaned Another new-

born infant was placed on the breast the second day of life and immediately went into a state of anaphylactic shock requiring the injection of epinephrine and artificial respiration for resuscitation The same thing occurred the following day when he was given one drop of his mother's milk He was immediately weaned and later gave a positive reaction to human breast milk on skin testing

Wergeland (30) divided intolerance to human milk into two categories, intoxication and allergy Human milk may acquire toxic properties if during pregnancy the mother's diet is deficient in Vitamin B_{12} and such milk may *produce an intoxication in an* infant which may run a fatal course This disease is important in some parts of China where it was at first termed "infantile beri beri" but is now correctly called 'breast milk intoxication' Allergy may be either to substances passing through the breast with the milk or specifically to human breast milk protein Wergeland reported three cases of apparent allergy to human milk in the newborn occurring over a period of three years in the same family The chief symptoms were vomiting and intractable diarrhea All three infants had the same symptoms on cow's milk In the case of the third child soybean milk substitution was tried The infant did remarkably well at first but apparently became sensitized to soy bean and eventually died in anaphylactic shock

In my experience I have not yet encountered what I have felt was definite clinical allergy to human breast milk protein In the routine skin testing of allergic infants with this protein I have had but *one positive reaction* This was in the case of an infant with atopic dermatitis who also reacted to cow's and goat's milk and to egg and a number of other less important foods By way of experiment the infant was left on the breast and all other reacting foods removed from the diet of the mother The child cleared nicely so that in this instance the positive skin test was of no clinical significance

There is, of course, no reason why an infant should not be allergic to the specific human protein of breast milk, but the actual proof of this is a difficult matter A positive skin test to human breast milk is only presumptive evidence and is not proof of clinical sensitivity as indicated in the above paragraph It is well known as will be discussed shortly, that food ingested by the mother may pass through

the breast milk and cause allergic manifestations in the infant who *happens to be sensitive to those foods* This being the case, proof of allergy to human breast milk would require that the mother be kept on a special diet while nursing If, for example, she were on a diet consisting exclusively of a milk substitute containing no allergens whatsoever except those derived from the soy bean, and her infant gave allergic reactions to her breast milk but could tolerate the same soy bean milk substitute fed the mother (provided other infants could tolerate this breast milk), one would have very strong evidence indicating sensitivity to human breast milk Such controlled experiments have, however, not yet been published

TRANSMISSIONS OF FOOD PROTEINS THROUGH BREAST MILK

The transmission of food proteins ingested by the mother through the breast milk with the production of allergic manifestations in the nursing infant sensitive to those foods is now a well-recognized phenomenon Talbot (27), in 1918, reported the case of a nursing infant in whom eczema would occur when the mother ate chocolate and would disappear when the chocolate was removed from her diet O Keefe (19), in 1920, found that some nursing infants with eczema gave positive skin reactions to foods they had never eaten and in some instances recovery from eczema was prompt when these foods were removed from the mother s diet Shannon (23), in 1921, described a seven month old nursing infant with urticaria The child gave several positive skin tests to foods and when these were removed from the mother's diet the skin rapidly cleared Among the foods to which the child reacted was eggwhite The mother was fed eggwhite and her breast milk obtained after the feeding caused anaphylactic shock in a guinea pig sensitized to eggwhite The following year Shannon (24) reported eight cases of eczema in nursing infants due to foods ingested by the mother Later Donnally (5) demonstrated by passive transfer tests the presence of egg antigen in breast milk thirty minutes after the ingestion of egg white by the mother Brunner and Baron (2) by means of the passive transfer technique noted the passage of cottonseed protein through the breast milk Strom (26) reported urticaria in nurslings from orange juice fed the mothers and one case of urticaria in a nursling due to chocolate fed the mother It is quite probable that almost

any food the mother ingests will cause allergic reactions in the nursing infants if the latter is sensitive to that particular food

The reason why infants and very young children may react to foods which they have never ingested may perhaps be explained on the basis of three possibilities

(1) INHERITED SENSITIVITY There is no evidence that the human infant can be passively sensitized to foods in utero It seems quite evident however, that active sensitization does occur This has been fully discussed in Chapter 6 and need not be further considered here

(2) SENSITIVITY TO OSMYLS Food odors and vapors may cause allergic reactions Odors are propagated by very minute particles of matter called osmyls and these may act as allergens to produce allergic reactions in highly sensitive individuals (9, 10, 11) Cazort (4) and Epstein (7) have reported children so sensitive to egg that it was necessary not only to be sure that no eggs were brought into the house, but in some instances the parents could not even eat eggs outside of the home and on returning then play with their children without causing allergic reactions Since this is true one must consider the possibility of sensitizing an infant by exposure to osmyls so that a reaction would be obtained by skin test or clinically to a food the child had never ingested An analogous situation is indicated by the work of Ratner *et al* (20) who have shown that guinea pigs may be sensitized by inhalation to horse dander They gave evidence that this is doubtless the mechanism in certain instances in man

(3) SENSITIVITY AS A RESULT OF BIOGENETIC RELATIONSHIPS As emphasized by Vaughan (29) there is a biogenetic relationship between various families of foods in that they contain a common antigen The individual who is sensitive to one food of the group may react because of this to other foods which he ingests for the first time Such relationship is most marked in the case of closely related foods such as the citrous fruits for example It is present but less marked in the case of the cereal grains wheat rye corn oat and barley which are all modified grass seeds It is also not uncommon in taking a history to find dislikes or disagreements of the individual to various members of the mustard family which includes broccoli Brussels sprouts cabbage, mustard radish and turnip

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Since drugs can be transmitted through the breast milk it is not surprising to find that allergic drug reactions may occur in nursing infants, although this happens but rarely One of the first recorded cases is that of Van der Bogert (28) who described a papulopustular bromide eruption in a six month-old baby on the breast due to bromides ingested by the mother Even more remarkable is the production of a bromide rash in the infant when the mother took the drug without manifesting cutaneous reaction to the drug herself Such a case was reported by Yeung (32) In this instance the mother was given bromides because of toxemia of pregnancy The rash appeared in the nursing infant ten days after delivery after the mother herself had stopped taking the drug This indicates that the drug was not passed to the fetus *in utero* but mainly through the breast milk Withholding the mother's milk resulted in rapid recovery French (8) also stated, without giving specific references, that bromide and iodide eruptions have been recorded in infants at the breast when the mother has been taking the drug without herself presenting any cutaneous symptoms ' Maruri and Maruri (17) have also reported ioderma in an infant transmitted by the mother s milk

The above suggests that in the presence of rashes of unknown origin in nursing infants at any age the possibility of a rash due to a drug ingested by mother has to be considered in the differential diagnosis

TRANSMISSION OF FOREIGN PROTEINS THROUGH COW S MILK

It is well known that toxic symptoms may be produced in man by the ingestion of milk or milk products from cows who have eaten the rayless goldenrod or the white snake root (1) However the evidence that allergic symptoms may be produced by allergens ingested by the cow and passed through into the milk is very scanty Rohrbach (21) in 1925 reported three cases of gastrointestinal disturbances in infants and two of eczema which were relieved by using the milk of cows placed on special diets One other infant with urticaria and another with a gastrointestinal disturbance were relieved by using butter from a different source than that previously used Hermann (9) stated that previously sensitized guinea pigs react

TRANSMISSION OF INJECTED POLLEN EXTRACT THROUGH THE BREAST MILK

There is no reported case of an inhaled allergen having been transmitted through the breast milk Pollen extract injected into the mother may, however, be so transmitted Sterling and Fishman (25) reported the case of a nursling whose mother was receiving injections of pollen extract This apparently caused sneezing and dyspnea in the infant Jones, Lowance, and Matthews (14) described a similar case in which sneezing without dyspnea occurred Campbell (3) noted a nursling who would develop such severe eczema following the injection of pollen extract into the mother that her treatments had to be discontinued

TRANSMISSION OF DRUGS THROUGH THE BREAST MILK

It is now well known that many drugs administered to the nursing mother will pass through with the breast milk and thus be ingested by the infant This subject has been reviewed by Houts (13) and by Sapeika (22) There is no evidence that alcoholic beverages taken by a nursing mother may affect the infant Habitual and excessive smoking on the part of the mother does not appear to have a harmful effect as far as the transmission of nicotine through the breast milk is concerned Aloin, calomel, phenopthalein, rhubarb and senna when taken by a nursing mother in therapeutic doses do not have a laxative effect upon the infant Cascara will As far as sedatives are concerned, codein, demerol, morphine and opium appear to be harmless but bromides taken by the nursing mother may produce their therapeutic effects in the infant Sulfonamides pass through the breast milk in traces insufficient to produce therapeutic effects in the infant but probably in sufficient quantities to produce effects if the infant happens to be sensitive to the drug The same is essentially true regarding penicillin Sodium salicylate and quinine may be taken without harm to the infant There is some experimental evidence that the metals arsenic, lead and mercury may be transmitted through the breast milk The passage of iodine through the mother's breast milk has been confirmed by the feeding of radioactive iodine to the mother and demonstrating its presence in the breast milk (18) Thiouracil (3) is the only known drug found in larger concentrations in breast milk than in any other body fluid

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by anaphylactic shock to the intrathecal injection of milk containing *ragweed pollen protein* Ragweed allergen containing milk gives a positive cutaneous reaction in high dilution in sensitive persons Ragweed pollen protein is found apparently unchanged in the milk of cows that have eaten ragweed tops some hours earlier Ingestion of such milk produces clinical hay fever within one half hour Lyon (16), *on the contrary, described a nursing infant who had* angioedema due to white navy bean and corn in the mother's diet At the age of two years the child would still develop angioedema on the ingestion of white navy beans As an experimental measure a cow was fed white navy beans and corn for two weeks During the second week this patient, a girl, was fed from 24 to 32 oz a day (710 to 796 cc) of fresh, unboiled milk from this cow and with no reaction A few days after completion of this experiment she was again fed white navy beans and urticaria and angioedema developed as usual In this instance there was no evidence that symptoms could be produced in a susceptible individual by a food ingested by the cow on drinking her milk afterwards Further observations must be made on this interesting problem before a definite answer can be given

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CHAPTER 61

COW'S MILK—GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS

THE CHEMISTRY of cow's milk with special reference to factors *of most interest to the allergist has been reviewed by Lewis and* Hayden (9) They stated that four proteins have been isolated from milk which have been found to be chemically and immunologically distinct Casein, a complex calcium salt containing phosphorus, occurs in colloidal form and is readily separated from the whey proteins by the addition of dilute acids The whey proteins, lactalbumin and lactoglobulin, can readily be "salted out" of the whey solution, and the fourth, the alcohol soluble protein, is obtained from freshly precipitated casein by extraction with from 50 to 70 per cent ethyl alcohol The alcohol soluble fraction, although derived from casein, is not a cleavage product and is a fairly active antigen I know, however, of no clinical studies of this milk fraction

Although casein has no counterpart in serum, the whey proteins are biologically similar to the serum proteins of the animal from which they are derived This is due to the presence of lactoglobulin, which is serologically related to the serum globulin Only a small quantity of lactoglobulin is present in milk, while larger quantities are present in colostrum, and it is because of its presence that milk at times sensitizes to beef serum The reaction does not always occur since only small amounts are present in milk and, as Lewis (8) has shown, when a small amount of an antigen has been injected into an animal together with excessive amounts of another antigen, the former may be prevented from manifesting its antigenic activity *Lactalbumin and serum albumin are chemically and immunologically distinct*

Hill (6) was unable to confirm the statement commonly made in the literature that cow and goat milk lactalbumin are completely *immunologically distinct He quoted von Versell* (17) to the effect that while human and cow lactalbumin were found to be completely species specific, this was not so clearly the case in animals as closely related as the cow and the goat Hill's investigations

also indicated that cow and goat lactalbumin are not entirely species specific This is doubtless why although goat's milk has a definite and valuable place in the treatment of infants hypersensitive to cow's milk, it will not help in every case even when presumably, the sensitivity is due to lactalbumin However, lactalbumin is markedly heat labile since there is a decrease in antigenic reactivity even at 60 C which becomes progressively more marked as the temperature is increased (9) This explains why evaporated cow's milk in which the lactalbumin is practically completely denatured by heat is as satisfactory in most instances as goat's milk in the feeding of milk sensitive infants

Lewis and Hayden (9) further state that casein has been shown by immunological experiments to be as distinct from the whey proteins and serum proteins of its own species as it is chemically A closer biological and chemical relationship exists between caseins derived from widely different species than between casein whey and serum proteins of the same species Although even the delicate method of spectrophotometric comparison of different caseins has shown that they are practically identical Dudley and Woodman (4) demonstrated by a study of the products of racemization that there are some structural differences probably depending upon the position of certain amino acids in the molecule Anderson *et al* (1) carried out experiments indicating that cow's human and goat's caseins sensitize against each other Their studies also showed a close biologic relationship between these caseins of different sources and suggested that this similarity may explain certain difficulties that are encountered in the treatment of milk allergy by the substitution of the milk of one animal for that of another Casein, moreover, is relatively heat stable no change being noted in its antigenic activity until the temperature reaches 100 C (9) The changes then taking place probably explain why on rare occasions superheated cow's milk is occasionally tolerated by cow's milk sensitive infants It is interesting in this connection that heating alters some antigens in that they give rise to antiserums which are more or less specific for the heated antigens the so-called "cocto antigens (5)

The true incidence of allergy to cow's milk in infants is not known Clein (2) stated that one infant out of every fifteen is allergic to cow's milk in some degree In my practice, the incidence is at

CHAPTER 61

COW'S MILK—GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS

THE CHEMISTRY of cow's milk with special reference to factors of most interest to the allergist has been reviewed by Lewis and Hayden (9) They stated that four proteins have been isolated from milk which have been found to be chemically and immunologically distinct Casein, a complex calcium salt containing phosphorus, occurs in colloidal form and is readily separated from the whey proteins by the addition of dilute acids The whey proteins, lactalbumin and lactoglobulin, can readily be "salted out" of the whey solution, and the fourth, the alcohol-soluble protein, is obtained from freshly precipitated casein by extraction with from 50 to 70 per cent ethyl alcohol The alcohol-soluble fraction, although derived from casein, is not a cleavage product and is a fairly active antigen I know, however, of no clinical studies of this milk fraction

Although casein has no counterpart in serum, the whey proteins are biologically similar to the serum proteins of the animal from which they are derived This is due to the presence of lactoglobulin, which is serologically related to the serum globulin Only a small quantity of lactoglobulin is present in milk, while larger quantities are present in colostrum, and it is because of its presence that milk at times sensitizes to beef serum The reaction does not always occur since only small amounts are present in milk and, as Lewis (8) has shown, when a small amount of an antigen has been injected into an animal together with excessive amounts of another antigen, the former may be prevented from manifesting its antigenic activity Lactalbumin and serum albumin are chemically and immunologically distinct

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tute feeding of cow's milk at the age of six weeks He vomited, turned pale and became drowsy At the age of twelve weeks scratch tests to cow's milk were negative but the baby appeared to develop a mild generalized reaction characterized by drowsiness and loose stools as a result of the testing Only three days later, for reasons which were not explained, intradermal tests were done with a number of proteins, none of which gave immediate reactions However, there was a marked delayed reaction at the site of the test to cow's milk which was not observed until four hours later, at which time the child had a severe generalized reaction characterized by pallor stupor vomiting and prostration Three weeks later he was by error given two or three drops of a solution of condensed milk, one part, and water, twelve parts, and almost died of anaphylactic shock At about the age of six months, the supply of breast milk failing, the boy was uneventfully completely weaned to goat's milk over a two month period Clinical sensitivity to cow's milk was still present at the age of twenty months when this case report was made While Park stated that no record of the baby's having received cow's milk at the maternity hospital could be found, such a possibility could not be excluded It was his belief, however, that the hypersensitivity in this case was prenatal and inherent in the germ plasm of the infant

It is interesting, for reasons discussed above, that because the baby could tolerate goat's milk but not cow's milk the hypersensitivity was principally to the lactalbumin fraction of the milk rather than the casein This appears to be the usual case when idiosyncrasy of the anaphylactic type is encountered to milk However all the facts in such cases are not known Hill (6) stated that the immunological situation in many of these infants seems to be somewhat different than in those with eczema They are not likely to have other sensitivities and they often give more negative than positive skin tests to milk in spite of exquisite clinical sensitivity

Kerley (7) saw one death from milk allergy in a baby ten months of age At this time, in an attempt at weaning, 60 cc (2 oz) of cow's milk were administered by forced feeding The child immediately went into collapse and died Kerley also mentioned another infant three months old who almost died of anaphylactic shock when seven drops of milk were placed on her tongue

least that high However, in both instances, this is the practice of the pediatric allergist and a high incidence of allergy to cow's milk as well as other allergens could reasonably be expected to occur On the other hand, in the practice of the general pediatrician, blissfully oblivious in most instances to the minor evidences of milk allergy, the incidence of this condition would be estimated as considerably less than it really is The incidence as determined in Clein's practice, and estimated in my own, therefore probably represents a maximum Loveless (10) has conducted studies which probably represent the minimum She sent out questionnaires to 142 physicians belonging to the American Academy of Pediatrics or the American Academy of Allergy They reported that 4,260 of their patients showed cutaneous allergy to milk Since they were attending nearly 180,000 individuals, this meant an incidence of 2 3 per cent However, it need hardly be pointed out that a positive skin test does not prove allergy to milk In my experience, the great majority of milk-sensitive infants do not respond positively to scratch tests with milk, I do not use the intradermal test because so many false positives occur To the figures above reported Loveless added those of another forty-nine pediatricians who do not perform cutaneous tests to diagnose food allergy and found that the incidence of milk hypersensitiveness amounted to only 1 5 per cent among nearly 250,000 patients Figures were not included for Randolph, Rinkel, and Rowe or their followers The result would have been considerably altered, for these men arrive at incidences five to ten times higher by the use of the food dairy, and ingestion and elimination procedures in combination with atypical symptoms Thus the range of milk allergy is probably somewhere between 1 5 per cent as a minimum and 7 per cent as a maximum The true figure will never be determined until the general pediatrician is thoroughly familiar with the varied symptomatology of allergy to cow's milk

SEVERE IDIOSYNCRASY TO COW'S MILK

Severe idiosyncrasy to cow's milk of the anaphylactic type occurs but is, fortunately, uncommon A classical description of this was given by Dr Edwards A Park (12) in 1920 The first symptoms occurred when the child, previously breast fed, was given a substi

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GALACTOSEMIA

Galactosemia is a disease frequently familial in which there is a congenital inability to metabolize galactose normally This carbohydrate derived from the lactose of milk accumulates in the blood giving rise to enlargement of the liver often jaundice and commonly death in early infancy The disease should also be considered in older children in whom defective mentality is associated with cataract or liver disease Galactosemia should be suspected if a reducing substance which analysis proves to be galactose is found in the urine The diagnosis is confirmed if the galactose tolerance test is markedly elevated The glucose tolerance curve is within normal limits The urinary and blood findings with respect to galactose and the symp

I have had but one personal experience of this type This was a three week old infant who, shortly after a few feedings of a cow's milk formula used to complement a failing breast supply, developed very alarming severe angioedema The cause of the condition was immediately suspected, the child hospitalized, given supportive therapy, placed on soy bean milk and made a good recovery On direct skin testing at this time the child gave very large positive scratch reactions both to lactalbumin and to casein This is quite remarkable because strongly positive cutaneous reactions to casein are quite infrequent The direct testing was confirmed by passive transfer

The general subject of sensitivity to cow's milk has been reviewed by Von Sydow (15) and by Vendel (16) There are also many articles in the American literature on the great variety of symptoms which may occur in early infancy from the ingestion of cow's milk (2, 3, 11, 13)

COW'S MILK SENSITIVITY IN A LOWER ANIMAL

It is of considerable interest and not inappropriate at this time, before leaving the subject of cow's milk sensitivity, to briefly report Schroeder's case (14) of a young female walrus who was captured at an early age on the ice floes of Bering Sea She was taken to the pools of the Zoological Society of San Diego where she was fed with meticulous care on evaporated cow's milk according to the best practices in human infant feeding Presently a considerable variety of pathologic features manifested themselves They included skin disorders (reminding one of the eczematous manifestations of allergy in childhood) and disturbance of the mucous membranes, as rhinitis All attempts at relief by changing the physical environment and care of the animal failed until cow's milk was eliminated from the diet Immediate and permanent relief followed If the reader is interested further in the subject of allergy in lower animals, the very fine review of Wittich (18) should be consulted

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never fully escapes It is also possible that some disorders diagnosed as neuroallergy may represent manifestations of galactosemia

Forbes' suggestions are highly provocative and deserve the careful consideration of all physicians dealing with suspected allergy to milk especially if accompanied by a reducing substance in the urine while the patient is on a diet containing milk

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toms of the disease, except those due to organic changes, are largely reversible when lactose and galactose are withheld from the diet

Galactosemia has been thought to be rather uncommon and Cox and Pugh (2) stated that up to the end of 1952 only twenty-five cases had been reported However, since then there have been many reports of this disease, particularly in the American literature, and Bain and associates (1) have recently added eight more For a review of the literature of this subject reference is made to the communication of Hsia and associates (4)

Forbes (3) has made the very interesting suggestion that possibly some forms of intolerance to cow's or human or any other mammalian milk might be due to galactosemia rather than to allergy or other causes and that such intolerance might in some instances represent "formes frustes" of the malady Bain and associates have suggested that the diagnosis is frequently missed because, at the time of admission to the hospital, the infant is usually suffering from diarrhea, vomiting or severe malnutrition (symptoms which, as Forbes indicated, may be due to allergic intolerance to cow's milk) and is given only glucose drinks Consequently the initial urinary analysis does not give the essential clew to the reducing substance which appears only when the baby is receiving milk feedings Since the initial urine analysis is negative, it may not be repeated after the milk feedings have been started, thus further contributing to the error in diagnosis Forbes further pointed out that because such infants do well on milk-free diets, this is considered as additional evidence that the child's trouble is due to allergy to cow's milk

That "formes frustes" may occur is suggested by the communication of Lockhart and Roboz (5) who diagnosed a case in a four-day-old infant suspected because galactosemia had been previously diagnosed in a sibling at the age of three and one-half months In this particular instance, the infant's paternal grandfather was said to have a "milk intolerance" the symptoms of which were nausea, malaise, and weakness occurring soon after milk ingestion and persisting for twenty-four hours or more He also had occasional urinary sugar This fits in with the note by Townsend and associates (6) to the effect that galactosemia is a deficiency which may become less severe as the individual matures but from which he

primarily designed for calves and not for human beings (9) This being the case, any substitute for cow's milk, provided it meets the requirements of the infant satisfactorily, is just as "natural" a food for infants as cow's milk, a concept which is difficult of acceptance both by laymen and by physicians

Human breast milk would appear to be an ideal substitute for cow's milk as well as a natural food The chief difficulty is that breast milk is not always available and when available is quite expensive If produced for allergic infants the mother should be on a special diet, omitting egg, for example These factors render it impractical for general use

A hydrolized casein preparation, as Nutramigen,* should theoretically provide a satisfactory milk substitute In my experience, its use has been disappointing although many of my colleagues have used it with very good results † Its taste is unacceptable to older children, diarrhea is frequent and milk sensitive babies do not commonly respond favorably Probably the reason is that infants may be so exquisitely sensitive to milk protein that they will react to it, even when present in such traces that it cannot be detected by the usual chemical or biological tests

SOY BEAN MILK

In 1917, Osborne and Mendel (18) reported that the soy bean contains all the amino acids necessary for the normal growth and development of the human infant It is the only member of the vegetable kingdom known to possess this property Osborne and Mendel's statement is still accepted today with certain reservations as yet unpublished by Albanese** which have to do particularly with a deficiency of methionine an essential amino acid not yet discovered at the time Osborne and Mendel made their report However this objection, Albanese indicates, is more theoretical than real since this deficiency can be compensated by ingestion of addition soy bean above a theoretical *minimum (about 4 2 gm /Kg /* 24 hr) which these infants do in the course of satisfying their normal appetites

* Manufactured by Mead Johnson and Company Evansville Indiana
† Personal communications

** Personal communication to the author

CHAPTER 62

SUBSTITUTES FOR COW'S MILK IN INFANT FEEDING

IT IS HIGHLY essential for the physician to be familiar with the substitutes for cow's milk in patients allergic to this food, particularly during the first six to nine months of life Over this age, while desirable, such substitutes are not so essential since the protein and other requirements of the infant may be met by feeding other foods, particularly meats, with the mineral and other food factors being given separately A substitute for butter poses no problem because for cooking a great variety of other fats may be used, and for table purposes (as well as for cooking) hydrogenated soy bean oil is a highly palatable and completely satisfactory butter substitute † Oleomargarines cannot be used as butter substitutes because most margarines contain a certain percentage of cow's milk solids, *as was formerly required by law*

In a discussion of this topic it should be emphasized that the use of cow's milk in infant feeding is of itself a substitute feeding However, it has been used so long for this purpose that it is regarded by the laity and by most physicians not as a substitute but as a "natural food Some years ago I pointed out that the only natural food for the human infant, at least during the first few months of life, is human breast milk, and that despite the fact that she so richly deserves her title of Foster Mother of the Human Race," the cow, after thousands of years of domestication, still produces milk

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* Most of the material for this chapter is taken from an article previously published by the author (10) and reproduced here with permission of the copy right owners

† This is obtainable commercially under the name of Nuspread from the Nuspread Foods Company 2502 6 North Williams Avenue Portland 12 Oregon Willow Run Soybean oleomargarine is a similar preparation obtainable from Shedd Bartush Foods Inc 14401 Dexter Boulevard Detroit 38 Michigan A kosher oleomargarine of the same nature is manufactured by the Miami Margarine Co 107 East Pearl St *Cincinnati 2 Ohio under the name* of Mar Parv

As a substitute for whipped cream Rich s Whip Topping may be used This is manufactured by the Rich Products Corporation 1145 Niagara St Buffalo 13 New York

extract, vitamin A palmitate and calciferol It is theoretically possible, although such cases have not been reported, that certain of these ingredients (dextri maltose and chondrus extract) might contain enough antigen derived from the parent substances to cause reactions in allergic children Also, although vitamins rarely cause allergic disturbances and there were found no reports of allergy to vitamin A palmitate or calciferol, it is nevertheless preferable that

TABLE XXIV

PREPARATION OF A HOME MADE SOY BEAN MILK*

INGREDIENTS

Soy Bean Flour (full fat)—This should be processed soy bean flour The raw flour is unsatisfactory	18 tablespoons
Potato Starch Flour—May also instead use tapioca flour or rice flour or corn starch or arrowroot starch Care should be taken to use one to whose parent substance the child is believed not to be allergic	3½ teaspoons
Sugar (cane or beet)	5½ teaspoons
Soy Bean Oil (or olive sesame or corn oil (Mazola))	2 tablespoons
Dicalcium Phosphate (may be purchased from the druggist without a prescription	1 teaspoon
Table Salt (sodium chloride)	¼ teaspoon
Water to make	32 oz

All measurements are level use standard measuring cups tablespoons and teaspoons Level off the spoon after filling with the blade of a knife Sift the soy bean flour once before measuring and do not pack into the cup

Mix the soy bean flour sugar and salt in 3½ cups of water (28 oz) Heat to the boiling point in the top of a double boiler Add the oil Mix the starch and dicalcium phosphate in ¼ cup of cold water and stir into the mixture Cook for forty five minutes in the top of the double boiler stirring occasionally to prevent lumping If necessary add water to allow for evaporation

The formula has the approximate caloric equivalent of whole milk it contains about 30 per cent more protein The mineral constituents are about the same The formula was adapted by Dr Rowe from that of Katherine Bane M D and Miriam Lowenberg

The addition of a few drops of vanilla or more sugar may make the drink more palatable to older children Molasses may also be used

*Slightly modified from Rowe (22)

the formula be as simple as possible and vitamins can be added to the diet at any time and in any form the physician may wish However, for all practical purposes the liquid Sobee may be regarded as non allergenic except for those allergic to the soy bean as a food

Mull Soy is now supplied in two forms a liquid (for convenience) and a powder both of which have the same composition which is somewhat similar to that described above for Sobee except that it contains no vitamins and no potential allergens other than those derived from the soy bean Either the powder or the liquid may be used as desired The powder is often well tolerated by infants who suffer

The earliest reference to the use of soy bean in infant feeding is that of Rurah (24) who did not use it alone but in combination with other foods Until it was known that a heat labile trypsin in hibitor occurs in large quantities in soy beans (1, 15) early physiologists were puzzled as to why this complete protein failed to support adequate growth However, modern methods of preparing soy bean flour inactivate this inhibitor

In 1929, Tso (27), a Chinese physiologist, stimulated by the report of Osborne and Mendel, and without reference to allergy, sought in the soy bean the protein base for a substitute for breast milk and for cow's milk, the latter apparently quite expensive in China He succeeded in raising one infant from birth to about the age of six months on a substitute milk made from soy bean without the addition of any protein of animal origin Not long after the publication of his report I began feeding newborn potentially allergic infants soy bean milk as their sole source of protein With the exception of the single case described by Tso, five cases of Sternberg and Greenblatt (25) reported in 1951, and my own eighty-eight patients (11), similar experiments have not been published Sternberg and Greenblatt found that feeding soy bean milk starting at birth throughout the first three months of life had no deleterious effect on the growth and development and blood protein values of these infants

Although the preparation at home of soy bean milk from soy bean flour is a relatively simple and inexpensive procedure (see Table XXIV) as a substitute food for infants allergic to cow's milk it did not attain any great popularity until Hill and Stuart (13) in 1929 introduced a practical preparation* which became commercially available Since then a number of others have been developed, the best known of which is Mull Soy †

The original Sobee was a powder which made a suspension rather than an emulsion In 1954, this was replaced by a vastly improved liquid product which contains, in addition to soy bean flour and water, the following ingredients dextri maltose (corn and barley malt), soy bean oil, calcium carbonate, sodium chloride, chondrus

* Sobee Manufactured by Mead Johnson & Co Evansville Indiana
† Borden Co

opinion If the mother tastes the substitute milk in the presence of the child and makes a disagreeable face or comment in a disparaging tone of voice, the child cannot be expected to take the milk substitute willingly She should deliberately drink a little in the presence of the child, smile as though very much pleased and say "My, this tastes good" She also should not force the substitute on the child at first but gradually get him accustomed to it

With the introduction of the soy bean on a large scale into various industries in this country (as pointed out by Duke (4) as long ago as 1934) for use in the manufacture of paint and plastics, and with its introduction as a food, particularly as a protein extender in various kinds of meat preparations and bread, it is to be expected that we will encounter infants who may possibly be allergic to soy bean as well as to cow's milk This has already occurred (8, 12) and it is, therefore highly desirable for the physician to be familiar with the other types of cow's milk substitutes which will now be discussed

GOAT'S MILK

The milk of the goat, an animal which has been aptly termed, as Brenneman comments (2), 'the poor man's cow," was in the past very commonly used in the dietary treatment of allergy to cow's milk As has been discussed above it is only occasionally more helpful than evaporated cow s milk or boiled whole cow's milk It is, however, worthy of trial if the infant is allergic to cow's milk and has not responded to any other milk substitutes

Goat s milk is almost identical in composition to cow's milk, each containing about 3 5 per cent protein 4 per cent fat, and 5 per cent lactose It is somewhat higher in minerals, containing about 0 90 per cent as compared with cow s milk, 0 75 per cent The fat globules of goat s milk are finer and of more uniform size, and there is little tendency for separation of the cream The curd tension is less than that of cow s milk (2) Fresh goat's milk is usually readily available in the neighborhood of large cities and is occasionally distributed by large dairy companies Information may often be obtained as to a source of supply from the local board of health Goat herds maintained with special care and on special diets produce

from diarrhea or other gastrointestinal disturbances on the liquid Mull Soy A full strength formula is made by mixing equal parts of the liquid Mull Soy and water or one measure (tablespoon) of the powder to 2 oz of water

When first introducing the soy bean milk it is preferable to use a half strength formula until the infant becomes accustomed to it, which usually takes one or two days, then the full strength formula may be used or the formula may be gradually increased to full strength

On soy bean milk feedings the stools are larger and more frequent than with mammalian milks and this must be explained to the mother Occasionally, if the stools are too watery the addition of one or two teaspoons of Kaopectate* per bottle as recommended by Stoesser† will correct this On soy bean milk, or any milk substitute, a common phenomenon which also occurs on the feeding of any food will occasionally occur in early infancy This is a bowel movement after each feeding It is not due to the nature of the food but to the fact that the swallowing reflex does not stop with the stomach but goes down through the entire gastrointestinal tract producing an evacuation (gastro colic reflex) This is most simply treated by giving the infant 5 or 10 drops of paregoric in a teaspoon of water ten minutes before feeding It usually disappears in a few days

For older children other soy bean milks may prove more suitable, as Soyalac ** Recipes are commonly provided by the manufacturers for use of the various soy bean milks in agreeable forms in limited diets A very nice ice cream can be made with most of these preparations

The psychological attitude with which the mother offers the infant, and more particularly the young child a substitute for the accustomed cow s milk is of the greatest importance Most of these preparations taste reasonably good to an unprejudiced observer, and whether or not they taste as good as cow s milk is a personal

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* Manufactured by the Upjohn Company Contains citrus pectin kaolin bentonite methyl paraben saccharin citric acid and a synthetic flavor

† Personal communication to the author

** Loma Linda Food Company P O Box 388 Mt Vernon Ohio

acidity as on human milk and somewhat less acid than on cow's milk

Mare's milk would appear to be worth trying in cases of allergy to cow's milk, and it is hoped that, eventually, feeding experiments will be tried on a reasonably large scale in an effort to determine its possible usefulness in this field

The milk of the reindeer, llama, camel, and water buffalo have been used for feeding children, and legend and fiction state that human infants have been nourished on the milk of wolves and other animals, but no authentic reports on this are available The same is true of the milk of the anthropoid ape which, as might be expected, is closer in composition to human milk than that of any other species of animal (28) Litchfield, Norton and Hoffman (16) have published an interesting table of the comparative composition of the milk of several other animals

Moll (17) used almonds as the protein base for a substitute milk, and other nuts have also been used Since nuts tend to sensitize readily I have not used these preparations Finkelstein (6) published a formula for the use of milk made from poppyseeds which I have used successfully for short term therapy Wolpe and Silverstone (29) reported formulae for a series of milk substitutes based on cereals, and Feingold (5) for a milk substitute based on taro, the staple carbohydrate food of Polynesia These carbohydrate preparations have the disadvantage of not containing sufficient protein so that after relatively short term use the infants develop nutritional edema I have made limited experiments with human plasma and serum but these substances are impractical for various reasons *

MEAT BASE MILKS

At present the best substitute for cow's milk if soy bean milk is not satisfactory is prepared by using strained meat as the protein base The history of the development of this procedure is rather interesting Rowe (20) in 1931 published formulae using beef and lamb meat juice in milk substitutes Cohen and associates (3), in

* Unpublished data

milk practically free from the characteristic "goaty" odor However, evaporated goat's milk, used just like evaporated cow's milk, is now readily obtainable at most pharmacies *

OTHER ANIMAL MILKS

The milk of the ass and of the mare are more like human milk than that of any other animal milk used for food At one time infants were very successfully fed goat's and ass's milk directly from the udder in large infants' hospitals with very good results (2) Mare's milk has been the subject of a recent study by Kalliala and associates (14) in Helsinki, Finland They stated that during the period of lactation the amount obtained by the colt from the mother is about 10 to 30 liters daily The amount of a single feeding is, however, small, the colt compensating for this by nursing frequently, almost hourly, during the day time The protein content of mare's milk is low, but it contains about 0 5 per cent more than human milk Qualitatively it resembles human milk in that more than half its protein is readily digestible lactalbumin The lactose content is intermediate between cow's and human milk The fat content is low and variable but resembles qualitatively that of human milk as both contain a high percentage of fatty acids The vitamin content of B_1, B_2, and B_6 is sufficient and it has an excess of Vitamin C as compared with other milks The mineral content is about the same as human milk, i e, about half that of cow's milk However, the amount of calcium and phosphorus, especially calcium, is relatively higher in mare's milk than in human milk and only a little lower than in cow's milk The buffer capacity of mare's milk is only a little greater than human milk The digestibility of mare's milk and human milk, as judged by *in vitro* experiments, are just about the same The stools on mare's milk are relatively soft but are about as alkaline as on cow's milk whereas the human breast milk stool is commonly acid Urines on mare's milk are of just about the same

* Myenberg Goat Milk Distributed by Jackson Mitchell Pharmaceuticals Inc Los Angeles 64 California

Powdered goat milk may be obtained from Balanced Foods Inc 700 Broadway New York New York supplied by the Ditex Food Division Flotill Products Inc Stockton California

TABLE XXI

SUBSTITUTE FORMULA FOR COW'S MILK CONTAINING STRAINED MEATS*

Strained lamb, pork or beef	1 cup (8 oz)
Oil (use one of these) Olive, sesame, corn (Mazola)	3½ tablespoons
Ordinary table sugar	2 tablespoons
Starch (use one of these) Potato tapioca, rice	2½ tablespoons
Calcium carbonate (Get 4 oz from your druggist—prescription not necessary)	1 teaspoon
Ordinary table salt	½ teaspoon
Water to make a quart (32 oz)	4 cups

All measurements are level using standard measuring cups and spoons

Heat water in the top of a double boiler until the water in the outer boiler starts boiling Add the salt, sugar and calcium carbonate

Mix the starch to a paste in ½ cup of cold water and stir into the water in the top of the double boiler

Cook mixture for ten minutes in the top of the double boiler stirring constantly to prevent lumping

Then add the strained meat and oil and make up to one quart if the total volume is less with boiled water Mix thoroughly and cook for ten minutes longer Bottle and use as formula

*Slightly modified from Rowe (23) who originated this formula

used meats except rooster or capon The male fowl is desirable because it is possible that in the female there is enough egg protein in the tissues to cause reactions in infants exquisitely sensitive to eggwhite Such cases have been reported in adults by Rinkel, Randolph, and Zeller (19) At present, experiments are under way using whale meat, now readily available in the American market, as the protein base for meat milks No members of this family are widely used for food in this country so congenital or biogenetic sensitivity to whale meat is not to be expected The heart of a good sized whale weighs a ton and this high grade protein is now commonly discarded or used for dog food It should we believe, form an excellent and inexpensive source of protein for milk substitutes

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1933, developed a milk substitute in which beef was used as the principal source of protein with other substances added to round out the formula * To some of these substances infants are readily sensitized and the formula has the great disadvantage of rigidity Beef, also, is closely related chemically and biologically to cow's milk so that sensitivity to both, though not common, does occur In 1941, Rowe (21) mentioned homogenized lamb, beef, and beef liver and suggested their use in milk substitutes I first employed these preparations clinically using a formula kindly supplied by Rowe† at that time The homogenized meats may be prepared at home, using a Waring blender, as described by Stuart (26), but are now readily available commercially ** Considerable and dramatic success has been experienced first with atopic dermatitis (infantile eczema) apparently due to sensitivity both to cow's milk and soy bean milk (7, 8), and later these meat milks were found extremely valuable in treating severe gastro intestinal disturbances in early infancy due to sensitivity to cow's milk and sensitivity or intolerance to soy bean milk (12)

The directions for the preparation of meat base milk are given in Table XXV

The meat milks, which are essentially soups (just as soy bean milk is essentially a bean soup) have a chemical composition very similar to that of cow's milk The taste is pleasant and they are readily accepted by the infants Stools are very similar in frequency and appearance to those of cow's milk formula We have used them successfully as the sole milk substitute during the newborn periods The meat milks are easy to prepare and, at present, we are using a pork base formula already packed in tins and requiring only the addition of water for immediate use ‡ If this proves practical the tinned formula will be placed upon the market I prefer, however, to use lamb since, in my experience, infants show less clinical sensitivity to this than to any other of the commonly

* *Formerly marketed by Mead Johnson and Company Evansville Indiana* under the name of Cemac

† Rowe A H Personal communication to the author

** Swift and Company Gerber (Armour) Company

‡ Prepared by Swift and Company Gerber now markets a beef base formula which we have not used yet for reasons mentioned above

CHAPTER 63

THE ELIMINATION DIET

SKIN TESTS for foods are generally unreliable except for a very few as egg, fish, nuts and seeds It has been suggested by Ancona and Schumacher (1, 2) that if fresh foods or freshly frozen foods are used the skin tests will be more accurate but exhaustive studies concerning this remain to be reported Because of the unreliability of cutaneous food tests trial diets are a highly necessary part of the allergist s armamentarium Such diets should omit all foods to which the patient is or is suspected of being sensitive clinically, and to which he reacted on skin testing, if any

Elimination diets of one type or another have probably been used since even before the days of Hippocrates It is only in recent years however that this procedure has been popularized and systematized particularly as a result of the industry and enthusiasm of Albert H Rowe (17) In his book may be found instructions for various types of such diets which are particularly suitable for older children and adults The following elimination diet which was developed in my practice, has been found highly practical as a basic diet for infants one year of age Suitable modifications may be made for younger or older children and even adults This diet, which some pediatricians have called the rule of two diet," because the ingredients are largely paired, is as follows

1 Cow s milk and butter substitutes
2 Cereal Rice Barley
3 Vegetables Carrot String bean
4 Fruits Apple Pear
5 Meats Chicken (must be capon or rooster) Lamb
6 Vitamins A D, and C
7 Miscellaneous Salt sugar, water

For older children another diet indicated by Table XXVI has proven highly satisfactory It should be modified to suit local conditions

7 GLASER J The use of strained meats as the protein basis for milk substitutes in the treatment of milk allergy *New York State J Med* 43 2399 1943
8 *Idem J Allergy* 15 283 1944
9 GLASER J Treatment of eczema (atopic dermatitis) in infancy *J A M A* 137 527 1948
10 GLASER J Substitutes for cows milk in infant feeding *J Pediat* 42 734 1953
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29 WOLPE L Z AND SILVERSTONE P C A series of substitutes for milk in the treatment of allergies *J Pediat* 21 635 1942

tropical and subtropical countries, rice In my practice sensitivity to rice and barley rarely occurs More frequent is sensitivity to corn and oat and most frequently to wheat and rye Slobody, Untracht, and Herzmark (18) found no children sensitive to cooked rice They assumed that the heating of rice in the presence of moisture renders it non allergenic, as suggested by the work of Ratner and Gruehl (14) While such cooking tends to make cereals and other foods definitely less allergenic, the process by no means makes these foods perfectly innocuous from the allergenic standpoint For example, the author, as well as many other pediatricians, has seen wheat sensitive infants who have developed rashes from the wheat in Pablum Mixed Cereal* which is an excellent thoroughly precooked cereal Such a patient is illustrated in Figure 13 This boy's skin could be completely cleared by a wheat free diet However, the ingestion of Pablum Mixed Cereal or any other food containing wheat would cause an eczematous rash to appear in the flexures of his knees and elsewhere within less than twenty four hours after ingestion

Pure rice and barley cereals, as well as other single grain cereals, and now readily available, in most cases in some variety, on the market, except for rye However, Ry-Krisp wafers† may be ground up in a meat chopper and used as a pure rye cereal By consulting the references in Table XXVII many additions may be made to the above diet to make it more palatable, as for example, the rice or barley or soy bean wafers containing only the single food plus hydrogenated soy bean oil and suitable hypo allergec excipients and sweeteners

Buckwheat, which would appear to be a good substitute for the commonly used cereal grains, is botanically not a cereal but is a member of the rhubarb family It is not a practical food for allergic individuals because sensitivity to buckwheat is easily acquired and very severe reactions may occur in such sensitized individuals

The fruits and vegetables in the diet under discussion require little comment These were originally used because they did not appear (except for carrot) in a table of positive skin reactions in 200 children as reported by Hill (12) in 1933 Clinical experience since

* Mead Johnson and Company

† Ralston Purina Company

TABLE XXVI

SPECIAL ELIMINATION DIET

Diet Instructions

I Beverage Tea
*Soyalac (all purpose unflavored) This is manufactured by the Loma Linda Food Co, Box 388 Mt Vernon Ohio It may be used in most instances as a substitute for cow's milk For a butter substitute use Nuspread * or Willow Run Soy bean Oleomargarine °

II Meats Lamb chicken (must be capon or rooster)

III Cereals Ry Krisp (Ralston Purina Co)—may be used as a cracker or ground up in a meat grinder and used as a breakfast cereal

*‡Cellu Rice Wafers
Quaker Puffed Rice
Minute Rice (General Foods)
Plain boiled rice

fruits or vegeta

IV

V

VI pple jelly cran are very similar in taste and appearance to salted peanuts and are useful as a filler' between meals

* May be obtained at the Healthful Diet Shoppe 200 Monroe Ave Rochester 7 N Y Phone Baker 4674

° Manufactured by Shedd Bartush Foods Inc 14401 Dexter Blvd Detroit 33 Mich

‡ Manufactured by the Chicago Dietetic Supply House Inc 1750 W VanBuren St Chicago 12 Ill

but make he letter e diet is

Substitutes for cow s milk have been discussed in Chapter 62 and need no further elaboration here

In my experience, clinical allergy to cereal, except to wheat, in infants and young children, has not been very common It is important to remember, however, that all the cereal grains wheat, rye, rice, oat, barley and corn, are all genetically related in that they are all modified grass seeds and a person exquisitely sensitive to one may be, though not necessarily, sensitive to all It is highly probable that the kind of clinical sensitivity to cereal grains will depend to a degree upon the part of the world in which the patient lives In the temperate zone wheat is the staple cereal, in colder climates as in Scandinavia, rye products are best liked in Mexico corn, and in

Fortunately, sensitivity to cod liver oil preparations is quite uncommon Balyeat and Bowen (3) reported four children between the ages of four and six years who developed urticaria or vomiting or diarrhea or eczema when fed cod liver oil Hoffmann and Rattner (13) reported two children ages eighteen and twenty two months respectively who developed eczema from cod liver oil Both of these children were clinically sensitive to the ingestion of fish

It is possible that sensitivity assumed to be due to cod liver oil may not occur because of sensitivity to cod fish *per se* but because of sensitivity to some product which is developed in the cod liver oil in the process of purification This was suggested by an experience with an infant one and a half years of age who when tested by the scratch method with codfish, reacted immediately with the development of a wheal which reached the size of 5 cm before the testing material could be wiped off of the skin. The mother was immediately queried as to why she had not stated that fish disagreed with this child when in taking her history she was specifically asked if any particular food disagreed with the infant She replied that the child was so sensitive to fish of all kinds that she did not dare even to bring a fish into the house as the odor alone would cause the child to have asthma She had not thought of fish disagreement when the question of food dis disagreements came up because it had been so long since the child had been exposed to fish

This is a common type of omission which may occur in history taking when one inquires only if there are any known food disagreements rather than giving the mother a food list to check or asking her specifically concerning the child s reactions to any given foods as has been discussed under history taking This child was then scratch tested at the same visit using samples of a half a dozen of the various kinds of cod liver oil preparations She reacted to none of these This suggests that in the course of processing cod liver oil this may be rendered non allergenic so far as fish is concerned indicating that if reactions do occur to such products they may in some instances be due to changes which have taken place in the oil as a result of processing Nevertheless in order to avoid possible difficulty from this source it is my custom to use a substitute for cod liver oil to which no allergic reactions have been reported as yet For this purpose there

TABLE XXVII

SOURCES OF SPECIAL INFORMATION WITH REGARD TO DIETS AND RECIPES*

Rowe Albert H Elimination Diets and the Patient's Allergies Philadelphia 1944

[illegible]

Alvarez, W C Help Us to Help You When You have A Food Allergy, New York 1941 Harper & Bros

American Dietetic Association 620 N Michigan Ave Chicago 11 Ill Allergy Recipes Price $0 50

[illegible]

Price $0 10

Chicago Dietetic Supply House Inc 1750 W VanBuren St Chicago 12 Ill Allergy Diet Foods For Use in Wheat Free Egg Free and Milk Free Diets Copies supplied gratis

Quaker Oats Co 223 W Wacker Blvd Chicago Ill Allergy Recipes Copies supplied gratis

Ditex Foods 918 Armitage Ave Chicago 14 Ill They have some fine special items for use on allergy restricted diets

[illegible]

Price $0 50

* Modified from Dees S C (5)

then has confirmed the validity of the use of these particular ingredients in elimination diets at this age

If a child will not take the milk substitute on the elimination diet it is important to administer sufficient calcium and phosphorus in suitable amounts in an acceptable vehicle *

VITAMINS IN THE ELIMINATION DIET

For short term trial therapy, as for a period of one or two weeks if a child is in reasonably good condition it is not necessary to fortify the diet with vitamins However, if the trial diets are to be more prolonged it is advisable to see that the requirements for vitamins are met Most commonly this can be done by providing some simple preparation containing A, C and D The requirements for A and D are usually satisfied by prescribing some form of cod liver oil

* Dynacal (McNeil) is a convenient preparation each teaspoon or tablet of which contains the calcium and phosphorus equivalent of 7 oz of cow's milk

Larkin, which has not yet been confirmed, there appears to be no unequivocal evidence that vitamins are of any greater importance to the child with allergic disease than to the normal child, or that allergic diseases are in any way favorably influenced by the administration of any presently known vitamins The use of vitamins as therapeutic agents in allergic disease has been characterized by more enthusiasm than sense Together with Dam (8) I have the rather odd distinction of being the first to describe the use of a new vitamin in an allergic disease (Vitamin E in pollinosis) without reporting favorable results

UNSATURATED FATTY ACIDS AND ATOPIC DERMATITIS

Hansen (9) has contributed some studies of fundamental, though not highly practical, importance concerning the metabolism of the eczematous child He stated that fatty acids containing two or more double bonds are not synthesized by the body, and certain of these, linoleic acid (C 18 with two double bonds), and arachidonic acid (C 20 with four double bonds) are known in nutrition as the essential fatty acids In about four fifths of eczematous infants under two years of age and a little over one half of adult patients with eczema, the serum iodine numbers were found to be below the normal range Hanson and associates (10) were able to raise the iodine number of fatty acids in the serum of dogs by feeding lard The same procedure has been effectively applied to infants with eczema The lard is spread on crackers or mixed with other foods and appears to be taken well by the patient It is given in teaspoon or tablespoon quantities once or several times a day as tolerated A therapeutic trial should comprise a period of about two months or so using 1 to 2 oz a day

Stoesser (19) in a series of severely eczematous infants noted blood iodine numbers averaging 71, which is much below the normal These infants were fed soy bean milk to which had been added 4 per cent soy bean oil to increase the amount of unsaturated fatty acids In a period of three or four weeks the iodine numbers rose to an average of 118 and this was associated with favorable response to external therapy In a control group there was little change in the iodine number Stoesser felt that these observations confirmed others previously made (20) to the effect that during acute infections of the

are now many synthetic water soluble or miscible A, C, and D or A and D preparations available

VITAMIN C

To provide an adequate non-allergenic source of Vitamin C one may use the "Ce-Vi Sol" of *Mead, Johnson and Company, which* consists of crystalline ascorbic acid dissolved in glycerin, or the "Cecon" of the Abbott Laboratories, *which contains crystalline* ascorbic acid dissolved in propylene glycol Crystalline ascorbic acid may also be prescribed in capsules

Di Sant'Agnese and Larkin (7) found Vitamin A absorption capacity impaired in four cases of intractable infantile eczema Each of *these was characterized by* (1) retarded development, (2) malnutrition, (3) severe generalized eczema, (4) marked lymphadenopathy, (5) high blood eosinophilia (25 to 35 per cent), (6) frequent, severe respiratory infections, and (7) refractiveness to local and dietetic treatment Vitamin A blood levels were determined before and after the ingestion of oleum percomorphum The authors suggested that respiratory infections and malnutrition when observed in infantile eczema may be due to vitamin A deficiency resulting from a defect in intestinal absorption Should this problem be encountered it could probably be adequately met by the feeding of one of the highly potent Vitamin A preparations now available

Harris and Gay (11) fed twenty unselected infants with eczema a Vitamin B complex preparation An immediate improvement manifested by a decrease in pruritis and a tendency toward healing was noted in eighteen cases However, *in the final analysis, only two* healed completely, eleven improved, and seven showed no change *In my experience the procedure has been consistently disappointing*

Wetzel and associates (21) reported one child whose eczema was *apparently greatly improved by the administration of Vitamin* B_{12} Dieterich (6) reported in some detail on a two year-old child who had *eczema since infancy* who did not respond to the usual methods of treatment which were discontinued and the child given 10 micrograms of Vitamin B_{12} daily After two weeks there was a complete remission of the eczema The same dose was continued for another two weeks and then reduced to 7 5 micrograms daily The remission had persisted up until the time of the report

With the possible exception of the work by Di Sant'Agnese and

Larkin which has not yet been confirmed, there appears to be no unequivocal evidence that vitamins are of any greater importance to the child with allergic disease than to the normal child, or that allergic diseases are in any way favorably influenced by the administration of any presently known vitamins The use of vitamins as therapeutic agents in allergic disease has been characterized by more enthusiasm than sense Together with Dam (8) I have the rather odd distinction of being the first to describe the use of a new vitamin in an allergic disease (Vitamin E in pollinosis) without reporting favorable results

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must contend, might be minimized or even prevented That such a possibility existed was indicated by the work of Grulee and Sanford (16), mentioned above, to the effect that seven times as many infants developed eczema on cow's milk as compared with infants fed breast milk Breast milk, which is the human infant's only "natural" food, as contrasted with cow's milk which is a "natural" food, not for the human infant but for calves, at least during the first few months of life, would appear to be the ideal food on which to start feeding the newborn infant However, breast milk is not commonly available and although at times can be purchased, is very expensive and these facts preclude its general use in the feeding of potentially allergic infants It is also now well known that a variety of substances ingested by the nursing mother may pass into breast milk to cause allergic disturbances in the infant (see chap 60)

For the above reasons it is desirable to have readily available an adequate substitute for breast milk which should also be of reasonable cost The milk of other mammals, as the goat, is not commonly satisfactory (For a discussion of this subject see Chap 62)

Hill and Stuart (18), in 1929, as discussed in Chapter 62, introduced a commercially available soybean milk and in the same year Tso (43) reported on one infant raised from birth to the age of six months on a soy bean milk Shortly after the publication of these reports I began feeding newborn potentially allergic infants soy bean milk as their sole source of protein Other than breast milk and soy bean milk only meat base milk (10) has been used and this in but a very few cases

The starting formula for the infants was usually one-third of a commercial soy bean preparation* and two thirds water which was gradually increased to equal parts soy bean milk and water as the infants became accustomed to the formula Hill (17), in commenting upon our work, while granting that if well-tolerated soy bean milk will nourish an infant as well as cow's milk, has pointed out that soy bean formulae are likely to cause diarrhea and irritation of the buttocks which, in newborn infants, may become matters of serious

* These experiments were for the most part carried out using the liquid Mull Soy of the Borden Company Since the completion of the original study we have been using the new powdered Mull Soy which is often tolerated by infants with whom the liquid preparation disagrees

concern Hill's warning is appropriate and timely. The feeding of the newborn should be undertaken only by those who are well trained in this respect However, when diarrhea and/or sore buttocks appeared, we endeavored to treat this in the usual manner, but if we were unsuccessful we discontinued the soybean preparation This was, however, necessary in less than 15 per cent of our cases and this includes those infants where intractable colic and emesis also appeared to be due to the soybean feeding

The results of this method of feeding as far as the prophylaxis of allergic disease is concerned far exceeded our expectations It is a priori reasoning that if one does not feed cow's milk to an infant, allergy to cow's milk does not occur Only 8 per cent of our experimental group developed eczema as compared with about 30 per cent of the control group The eczema in this 8 per cent of the cases, of course, was due to other factors than cow's milk In a few instances where there was a congenital sensitivity to cow's milk the infants reacted when again fed cow's milk at an average age of six months In only one instance however, was the milk sensitivity retained after further prolonged abstinence from cow's milk

Hill (17), again commenting upon our work, inferred that while withholding cow's milk from the diet the first few months of life would logically minimize or prevent the development of allergy to cow's milk that this could not reasonably be expected to prevent subsequent sensitization to other allergens as the child grew older and his view certainly appears to be good common sense. However previous studies (24) in my clinic on the incidence and progression of allergic disease in pediatric practice had apparently confirmed the observation previously made by many others, that once the allergic state is established it tends to be followed by the development of other allergic diseases For this reason, we thought it would be interesting to see what happened to our patients as they grew older Much to our surprise we found that only about 15 per cent of our experimental group developed major allergic diseases before the age of ten years as compared with about 60 per cent of our control group This finding was so astonishing that we felt our experimental group might well be weighted in the direction of a greater incidence of allergies than might occur by chance in a random sampling of potentially allergic children The reason for this was of course, that these infants were placed on the experimental regime because their

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POTENTIALLY ALLERGIC CHILDREN (offspring or siblings of one or more persons with one or more allergic diseases)	NO OF CHILDREN	INCIDENCE OF MAJOR ALLERGY TO 6 YEARS
CONTROL GROUP #1* (siblings of experimental group)	65	64 6%
CONTROL GROUP #2* nonrelated (carefully selected from 4,710 children in 1 215 allergic families for similar parental and sibling allergic backgrounds)	175	52 0%
EXPERIMENTAL GROUP (Cow's milk withheld from birth 3 breastfed 5 on meat base formulas, 88 on soybean milk, cow's milk introduced later)	96	14 6%

*Thre ...

... 100

F ...
allerg...

detail, states that one out of every eight children in the United States is an allergic child, and at least 10 per cent of the total population suffers from allergic disease Certainly this study opens up a vast new field for the pediatrician in the area in which he is most interested, that of prophylaxis

It is not to be expected that such a completely new and revolutionary point of view would be accepted without criticism However, in the interval which has elapsed since this work ... presented at the meeting of the A...

... discussed Other minor criticisms ... (17) which have are reviewed elsewhere (14)

siblings or others in the family had suffered from various allergic diseases Consequently, a second control group was selected From reviewing the histories of 4,710 children in 1,215 allergic families, 175 were selected to comprise the second control group of this study These children were followed for the same number of years as their opposite members in the experimental group and had the same number of younger siblings with closely similar allergic histories Their parents, also, had allergic histories closely resembling the histories of the parents of the children of the experimental group Members of the sibling, as well as the non-related control group, were considered as having allergic disease only if their symptoms occurred by or before the present age of their counterparts in the experimental group We feel it is highly significant that in this non related control group 52 per cent of the children developed major allergic disease as compared with 64 per cent of the sibling control group, a truly remarkable close correlation Thus there is approximately a fourfold incidence of allergy in potentially allergic children started on cow's milk from birth as compared with those started on soy bean milk This study is graphically summarized in Figure 42

It must be emphasized that to be successful, this regime must be instituted from the moment of birth To give a potentially allergic newborn infant a trial feeding of cow's milk ignores the basic premise of this procedure, namely that these children have an immunological immaturity in the first few months of life which makes them predisposed to become sensitized to the first foods which are *introduced into the diet*

If the above method of prophylaxis actually reduces the incidence of allergic disease to the degree indicated, and it is my considered opinion that it does, the possibilities this procedure offers for improving the health of our nation (not to mention others) are fantastic Swartz (42)* who reviewed the literature of this subject in

* The original references are not mentioned in this publication However when questioned as to their source in a personal communication Swartz replied as follows The *World Almanac* published by the *World Telegram and Sun* 1952 page 398 presents tables of United States population from which is derived the figure of approximately 40 million for the age group fourteen or under Vaughan and Black, *Practice of Allergy* 2nd Ed (St Louis Mosby) Chapter IX established a 10 per cent plus major allergy and a preponderance of the onset of allergy in the first and second decades Swartz also checked all the original source material for this chapter

if the yolk is well tolerated and later, if this agrees, egg cooked by other methods may be tried * Allergy to the vitamins most important in infancy is so rare that it need not be considered as far as the potentially allergic child is concerned, provided simple A, C and D preparations are used

A problem of much interest in pediatric practice at the present time is whether or not the early introduction of various foods into the infant's diet is beneficial or harmful Information regarding this seems to be based on opinion as indicated by the report of Butler and Wolman (5) rather than on facts established by the kind of long term study necessary to solve such a difficult problem Deisher and Goers (7) have made a very fine beginning in this direction They divided a series of eighty five new born infants into two groups in one of which solids were introduced during the first four weeks and in the second during the ninth to the twelfth week At the end of a year no significant differences could be observed between the two series of infants

It is certain that even the newborn infant can adapt to a variety of foods and thrive very nicely from birth as the successful feeding of these infants with soy bean milk and meat base milks previously discussed so amply indicates The most highly allergenic foods commonly used in early infancy are cow's milk and egg and if egg is avoided and cow's milk replaced by a food of equal value but of low antigenicity (as soy bean milk) and others used in variety, it is unlikely that any harm from the standpoint of allergy will result It is also desirable that wheat, which will be the principal carbohydrate food as the child grows older, should be avoided, and the other cereals used instead particularly since it has been demonstrated that allergy due to cereal grains, especially wheat is responsible for some cases of the celiac syndrome as has been discussed in Chapter 11 While it might appear that nature has given the answer as to the proper time to introduce such polysaccharides because of the fact that pancreatic amylase cannot be demonstrated until the infant is three months of age (2) this is not the complete answer because the starch splitting enzyme ptyalin is present in the saliva of the fetus during the last half of gestation and disaccharide splitting enzymes are present in the intestinal juice for sometime before birth (38)

* See also Chapter 63

The impression should not be obtained from the foregoing that cow's milk is to be regarded as food which is highly dangerous to the human race Nothing could be further from the truth For the individual with whom cow's milk agrees, and fortunately this includes the vast majority of the human race, *it is without doubt the greatest gift of food that nature has given to mankind* However, in the case of potentially allergic children, the physician is confronted with a very important aberration of nature It is to be hoped that by following the principles of feeding the potentially allergic newborn infant just elucidated, that in the future many who would otherwise suffer because of the too early feeding of cow's milk, will be spared this and thus eventually be enabled to enjoy this most valuable food throughout the rest of their lives without impairment to their well being

Based on the same general reasoning for starting potentially allergic infants on soy bean milk instead of cow's milk to avoid sensitizing the infants to cow's milk, I feel it unwise to start these infants on such an important food as wheat for the first cereal The infant should be started on other cereals, as barley, oats, rice, and corn, using these successively so as to give the infant as great a variety as possible, introducing wheat when the infant is between nine and twelve months of age Buckwheat (which is not a true cereal) should not be used because of its high sensitization potential Mixed cereals offer no particular advantages for potentially allergic infants but may be used after the component cereals have been introduced into the diet Sensitivity to fruits, vegetables and meats occurs much less readily but the same general principles apply One should use as much variety as is practical The potentially allergic infant should not be fed orange juice daily, despite its low antigenicity when free from seed and oil (30), but a variety of biogenetically unrelated juices, the ascorbic acid deficiency of some of these being made up, when necessary, by the addition of ascorbic acid Fish should not be added until the infant is at least a year of age, and nuts not until much later In this connection, because peanut butter is a favorite food for young children it should be pointed out that the peanut is not a nut but a legume Egg, when eventually added to the diet, preferably not before the age of one year, should be started gradually in the form of hard boiled egg yolk, hard boiled egg white being added

dust proof covers As the child grows older and needs a larger mattress, sponge rubber is the ideal material for this as well as for the pillow Both should be enclosed in dust proof casings The bedding should be free from silk, wool, hair, feathers and kapok Good blankets made from synthetic fibers are now available Fortunately, most of the better animal toys have imitation fur made of rayon plush, which is harmless, and are stuffed with a good grade of cotton relatively free from the seed, which is a very powerful allergen There should be no fur- or feather-bearing pets, regardless of negative skin tests or the apparent harmlessness of these pets on clinical observation Insecticides should be free from allergens, especially pyrethrum, which is closely related antigenically to ragweed

The routine prophylaxis of diphtheria, pertussis, and smallpox tetanus in allergic children has been discussed in Chapter 66 and need not further be considered here

Potentially allergic or allergic children exposed to measles should be treated with immune globulin for the purpose of modifying the disease because of the tendency of pulmonary complications in such children to pave the way for asthma Even mild measles should be vigorously treated with antibacterial drugs so as to reduce the incidence of pulmonary complications which, in a child with respiratory allergic disease, has a marked tendency to hasten the onset of asthma Karelitz and associates (20) have shown the marked efficacy of penicillin in preventing the complications of measles

The incidence of penicillin reactions and the greater frequency of their occurrence in the allergic child has been previously discussed (see Chap 45) It appears to be a matter of common observation that the oral route sensitizes much less frequently than the parenteral and that the more penicillin a given person receives, the more likely he is to become sensitized. It is, therefore, in the interests of good practice not to use the parenteral route when the oral route will suffice, and also, not to use penicillin when other antibiotic substances or sulfonamide drug will accomplish the same purpose It was the consensus of allergists in replying to a questionnaire on this subject (23) that no one antibiotic should be used constantly but that the physician should have some system of rotating the various antibiotics for successive illnesses, thus diminishing the chances of sensitivity to any one antibiotic drug

All factors considered, it would appear that the evidence favors that group of pediatricians who feel that the early introduction of almost anything edible into the diet of the very young infant is due to social pressure rather than to good medical judgment

It was pointed out by Hutinel (19), as long ago as 1908, and later by Schloss (35), that following acute gastrointestinal episodes, probably due to the increased permeability of the bowel, infants and children may become sensitized to foods which they previously tolerated In acute gastrointestinal disturbances and in their convalescence, therefore, a variety of cooked foods of low antigenicity should be used, especially in children with allergic tendencies

There are also occasional instances reported of sensitization apparently acquired by over-indulgence in specific foods Stuart and Farnham (40) mentioned the case of a man who as a child drank a can of glue on a bet, and thereafter reacted on eating fish with severe allergic manifestations Alvarez and Hinshaw (1) reported one man who in his student days ate at one sitting two pounds of dates left over from a fraternity party and thereby became highly sensitized to this food Another became sensitized to milk by taking from four to six quarts a day during treatment for tuberculosis After that small amounts produced nausea and diarrhea Ratner and associates (33) have warned that fad diets, which are usually composed of a limited number of foods, and very often raw foods, may be a potential source of food sensitization In this connection, it is interesting that allergy to horse serum may be acquired by the eating of horse meat (4)

The environment of the potentially allergic child deserves careful consideration The bedroom should be designed so as to be as free from house dust as possible, and also free from cooking odors, tobacco smoke, cleaning fluid, moth balls, gasoline (as in a room over a garage), and other strong or irritating odors An unusual instance illustrating the importance of environment in the acquisition of hypersensitiveness, is mentioned by Ratner (30) who reported the case of an infant whose bedroom window faced a stable and, apparently as a result of this, the infant acquired sensitivity to horse dander, with a crossed reaction to horse serum

The furniture of the room is also important Most of the better quality of crib mattresses are satisfactory since they have plastic

dust proof covers As the child grows older and needs a larger mattress, sponge rubber is the ideal material for this as well as for the pillow Both should be enclosed in dust proof casings The bedding should be free from silk, wool, hair, feathers and kapok Good blankets made from synthetic fibers are now available. Fortunately, most of the better animal toys have imitation fur made of rayon plush, which is harmless, and are stuffed with a good grade of cotton relatively free from the seed, which is a very powerful allergen There should be no fur or feather bearing pets, regardless of negative skin tests or the apparent harmlessness of these pets on clinical observation Insecticides should be free from allergens, especially pyrethrum, which is closely related antigenically to ragweed

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It is also important that the allergic child be protected from other members of the family who have acute or chronic respiratory infections (21, 27) In this connection it should be mentioned that it is highly essential that the allergic child be adequately protected from the weather *The current fashions in children of bare heads* and bare legs in all kinds of weather is not to be condoned in allergic children

The inadvisability of removing the tonsils and adenoids or doing intranasal operations on children with pollinosis during the pollen *season has prevously been commented upon (Chap 31)* Such operations predispose the child to asthma

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ADDENDA

The following tables are for the purpose of supplying specific directions to patients in addition to those already previously included in the text Which should be used are decided upon as a result of the complete study of the patient as discussed in Chapter 5 Where a table discusses more than one allergen those applicable to the particular patient are checked in red Any suggestions for changes or the addition of further instructional sheets will be much appreciated by the author and publisher in case a subsequent edition of this book is published If this is done it may be possible to more or less standardize and improve an important function of the physician i e the giving of specific complete instructions to the patient in as simple language as possible Any physician is free to copy these instructions for distribution to his patients

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TABLE XXXI

The Dust Free Bedroom

All surroundings of the dust sensitive patient should be as free as possible from dusts of all kinds. Most people cannot control the dust conditions under which they work or spend their daylight hours but everyone can to a large extent eliminate dust from the bedroom. While the directions below may seem difficult at first, experience plus habit will make them simple, and the results will be well worth the effort.

1. Steam or hot water heat is preferable to hot air. *If there is a hot air furnace outlet in the room, a dust filter made of several layers of cheesecloth or some other adequate material must be installed and this filter changed frequently.* Holes or cracks in the floor around heating or other pipes must be sealed, and for this purpose adhesive tape is useful, although for some cracks scotch tape is adequate. Other suitable fillers for this purpose may be obtained at most hardware stores.

2. The room must be completely emptied, just as though you were moving. Empty and clean all closets and if at all possible store contents elsewhere and seal closets. Give the woodwork and floors a thorough cleaning and scrubbing to remove all traces of dust. Every inch of exposed or hidden surface must be made spic and span. Floor or linoleum should be oiled or waxed. Linoleum, if used, should be cemented to the floor. (If flax sensitive, linoleum should not be used; use wooden floor covered with paint containing no linseed oil.)

3. The room should contain only *one* bed, preferably a simple iron bed. If a second bed must be in the room, it must also be prepared in the same manner. Outside the room the bed and springs should be scrubbed. If box springs are used, they must be covered with dust proof casings. The mattress should be enclosed in a dust-proof cover.

4. Do not use any kind of mattress pad. Do not use fuzzy wool blankets or feather or wool stuffed comforters. Use *only washable material* on the bed. Sheets and blankets should be laundered frequently.

5. A wooden or metal chair which has been scrubbed may be used in this room. Rag rugs washed once a week may be used on the floors. Plain light curtains washed once a week may be used on the windows. The room should contain a minimum amount of furniture and furnishings and no upholstered furniture.

6. The room must be cleaned daily and given a thorough and complete cleaning once a week. Clean the floor, furniture, tops of doors, window frames, sills, etc., with a damp cloth or oil mop. Air the room thoroughly. Then close the door and windows until the patient is ready to occupy the room.

7. Keep the doors and windows of this room closed as much as possible, especially when you are not using the room. Use this *room* for sleeping only. Dress and undress and keep clothing in another room.

8. If the patient is a child, do not keep toys which will accumulate dust in the room. Do not use stuffed toys. Use only washable toys of wood, rubber or iron.

9. All animals with fur or feathers must be kept out of the room.

10. Care must be taken to keep down the dust throughout the entire house. Go over all floors and furniture with a vacuum cleaner at frequent intervals—once a day if possible. Following this the house should be aired thoroughly. Cleaning must be done while the patient is away from the house. Use a damp or oiled cloth to avoid raising dust. If the patient has to do the cleaning, a dust mask must be worn. A simple inexpensive mask may be obtained at this office.

11. Patient should not go into any room while it is being cleaned. Be careful not to handle objects that are covered with dust, such as books, boxes or clothing that has been stored on shelves or in cupboards over a long period of time. Stay away from attics and closets. If any of the above must be done by the patient, a dust mask should be worn.

12. If an insect spray is necessary, use Flit or Cederene. D.D.T. may be used if not mixed with pyrethrum.

13. Avoid odoriferous substances as perfumes, camphor, moth balls, tar, wet paint, gasoline, etc.

TABLE XXX

ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROL*

We know that eczema can be caused by foods by substances inhaled from the air (inhalants) and by substances which come into direct contact with the skin (contactants) The object of environmental control is to reduce the chances of difficulty from inhalants and contactants

1 The bedroom should be as free from dust as possible—see special direction sheet

2 Avoid contact with feathers fur, animal hairs, wool and silk These should be eliminated as far as possible in room furnishings and toys and when not eliminated used according to the suggestions below

3 There should be no uncovered feather pillows in the bedroom If you are unable to obtain a sponge rubber pillow, the next best thing is to cover your present pillow with a dust proof cover This cover must be absolutely dust proof and have no breather holes

4 No fabric other than previously washed white cotton fabric should come into contact with the skin The cotton clothing should not be washed with other clothing and great care should be taken to thoroughly wash all the soap out of the clothing

5 All wool blankets should be enclosed in durable cotton blanket covers which are frequently changed and washed If this is not possible pin the blankets between cotton sheets which are frequently changed and washed

6 Wool clothing should be lined with thick cotton cloth Especial precautions must be taken around the wrists ankles and neck Great care should be used to avoid wetting such mixed clothing especially in the places just mentioned

7 In picking the child up do not allow his skin to come into contact with wool or silk clothing or furs which you may be wearing

8 Use no soap on the body or face or scalp Use only the items indicated below the directions for the use of which are on the container or supplied herewith on a special direction sheet

9 Because of your intimate contact with the child you are able to make observations impossible for your physician If you get any ideas as to the possible cause of the difficulty write them down so that they will not be forgotten and bring them to your physician s attention at the next visit Study all directions carefully If there is anything about them you don t understand telephone or write this office Remember that what we are doing now is not only for the purpose of relieving the patient s present difficulty but is also for the purpose of trying to prevent other and often worse trouble in the future

* These instructions are commonly given to the parents of children with atopic dermatitis

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1 Steam or hot water heat is preferable to hot air. If there is a hot air furnace outlet in the room, a dust filter made of several layers of cheesecloth or some other adequate material must be installed and this filter changed frequently. Holes or cracks in the floor around heating or other pipes must be sealed, and for this purpose a the... tape is useful, although for some cracks scotch tape is adequate. Other suitable filters for this purpose may be obtained at most hardware stores.

2 The room must be completely emptied, just as though you were moving. Empty and clean all closets and if at all possible store contents elsewhere and seal closets. Give the woodwork and floors a thorough cleaning and scrubbing to remove all traces of dust. Every inch of exposed or hidden surface must be made spick and span. Floor or linoleum should be oiled or waxed. Linoleum if used should be cemented to the floor. (If flax sensitive, linoleum should not be used; use wooden floor covered with paint containing no linseed oil.)

3 The room should contain only one bed, preferably a simple iron bed. If a second bed *must be in the room it must also be prepared in the same manner. Outside the room* the bed and springs should be scrubbed. If box springs are used they must be covered with dust-proof casings. The mattress should be enclosed in a dust-proof cover.

4 Do not use any kind of mattress pad. Do not use fuzzy wool blankets or feather or wool stuffed comforters. Use only washable material on the bed. Sheets and blankets should be laundered frequently.

5 A wooden or metal chair which has been scrubbed may be used in this room. Rag rugs washed once a week may be used on the floors. Plain light curtains washed once a week may be used on the windows. The room should contain a minimum amount of furniture and furnishings and no upholstered furniture.

6 The room must be cleaned daily and given a thorough and complete cleaning once a week. Clean the floor, furniture, tops of doors, window frames, sills, etc., with a damp cloth or oil mop. Air the room thoroughly. Then close the door and windows until the patient is ready to occupy the room.

7 Keep the doors and windows of this room closed as much as possible, especially when you are not using the room. Use this room for sleeping only. Dress and undress and keep clothing in another room.

8 If the patient is a child, do not keep toys which will accumulate dust in the room. Do not use stuffed toys. Use only washable toys of wood, rubber or iron.

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11 Patient should not go into any room while it is being cleaned. Be careful not to handle objects that are covered with dust, such as books, boxes, or clothing that has been stored on shelves or in cupboards over a long period of time. Stay away from attics and closets. If any of the above must be done by the patient, a dust mask should be worn.

12 If an insect spray is necessary, use Kilit or Lederene D D T, may be used if not mixed with pyrethrum.

13 Avoid odoriferous substances as perfumes, camphor, moth balls, tar, wet paint, gasoline, etc.

TABLE XXXII

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUCTIONS

By the word 'epidermoid' is meant the dust or dander from the fur or feathers of an

the check marks

Animal Pets If you have no such pets do not acquire them If you have and they do

it carefully avoided

tivity

TABLE XXXIII

Miscellaneous Instructions

Horse Hair

Sensitive persons must avoid not only horses and stables but also persons and objects [illegible]

[illegible] and bags.

Mane and tail hair of medium length is made into clothes-, hair-, shoe- and toothbrushes, this hair makes excellent stuffing material for automobile seats, cushions furniture, mattresses and pillows Hog, cow and horse hair are often mixed together for this purpose

Fish [illegible] [illegible]

Cow Hair

PADS for placing [illegible]

[illegible] of cow hair

Felt for roofing, for covering boilers and pipes of steam engines and for insulating purposes

[illegible]

Hog Hair

PADS for placing under rugs and carpets [illegible]

Silk

[illegible]

TABLE XXXIX

Goat Hair

Mohair is the name given to the fine wooly hair of the angora goat It is used in the manufacture of Utrech velvet or furniture plushes widely used in France, Germany and the United States for upholstered furniture automobile cushions and the seats of railway cars

tops

Fine goat s wool is used in weaving costly Oriental rugs Mixed with silk it is also found in fine tapestries

women

Angora skins with hair attached may be made into rugs and carriage robes

It is also used for making some artificial furs

Some fine fabrics called camel s hair are often made of the best mohair and not from the wool of the camel

The costly Cashmere Indian and paisley shawls of the Orient are made of fine wool or down which grows as an undercoat below the long fine hair of some goats

Commercial fabrics sold as Cashmere are various types of ordinary sheep wool

Goat hair is also utilized in the manufacture of carpets, rugs ropes and coarse water proof fabrics

Brushes of superior quality are sometimes made of goat hair

The hair of the common goat may be used in the manufacture of some very coarse fabrics and ropes

The refuse goat hair from tanneries is made into coarse yarns carpets cheap blankets and mops The poorest quality goes into plaster

TABLE XXXV

RABBIT HAIR PRECAUTIONS

Actual contact with live or dead rabbits must be avoided

Rabbit fur is used for fur coats, trimmings, carriage robes, linings for gloves, slippers and foot muffs, mattress stuffing, pillows and quilts.

Rabbit fur may be sold under the name of coney or lapin

Toy animals may be made of rabbit skin

Actors may use a rabbit's foot for applying make up, some people carry a rabbit's foot as a good luck charm

A material resembling kasha contains rabbit hair, rabbit hair is used along with other hairs and fibers in some of the modern fabrics

Fur of the angora rabbit is said to be ten times warmer than sheep's wool, the soft yarn spun from angora rabbit fur is used for making all kinds of infant's wear, handknitted trimming crochet work, millinary trimmings, underwear gloves hosiery and knee pads for invalids, and rheumatic patients Alone or mixed with silk it is used in sportswear as sweaters scarves and hose, also as underwear

Felt of good quality particularly for felt hats, is made from rabbit hair Such felt is also used on sounding hammers of pianos as insulation against heat in refrigerators and against sound in buildings, in shoes as washers for cartridges, and as polishing pads

The fur of the Chinchilla rabbit is more valuable than the other kinds of rabbit fur because in its natural state it closely resembles the fur of the genuine chinchilla It is sold under such trade names as Chapchilla, Chinchillette, or French Chinchilla

Rabbit hair may be treated and dyed to resemble the following —

Fur Imitated	*Trade Name*
Beaver	Belgian Beaver, Beaverette Castorette, Electric French, Mendoza, or Meskin Beaver
Fox	Baltic Black, Brown Red or White Fox
Leopard	Baltic, Coney, French or Russian Leopard
Mink	Minkony and Vionette
Mole	Coney or Electric Mole, Meskine Moline and Moline
Nutria	Nutriette
Sable	French Sable or Sable Hare
Squirrel	Squirrelette Squirreline
Seal	Australian Artic, Baltic, Bay, Coast, Electric, French, Meskin Near Northern, Polar, Red River or Roman Seal, Musratine, Sealette, Sealine

TABLE XXXVIII

Pyrethrum

This is a common constituent of insect powders and sprays. It is the dried, powdered flower of the pyrethrum plant, a member of the chrysanthemum family. Most pyrethrum used in this country comes from Japan or California

TABLE XXXIX

Suggested Reference Texts

Abramson, H A *Somatic and Psychiatric Treatment of Asthma* Baltimore, Williams & Wilkins, 1951

Ratner, B *Allergy, Anaphylaxis and Immunotherapy* Baltimore Williams & Wilkins, 1943

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e & Stratton, 1946

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TABLE XXXVIII

PYRETHRUM

draperies of moving picture theaters where moths are apt to congregate because of the

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By JEROME GLASER M D

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